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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. George Meredith is one of the most frank and communicative of talkers, but he greatly resents the publication of his remarks. He would not thank the French journalist who, the other day, related how Meredith illustrated the English dislike of literature by the fact that Alfred Austin is their Poet-Laureate and Bulwer Lytton is buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Meredith makes no secret of his estimate of Mr. Austin as a poet, but the two gentlemen are personally on excellent terms.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, who has now passed his sixtieth year, was taken when a little boy to see Wordsworth, and he still retains a vivid recollection of the kindness with which he was treated by the venerable poet.

Mr. H. G. Wells, we are glad to hear, is improving in health, and is now staying at Sandgate, in Kent, where he will probably take up his residence.

The first edition in England of Henry Seton Merriman's *Roden's Corner* consisted of 25,000 copies. These figures do not, as is often the case, include the American edition, which is published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

The title which Mr. W. W. Jacobs has chosen for his new book of short stories is *Sea Urchins;* but his American publishers, the F. A. Stokes Company, prefer to call it *More Cargoes.*

Those who have been privileged to read Mr. Lewis Hind's new story, *The Enchanted Stone,* are speaking of it in high terms. It will probably be published this month. It is a fantastic-humorous, and sometimes tragic drama, entirely original, yet here and there suggestive of Wilkie Collins and Mr. Gilbert.

There is a rumour going about that not more than £25,000 ($125,000) was paid for Messrs. Bentley's business by Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, whose stories of prison life are the most powerful and dramatic work that he has yet done, is about to continue them in a series for one of the magazines. No one probably has made so close a study of the subject, and certainly no one of late has treated it so well. Mr. Tighe Hopkins is at present engaged in correcting the proofs of his elaborate work on France and the social customs of France during the Louis Quinze period. The Messrs. Putnam will publish this book shortly.

In a recent advertisement of the London *Times* reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the following interesting paragraph appears: "No steps have yet been taken towards preparing a tenth edition, and there is no reason to suppose that if such a work should be put in hand it could be completed in less than fifteen or twenty years from now. It is not, indeed, certain that there will ever be a

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tenth edition. Grave doubts were entertained when the ninth edition was proposed as to whether it would ever repay the outlay it involved. The late Mr. Adam Black, who was at that time at the head of the house of A. and C. Black, was so strongly opposed to the undertaking that he withdrew from the firm in order that he might not be involved in the disaster which he believed to be imminent."

The Macmillan Company have in preparation a beautiful edition of *Cranford*, with forty illustrations in colours. These illustrations have been produced by a new process which is expected to be novel and startling in its results. If it is successful there will no doubt be many more books of the kind, for coloured pictures are making their way more and more into illustrated books.

"If I had ever so bad a memory for names," writes Mr. William Dean Howells in a recent American letter in *Literature*, "it must have kept that of Paul Laurence Dunbar." Speaking of Mr. Dunbar's volume of short stories Mr. Howells remarks, "There is, in fact, a great deal of his characteristic humour in these *Folks from Dixie*, and it may be merely as a whole that the sketches are less satisfying than the poems. 'Anner 'Lizer's Stumblin' Block' is certainly delightful, and so is 'Mt. Pisgah's Christmas Possum,' to name but two of the dozen prose pieces which form the volume. It is from the same subtle insight into the working of the primitive imagination which delights us in his verses that the author can note: 'On the Sunday following Mr. Johnson delivered a stirring sermon from the text, "He prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," and not one of his hearers but pictured the Psalmist and his brethren sitting at a 'possum feast, with the congregation of a rival church looking enviously on.'"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is writing a series of stories detailing the further adventures of Stalky and Co., the three heroes of the story entitled "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some little time ago. These stories, which all deal with schoolboy life at a public school, whose name is somewhat thinly disguised, will show Mr. Kipling's genius in a new light. They will, of course, be published serially both here and in England prior to being issued in book form.

We have commented on a previous occasion on the large prices which Mr. Rudyard Kipling receives for his work. We learn that he has lately contracted to write eight stories for one of the English magazines next year for each of which he will receive about $1,200. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives payment from the United States, India and the colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about $2,500 each, making in all $20,000 per year. After this, there is a book publication from which Mr. Kipling receives royalties in England and America. This should not amount to less than $20,000 also, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than $5,000. Whether these high prices can be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazines succeed in injuring the older periodicals such terms certainly cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public attaches much importance to names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation, in England at least, do not depend upon names at all. Some years ago, for instance, Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work,—better work by far than he has been doing lately—to a British monthly review. We have it on good authority that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold.

The October *Blackwood* takes high literary rank among the magazines of the month, if for nothing else than for its critical study of Mr. Kipling—the most competent and satisfactory review of his work that we have yet seen. It is by an anonymous writer, but whoever the critic may be, his sanity, humour, insight and geniality are unmistakably those of a master of the craft. Knowledge, and not knowingness, to borrow his own phrase, of his subject through and through gives him a right to be heard and to be welcomed gladly by

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every one of Mr. Kipling's admirers. The most striking feature of Mr. Kipling's work this writer finds to be the wide range over which it extends. Subjects most diverse are handled with the same air of ease and intimacy. How or where Mr. Kipling acquired his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of the physical world, of the human heart and of animated nature excites our wonder. As he himself says:

> When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
> 'E'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
> An' what 'e thought 'e might require
> 'E went an' took—the same as me!

If Mr. Kipling surveys mankind from China to Peru, it is not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage ground of a Briton. It is merely his due if we attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the imperial sentiment in the British Isles and the colonies which has been so striking a phenomenon of recent years. To have reawakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the waning flame of an enlightened and yet fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. It has been Mr. Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its beneficent influence among millions who had hitherto remained untouched. Mr. Kipling's teaching fell in the main upon willing ears. If the soul of the English nation seems to be more profoundly stirred, if ideas and aspirations of a loftier order seem to have taken root in the nation's heart, it is to Rudyard Kipling more than to any other writer that the change is due, just as it was he who seized upon the unspoken national thought and enshrined it in imperishable verse. It is to be regretted, and ever more keenly deplored, that on one Englishman of eminence, and evidently on one alone, did the writings of Mr. Kipling during the last decade fail to produce any perceptible impression. "From childhood to old age the more poignant emotions of patriotism and the fine sense of national honour were, unhappily, strangers to the bosom of William Ewart Gladstone."

Passing over his review of Mr. Kipling's view of politics, "Mr. Kipling's most characteristic work," says this writer, "is really saturated with politics —the politics of true statesmanship;" his resumé of those early writings, addressed to an Anglo-Indian audience, in which new things became familiar in his hands, and familiar things new; his analysis of the intermingling good and bad, worthy and base, essential and trifling in that portion of Mr. Kipling's work which deals with Mrs. Hauksbee, the "boys" who make love to her, and the Gadsbys of Indian Society, we come with more pleasure to his treatment of the military stories which have probably enjoyed the greatest vogue of all Mr. Kipling's writings, and not without reason. For, as this writer says, who can withstand Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris? We are tempted to quote from the *Blackwood* "unknown":

> The subject of everyday life in the British army, though a tempting one, has been practically left untouched, and clamoured for a man of genius to "exploit" it. We know with what success he (Kipling) took it up. Who can withstand Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris? "Tis immortial fame the gentleman's going to give us," predicted the first-named, and the prophecy bids fair to come true. Since the deathless Pickwick and his faithful band desisted from their wanderings, no group of personages has gained so well-assured a footing in the affections of the public as these same "soldiers three." Men do not love them, perhaps, for their own sakes. As studies of character they count for comparatively little. . . . The claim which the trio really has upon our undying gratitude and regard arises mainly from their being the mouthpiece of the author for a series of stories which hold their own with any in our language in point of variety, humour, spirit, and power. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their merits, though we may call attention to the extraordinary felicity and appropriateness of their respective settings, of which Mulvaney and his comrades are *pars magna*. Nor is it possible to arrange them in order of excellence. Each seems the best until the next is read. We should not quarrel seriously with any one who indicated a special preference for "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," and "With the Main Guard," the latter being Mr. Kipling's best war-piece, with the exception of "The Lost Legion." But we cannot pass from them without congratulating the British private upon having at last found his *vates sacer*, and the army generally upon having fallen in with a writer who has taught the least imaginative of nations what manful work its soldiers are doing for it.

Among another class—a small class of Mr. Kipling's short stories, which

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stands by itself in virtue of possessing in an especial degree the characteristic excellences of its creator's genius—"The Finest Story in the World" is cited by this anonymous writer, as perhaps the most striking illustration of Mr. Kipling's versatility. "Here are the same matchless power of presenting a scene and suggesting an atmosphere, the same realistic commemoration of minute details, the same idealistic selection of the relevant and the essential, which distinguished the Indian narratives, and all applied to a state of facts long since passed away." Yet in our critic's opinion, and we agree with him, this miracle of invention and artifice must give place to "The Man Who Would be King," which we venture to consider Mr. Kipling's *chef-d'œuvre* in prose. Truly, those to whom emotions are as daily bread will find there a truly bounteous repast. "A glowing imagination, an inexhaustible invention, a profound knowledge of the human heart—these are three of Mr. Kipling's choicest possessions." To what further use he has put these gifts in his new collection of short stories called *The Day's Work*, just issued by the Doubleday and McClure Company will be considered at length in our next number.

There has been a very great demand for Dr. Busch's *Bismarck* in Paris and in Berlin. As the book is printed only in English and is published in London by the Messrs. Macmillan, this enterprising firm is doing a large continental business. We believe that a copy was bound especially for presentation to the German Emperor, but on reflection it was thought better not to send it.

The belated announcement that the Cotta publishing house in Stuttgart is going to bring out the *real* Bismarck memoirs, to be published shortly in England and in this country, does not in the least modify our opinion, expressed last month, that Dr. Busch's book, owing to the author's intimate relations for more than twenty-five years with the Chancellor—whose reckless freedom of speech when *en famille*, or with tried friends is well known—is probably the most important secret political memoir of the century and the most entertaining biography that we shall ever have of Bismarck. We have learned how these memoirs, which the Cotta firm will publish, came to be written, and who wrote them. Bismarck for one did not write them. It is well understood that he could scarcely ever be persuaded to put pen to paper during the last ten years of his Chancellorship. All the writing he ever did was in the form of occasional marginal notes voicing his opinions in short, jerky phrases, from two to five words long. These notes his privy councillors had to interpret to the best of their ability, and if they failed, they had to write the document, letter or treaty, as the case might be, over again. This is how it happened, and we have the story on good authority: When Bismarck retired to Friedrichsruhe his editorial duties there only too frequently obliged him to engage in that (to him) most hateful of all occupations—writing. No wonder that Cotta first met with a refusal from Bismarck when, in 1891, he proposed the memoirs and named the sum he was willing to pay for them—a round million marks! The incident occurred in Kissingen. "But, your Grace, you needn't write them yourself," urged Cotta. "There is Lothar Bucher and Dr. Chrysander. They can do the mechanical work—it is only necessary that your Grace should give the facts. And that million marks will come in nicely for your Grace's grandchildren." And in this modified form Bismarck agreed to "write" his memoirs. At table, in his little library, on his walks and travels, he recounted the political events in which he had figured to those two gentlemen, leaving to them the task to verify his statements, to arrange them in chronological order and to supply dates and historical proofs. Bucher was appointed editor, and as Bismarck himself said at one time, "corrector of the work."

Now, if there ever lived a more prosaic person than Bucher, a person more wedded to cold, unadorned facts, or a person more afraid to step on one's toes, that person is Chrysander. There is no doubt that Bismarck meant to give Cotta his money's worth, for he was a

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fair-dealing man, but how could he with such watchdogs at his elbow,—watchdogs who guarded state secrets and the personality of royal and political personages like the honour of a fair lady, watchdogs who were wont to show their teeth at everything not entirely conventional, doubly authenticated and proof against giving offence to any person, living or dead? Under these circumstances the real Bismarck memoirs cannot help being disappointing. This view is strengthened also by the late Prince Bismarck's well-known aversion to appear in a rôle that was not entirely in accord with his pose as a grand seignor. Over his own name he would never publish anything that might throw doubt upon his veracity, his good breeding or his gentlemanly behaviour towards the weaker sex. Only a few months before his death he "called down" Dr. Horst Kohl, the publisher of the *Bismarck Year Book*, for printing two or three squibs reflecting on certain politicians. The *Year Books* containing these paragraphs were recalled from the stores and stalls and were reissued with the offensive pages cut out, or blackened, Russian fashion. And this same Dr. Kohl is now named as editor of Cotta's Bismarck memoirs! Another significant fact remains to be stated. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* is attacking Busch's book and calling the author names. Sour grapes! for, according to the original plan, the *Nachrichten* was to print the Cotta memoirs serially before they appeared in book form. Dr. Busch's indiscreet publication which saw the light in the London *Times* and a Berlin newspaper spoiled that plan. In the end, the Cotta publication may be found more accurate; but Dr. Busch's is certain to prove the more entertaining and readable biography. Privy Councillor Kroener is the present head of the Cotta publishing house.

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The sensation of the September magazines in England arose in an unexpected quarter. *The Girl's Own Paper*, published by the Religious Tract Society, in its September number, gives certain directions on smoking to a young girl. We make the following extract:

> No one should smoke more than half an ounce of tobacco a day. This equals from nine to twelve cigarettes. According to this, seventeen cigarettes daily are decidedly too many. Half that number would be a fair allowance for a full-grown man. For a girl of seventeen to smoke seventeen cigarettes a day is very wrong, and you ought certainly to greatly reduce (*sic*) that number, if you do not give up smoking entirely. Have you never heard of the really serious objection to girls smoking? That the constant movement of the lips, backward and forward, up and down, while indulging in the forbidden act, frequently produces a moustache.

We knew of a doctor of divinity who was a great smoker, and who was accustomed to defend the practice by saying that if tobacco were not smoked there would be no use for it in the world. But even that eminent divine would have hesitated, we think, to give advice to girls about smoking cigarettes. Surely when this communication slipped into the otherwise highly respectable pages of *The Girl's Own Paper*, the worthy editor was caught napping.

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During the closing years of his life Thomas Carlyle was often urged by his favourite sister, Mrs. Aitken, to select his biographer, but he always replied, "I wish to have no biography." One morning, however, in her woman's way, she expatiated at length on the question while he remained silent, and wound up by saying pointedly: "It is not for *you* to decide whether you will have a biography. Many persons will write biographies of you whether you wish it or not." As he rose from the breakfast table there was, says one who was present, a far-away look on his face, as he said softly in a half soliloquy, "Yes, there will be many biographies." Certain it is that interest in Carlyle has not been allowed to wane for want of scribes to chronicle the doings and misdoings of his life, and at the present moment the scratching of many pens in his behalf may be heard in various quarters. We are not only having new editions of Carlyle edited by well-known scholars and *littérateurs*, notably the "Centenary Edition," now in course of importation by the Messrs. Scribner, but everywhere in the periodical press we are met constantly with Carlyleana—as we write *Literature* comes to our desk with a commentary on a curious bit of Carlyle literature from the pen of Edmund

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Gosse. Then the death of Mrs. Robert Hanning—Carlyle's "small Jenny"—at the beginning of the year brought into the market a number of interesting letters of Carlyle's which were in her possession. These are now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and will be published in book form later in the year by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The announcement which was made in these columns last March that these letters were in existence did not evoke much interest at the time, as it was believed that nearly everything of importance concerning Carlyle had already seen the light in print. But the letters have proved to be exceedingly valuable not only for the facts which they furnish about Carlyle's literary activity during the period of his correspondence with his sister, but for the kindly and sympathetic relations which they reveal as existing between Carlyle and his family. It is not too much to say that no future biographer of Carlyle can afford to overlook these letters; indeed, they make a revision of previous biographies a necessity and render more patent the fact that the standard life of Carlyle is yet to be written.

That such a life is forthcoming we are assured by the author of a volume entitled *Mr. Froude and Carlyle*, which will be published shortly. Mr. David Wilson, whose study of Carlyle has covered many years, "hopes ultimately," to quote from his preface, "to publish a *Life of Thomas Carlyle*, telling the true story of Carlyle's life in detail and gathering together in a duly sifted condition everything interesting and authentic that can be discovered regarding him. That work, however, is not likely to be finished for many years." In the meantime, Mr. Wilson has thought fit to publish a preliminary work dealing with the delusions current about Carlyle, and for which he holds Froude chiefly responsible, so that his book about to appear is intended to clear the way for the larger work to follow. We have been greatly interested in Mr. Wilson's book, a copy of which we have seen in advance sheets. To be sure, Froude's "romancing" about Carlyle has been generally accepted for some time now, and yet Mr. Wilson's method of marshalling his facts, of drawing upon contemporary authorities, of comparing the two sides of the argument in his arraignment of Froude and his defence of Carlyle, is presented in such a clear and judicial manner that the result has the effect of a fresh statement of facts.

But the most interesting discovery which we have made from Mr. Wilson's book is the existence of a diary which Carlyle's nephew "Tom" kept during the ten days which he and his brother spent with Carlyle in 1878, when the latter was living, an old man of eighty-three years, at "The Park, Troqueer," near Dumfries. Alexander and Thomas, his two nephews, were the sons of his favourite brother "Alick" and had crossed from Canada principally to visit Carlyle and other relatives. Mr. Wilson came across the diary quite accidentally. On questioning the Boswellian Tom how he could recall with certainty after so many years his uncle's words—"I wrote them down," said he, and triumphantly produced the book. Mr. Wilson claims that this new Thomas Carlyle rivals Boswell in his unconscious skill and veracity; the most interesting thing about his diary being that it was written for his own reading and that of his family without any thought of publication. Mr. Wilson has reserved most of the record of Carlyle's talk in this diary for publication later in the full account of his life, but a few extracts are given, some of which our readers may find interesting, as they will appear here for the first time in print.

10th August, 1878.—It was dark when we knocked at the door. Mary met us on our entrance, and soon after ushered us into the presence of Uncle Carlyle, who was resting on a sofa. He raised himself to a sitting posture, shook us kindly by the hand, and said, "Oh, Tom, is this you? How are you? Sit down and let me see you. How thick you have got, Alick! How did you get so thick?"

Brother Alick did not seem to have the proper or indeed any explanation of the cause quite handy; but suggested that he was older than when they last met.

We sat down, and Carlyle looked at me for a while, and then said: "Yes, I can recognise some features yet. Were your mother and the rest well?" was his next question, and after being satisfied on that topic, he then said, "I was sorry to hear of your undertaking to visit Paris under such circumstances strangers there could not get beds, I believe."

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Under a slight misunderstanding on my part, thinking he was vexed at our going to Paris at all, I answered, "Our chief object in coming was to see our kindred in Britain, and we got tickets by way of Paris nearly as cheaply as to Dumfriesshire direct." *Carlyle:* "Oh, yes. . . . . Did you see Gambetta? If your object was to meet with men you should have seen him. He is going to be their leading man there. What did you get by going there?" . . . I stated that we had not seen Gambetta, but that we had seen *some fine sights*, at which Cousin Mary laughed and Carlyle smiled.

He is tall and slightly stooped, and with a fresh colour in his cheeks yet, and much finer looking than the photographs of late would lead one to suppose. Is in his eighty-fourth year [eighty-third to be exact], mind quite clear and memory strikingly good still.

Carlyle rusticating in Scotland in his eighty-third year is pleasantly pictured. According to this diary he took, breakfast after a walk of about a mile every morning between eight and nine. "Then he reads a good part of the day—in the open air when possible . . . sitting in the shade of some trees near the house . . ." He "has difficulty in finding new books worth reading, and was perusing his own *Frederick the Great* during our visit. He has lunch at two P. M. Then he and his niece Mary take a carriage drive for a couple of hours . . ." Of Carlyle's talk during those days when his nephew Thomas played Boswell unconsciously for us, the following may be quoted. They were driving on the 11th of August, 1878:

We noticed some broom growing by the roadside, and my cousin (Mary) stopped the carriage and got out to gather some of the seeds for me, to be sown in Canada. While she was so engaged, uncle repeated the lines of the old ballad, "O the broom, the bonny bonny broom, the broom of the Cowden Knowes."

Carlyle, speaking of one too lazy to work, said: "In America you would call such a one a *loafer!*" He then quoted laughingly the lines from a recent American poem (by Colonel John Hay):

> Angels carried him home to his own,
> A darned sight better business than *loafing around the throne.*

Carlyle strongly dislikes "him whom men call Dizzy." He said: "The Russians have shown a great deal of moderation and love of peace all through this dispute. Dizzy is one of the most popular men in England at present, on account of his bringing about the Treaty of Berlin; but when the extra expenditure has to be raised by taxation, the people won't think so much of the arrangement, as, after all, it is no real settlement of the question. They praise Dizzy for bringing troops from India, as though it were an original idea on his part. But the same thing has been done before. When Sydney Smith was defending Acre from the French, Indian troops were under orders, and on the way to help him, but were not needed. . . ."

Speaking of the elder D'Israeli and some literary work of his, Carlyle remarked, "And he did to some extent succeed in imparting a tinge of freshness to the old subjects he was writing about, somewhat in the same way as he might renovate *an old suit of clothes.*"

I asked Carlyle's opinion of Gladstone, and he replied: "Oh, he is a man who has a great deal to say for himself; talks a great deal about his principles; but his principles will change in any direction where self-interest leads him."

I said that we had a notion in Canada that he (Gladstone) would have liked well to see the colonies cut adrift.

Carlyle:—The British people never wanted the colonies to be separated.

On another occasion, when near the turning point in our walk, we came to a little girl sitting by the hedge. Carlyle stopped and asked her age, and if she went to school. He then gave her some pence, and remarked as we proceeded, "That is a nice, modest little body, and answers one's questions at once. . . ."

Carlyle inquired about the breeds of horses in Canada, and after some talk on that subject, he made us laugh by telling of a boy who had to write an essay on the horse, and produced the following: "The horse is a very useful animal. He has four legs, *one at each corner.* . . ."

Carlyle:—"Have you read any of Franklin's works?"

I:—"No, I never have."

Carlyle:—"His works are well worth reading."

I:—Didn't he write some Almanack?"

Carlyle (*with a smile*):—"Oh, yes, *Poor Richard's Almanack.* There is a great deal of talk and boasting nowadays about scientific inventions and discoveries, but the fact is that the present generation are not the originators of the most important ones. What a talk they make about the electric telegraph! But when Franklin succeeded in drawing a current of electricity with his kite from the thundercloud—*that* was to all intents and purposes the electric telegraph. . . ."

On the day of parting, the cab for his usual drive was at the door. His niece Mary called to us—"Uncle is waiting."

We stepped out into the little hall, and he said, "I would like you to get a photograph of your father's grave and send it to me. I will bear all the expense." We then shook hands. His parting words were: "Good-bye; this is the last you will ever see of me. Try and lead manly good lives."

The father of these boys was, as has been already said, Carlyle's favourite brother Alick, who had emigrated to Canada some years before their sister Jenny in 1851 rejoined her husband,

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Robert Hanning, also "over in America." It may be interesting in speaking of him, and in view of the reference that has been made to his sons who visited Carlyle after their father's death, to quote from a letter which Carlyle wrote to his mother from Chelsea, about the time that his brother Alick was roughing it in Canada. The letter is among the collection now being published in the *Atlantic*, and will appear in the current number. It is dated March 10, 1844:

I sent your good little note to the Doctor, Jamie's letter for Alick came duly to hand and was duly forwarded; I also wrote a letter to Alick myself. Poor fellow, I suppose he has had a very solitary, meditative winter of it over in America and has no doubt had a great many reflections in his head, looking back and looking forward, with perhaps sadness enough, but it will do him good, I really believe. Perhaps this winter, seemingly one of the idlest he has had, may turn out to be one of the most profitably occupied. My own hope and persuasion is that he will now do well, that he is probably about to begin a new course of activity on better terms than before, better terms both inward and outward, and that in time, poor fellow, he may begin to see the fruit of his labour round him and go on with much more peace and prosperity than heretofore. . . . I also like the tone of his letters, which is much quieter than it used to be. He does not know, I suppose, in what direction he is to go when April arrives. I urged, as Jamie did, that a *healthy* quality of situation should outweigh all other considerations whatever, that for the rest all places seem to me much alike; if the land were cheap, it would be unfavourably situated &c. I also hinted my notion that a small piece of *good* handy soil might be preferable to a large lot of untowardly, outlying ground. We can only hope and pray he may *be* guided *well*. We cannot assist him with any real guidance. Difficulties beset a man everywhere under this sun. There if he have patience, insight, energy and justness of mind he will daily conquer farther,—not otherwise, either in America or here. But as I said, I have never lost hope with Alick, and I have now better hope than ever. We will commit him to the all-wise Governor with many a prayer from the bottom of all our hearts that it may be well with him. To hear and know that he does see good under the sun, fighting his way like a true man in that new country! What a comfort to you and to every one of us. My dear mother, I know your heart is many a time sad about Alick. He is far away and there are others of us gone still farther, beyond the shores of this earth, whither our poor thoughts vainly strive to follow them—our hearts' love following them still:—but we know this one thing, that God is *there* also, in America, in the dark grave itself and the unseen Eternity—even *He* is there too, and will not He do all things well? We have no other anchor of the soul in any of the tempests, great or little, of this world. By this let us hold fast and piously hope in all scenes and seasons whatsoever. Amen.

The feat of raising $58,000 in three days in order to secure the conditional gift of $100,000 for Barnard College aroused a good deal of interest last month, not only in New York City, but throughout the country. Apropos of the fact that Mr. George A. Plimpton, the genial treasurer of Barnard College, is perhaps the best known "beggar" in the city, and that upon him rested most of the burden of wiping out the debt of the college, it is rather amusing to observe, as one does, when one approaches the private office of Mr. Plimpton, a large and conspicuous sign upon the steps with the warning:

BEGGARS ARE POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

There will be published early this month by Mr. Edwin W. Dayton, of this city, a little book containing stray notes of nature and literature taken at random in the Central Park. It is entitled *My Park Book*, and is written by Annie Nathan Meyer, of Barnard College. The book is bound in a dainty fashion and is of a size that allows it to be easily slipped into the pocket, so that it may be found companionable when one is inclined to rusticate in the Park. On account of its local inspiration and interest Mrs. Meyer's work should be very popular in and around New York.

Mr. Hall Caine explains that he has first brought out his play, *The Christian*, in America, because religious feeling is running very high in England at present. "The Church of England as an establishment appears to be on its trial. There is a strong movement against everything that savours of High Church. In America there is no established church, and therefore no State church agitation. The American people will judge of the play simply as a love story such as it is intended to be." Mr. Hall Caine says that he wrote *The Christian* two years ago "with all my heart and soul and strength." The discussion over it reached America, and extended even to Germany and

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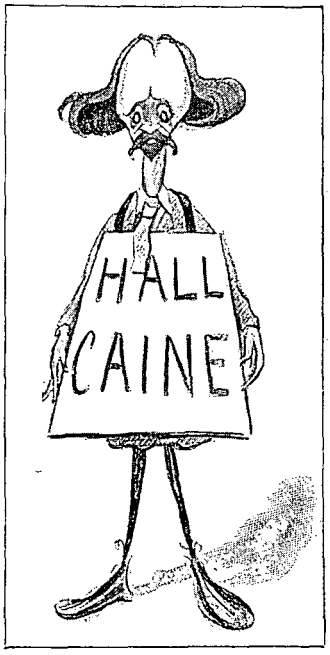
Italy. There were many who thought the book was wrong, and there were as many who thought it was right. The love questions dealt with came very near to the hearts of people, and a good deal of feeling was displayed, but my purpose was served. *The Christian* has made people think—that is all. Into the merits of this or that discussion arising out of my book I will not enter. I have had my say; I think the book covers everything." Mr. Caine says that he firmly believes in John Storm's religion, and moreover, if he remains in America for any length of time it will be to preach that religion, and not to lecture.



MAX BEERBOHM'S IDEA OF HALL CAINE.

We have had the privilege of glancing through an interesting and intimate paper on "Alphonse Daudet in Private Life," written by his friend, J. F. Raffaëli, and accompanied with several drawings by this artist. The article will appear in the current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Daudet was a great story-teller, M. Raffaëlli tells us. "Nothing could equal the facility he had for transforming everything that impressed him into interesting stories. It was delightful to see him, with his beautiful head, launch into conversation; and I well remember the exciting Sunday afternoons that we spent in Goncourt's *grenier*, as his in-

GLORY AND STORM IN "THE CHRISTIAN."—ACT IV., THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

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ALPHONSE DAUDET.

From a drawing by J. F. Raffaëlli. By courtesy of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

timate friends called the study in the artistic house at Anteuil, where Daudet by his ardour and vivacious intelligence was a veritable leader. If any one of us began to tell a story Daudet was seen to move restlessly in his chair, impatient to relate his own; and Daudet's story, which always had a basis of reality, became according to the circumstances, to the persons present or to the amount of attention paid in listening, light and short, or ample, magnificent, extravagant even. He was the first to be amused at this exercise, like a child."

M. Raffaëlli insists upon the childlike nature of Daudet's character, and says that the books in which he has best shown his original qualities are those where we find the best and the most of this childlike attribute of imaginative story telling—in the three "Tartarins." "Tartarin is Daudet himself; it is our Southerner, jolly and good-hearted, a great dispenser of justice, a great dreamer, whole-souled and blessed with a glowing imagination. We must consider *Tartarin de Tarascon, Tartarin sur les Alpes,* and the first in date *Aventures Prodigieuses de Tartarin* as masterpieces of French literature and the French heart. These books should be compared to *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes, and they are in no wise inferior to the Spanish classic." Curiously enough, M. Raffaëlli tells us Daudet never liked to hear any one speak of the Tartarins with especial admiration. He preferred *Sapho* to all his other novels.

M. Raffaëlli is the happy possessor of numerous unpublished notes of memoranda which Daudet was in the habit of jotting down concerning the personages who were to figure in his projected volumes. Judging by the transcriptions which M. Raffaëlli has given us, Daudet's keen power of minute observation in the preparation of his work would seem to be rivalled only by that of Dickens. One of these notes we quote here for the pathos of its unfulfilled purpose:

Shall I never write a book on *The Family?* The cruelty, the injustice, the blindness of parents; hearts that become estranged; graftings; the mother who gives her daughter in marriage, but who wants to keep her at the same time; *pater qui filiam suam diligit sed palam diligere non audet propter invidiam matris*; the family, this group of individuals

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that nature forms and amuses herself in composing of incongruous elements, a thicket of cruel thorns! Adoptive relations, *the real family!*

The portrait of Daudet given here is a reduction of the full-page drawing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* by M. Raffaëlli, and shows the celebrated author as he appeared during the last years of his life.

It may be recollected that Mr. Paul Sabatier, the biographer of Saint Francis of Assisi, discovered last year the oldest life of the Saint, written by his favourite disciple, Brother Leo. Dr. Sebastier has translated the Latin original, and Mr. David Nutt will publish his version immediately in England.

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's prose version of *Omar Khâyyâm*, which we had occasion to mention in these columns last month, was published some ten years ago by Mr. Nutt, and almost ranks with the first edition of FitzGerald as an Omar rarity. Mr. McCarthy has revised and abridged his version, and it will be issued almost immediately by Mr. Nutt.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is the son of the historian Justin McCarthy, whose reminiscences will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, in England, and in all probability by the Messrs. Harper in this country. They will begin with a description of London as it was when the author first knew it in 1852. This will include a reminiscence of the great Duke of Wellington. The author proceeds through names like Brougham, Bismarck, Cobden, Bright, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Robert Browning, John Stuart Mill, to Meredith, Hardy, Henry James, and Mrs. Lynn Linton. There are many highly interesting letters by Bright which will appear for the first time in print. Mr. McCarthy visited the United States in 1868, and remained two years, making the acquaintance of Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and many others. He gives recollections of the Bohemia of London in its earlier days, and draws some pictures of the better and nobler Bohemia of an artistic and literary society which flourished in the regions of Fitzroy Square during more recent days, but which has long disappeared since then, and scattered itself over the West End of London. There are also, as might be expected, a good many political recollections, and altogether the book promises very well.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new book, *Ave Roma Immortalis: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome*, is said to be unlike any of the numerous books that have been written about Rome. Mr. Crawford spent his childhood and youth in the Eternal City, and has for many years been a close student of the old Latin and Italian chronicles, in many of which there are true stories more startling than any that a writer of fiction would dare to invent. Mr. Crawford takes the fourteen different regions into which the city was divided in mediæval times, and goes through one after another, describing the characteristic buildings of each as they have been in different ages, and as we see them now, and giving the histories of the peoples who lived in them. In a letter just written by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, upon finishing Mr. Crawford's work, we find him saying: "I have not for a long while read a book which pleased me more than Mr. Crawford's *Roma*. It is cast in a form so original and so available that it must surely take the place of all other books about Rome which are needed to help one to understand its story and its archæology. . . . The book had for me a rare interest." There are thirty full-page illustrations in photogravure, and a hundred other illustrations which have been especially drawn for the text.

"Pan comes out his shell to-day," wrote Mr. Barnard, the sculptor, to a friend upon the successful casting of the statue in September. The statue of Pan is now undergoing the final burnishing, and within the next few weeks will be placed in position and unveiled in the Central Park of this city, probably between Seventy-second and Eighty-first streets, on the west side. The preparation for the work of casting employed the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company eight months. The statue is of colossal size and bears the distinction of being the first bronze ever cast entire. It was first

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Pan comes out his shell to day
Sincerely
George Barnard

intended for a fountain figure, and Mr. Barnard modelled an inimitable baby face, representing a youthful faun which was to be used in duplication as gargoyles around the base. On another page there is printed a poem which was written "on seeing the plaster cast of Mr. Barnard's Pan," and this is accompanied with a reproduction from the first photograph which has been taken of the Pan since it was cast in bronze. In the tail piece will be seen the face of the baby faun.

Mr. George Grey Barnard has had a picturesque career, although he is but little over thirty years of age. Born in Pennsylvania his family moved to Chicago during his infancy, and through association with a member of his father's church he began the study of geology at an early age. He soon became an expert in the science, and at the age of ten we find him classifying stones and fossils. At fifteen he was elected Taxidermist of the State University of Iowa. Accustoming himself to make clay models of birds in order to represent them in their natural postures, it is easy to see how the transition to sculpture as a profession naturally followed. His first effort, a bas-relief of his little sister, displayed his talent so remarkably that he was sent to the Chicago Art School, and by executing two busts he procured money which enabled him to go abroad to study in Paris. For some years he led a secluded life, devoting himself arduously to the pursuit of his art, and when he made his *début* in 1894 with an exhibition of eight pieces at the Salon of the Champ de Mars he was practically unknown. But his work was so unusual in quality, so absolute in technique and so authoritative in modelling that the jury in their enthusiastic recognition of his high merit, applauded each piece as it passed before them. He was honoured by being elected an associate of the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts* and was fêted by the jury and the notables of Paris. By the critics he was acclaimed a master. His marble group "The Two Natures" was quoted among the twelve which were named as *La Fleur du Salon*. This group belongs to the Metropolitan Museum. The statue of Pan is a gift of the late Alfred Corning Clark.

Until *Cyrano de Bergerac* became famous through Coquelin's presentation of the play in Paris some months ago, the name of its author was known to very few in this country, although he had already established himself in France as a poet of consequence. M. Edmond Ros-

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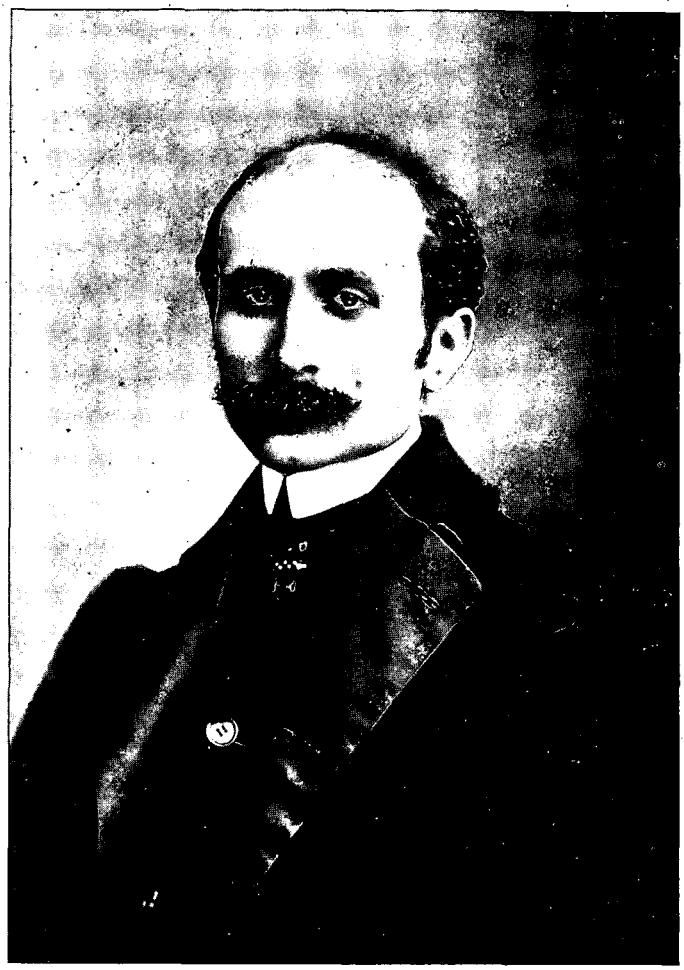
tand is a native of Marseilles and a Parisian by residence. He was but twenty-three years old when his comedy *Les Romanesques* was accepted by the Comédie Française, although it was not performed until three years later in 1894. The Renaissance next produced *La Princesse Lointaine*, which was only partially successful. Madame Sarah Bernhardt next took his poetical paraphrase of the woman of Samaria, *La Samaritaine*. *Cyrano de Bergerac* was produced first in Paris on December 28th last, and in London in July; Berlin received it in September, and Mr. Richard Mansfield began his present run in New York on October 3d.



EDMOND ROSTAND.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

Mr. Zangwill witnessed Sarah Bernhardt in *La Samaritaine*, and not only confesses to have been seriously impressed himself, but declares that a number of his Bohemian friends present were awed to reverence by the spectacle. "Why don't you play *La Samaritaine* in London?" he asked the actress after the performance. "Ah, you forget," she retorted, "your censors do not allow Biblical subjects to be presented on the stage." Yes, he had forgotten for the moment, but then he recollected the great popularity of Händel's *Messiah*, of the *Creation*, *Elijah*, and other famous oratorios. Elijah evidently could be tolerated only in evening dress.

The version of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which Mr. Richard Mansfield is using is not Miss Gertrude Hall's after all, but a translation in prose and blank verse by Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury. Mr. Kingsbury's translation will be issued shortly by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company; that by Miss Hall, as was already announced, is published by the Doubleday and McClure Company. Mr. R. H. Russell is the American publisher of the translation which Mr. Heinemann published some time ago in London.

There was a suggestion made somewhere the other day that English and American publishers might find it profitable to follow the fashion of the French in publishing the best or most successful plays of the hour. Mr. Russell would seem to have this thought in mind, for we learn that he has now in press Mr. Anthony Hope's little comedy, *The Ad-*

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venture of Lady Ursula, which is being presented with so much success by Mr. and Mrs. Sothern at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. He has also issued a charming souvenir of Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*, which consists of the reproduction of many of the scenes in the play from wash drawings made by Mr. C. Allan Gilbert, and a frontispiece portrait of Miss Adams made from the photograph by Aimé Dupont. It was characteristic of Mr. Russell that while a number of publishers were deliberating about bringing out a translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in English, he had already made arrangements with the English publisher of *Cyrano* to issue an American edition, and so was first in the field.

The same translation has been taken bodily by the Seaside Library, and street vendors accost you everywhere with the cry—"The great Bergerac [g hard] play now at the Garden Theatre—for ten cents." The publishers not only give the translators' names unblushingly, but print on the title-page, "Copyright, 1898, by George Munro's Sons," though what they have to copyright does not seem obvious unless it be the advertisement of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and the *Model Letter-Writer and Lovers' Oracle* on the next page, or "Laura Jean Libbey's Charming Stories" which are advertised at the end of the play. M. Rostand and Laura Jean Libbey! What a revenge on the French poet-dramatist for calling us "a nation of thieves"!

As for the garbled version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which Mr. Augustin Daly has dished up as an "original adaptation," in Miss Ada Rehan's behalf (and his own) the following pertinent remarks which Mr. Zangwill made after the Philadelphia performance are sufficiently plain and cogent:

> I do not approach Mr. Daly's version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* without prejudice, for his open repudiation of M. Rostand's rights as author is a breach of professional etiquette. M. Rostand's name may, indeed, be discovered in minute letters somewhere in the programme, but who is responsible for the present adaptation we are nowhere informed. Even those who supply the theatre's "drinking water" are noted, but it seems to be of no importance who supplies "the water of life." One line, indeed, the celebrated definition of a kiss: "A rose dot on the I of adoration," I seem to remember from the version done for Mr. Heinemann by two London ladies (published here by Mr. R. H. Russell). But, as this line is put in the mouth of Roxane instead of Cyrano, we have a further sample of Mr Daly's consideration for his original. It is vain to complain of the cuts, though sometimes a foolish prudery has dictated them, but it is hard to be deprived of the beautiful speech, with the refrain of *Non Merci*, painting at once the ideal of Bohemian life and the character of the hero. But with Miss Rehan as leading lady, the hero's character is naturally thrown out of focus. . . . On the whole, Mr. Daly gives us a spirited melodrama, which cannot fail to please the crowd, especially when Miss Rehan learns to rise to the passion of the graver moments. Mr. Daly, in fine, has given M. Rostand a delicious revenge. He has shown that *Cyrano de Bergerac* can endure even his adaptation. M. Rostand has been much maltreated, but—*Il garde son panache.*

Mr. Zangwill delivered his first lecture in this country in the Lyceum Theatre, of this city, on October 11. His subject was "The Drama as a Fine Art," and the lecture was a reconstruction of an old one that he had formerly given on the same theme. The house was packed and the lecturer was listened to with close attention during the hour and a half which he occupied; his bright hits, sparkling epigram and caustic comment frequently evoking applause. Mr. Zangwill's consummate ease and mastery as a public speaker seemed to desert him at times in the presence of his new audience, and the work of reconstruction was evident at certain points of his lecture, which also suffered from lack of condensation—defects, however, easily remedied on a second presentation. Mr. Zangwill is nothing if not quotable, and some of his more rememberable phrases and epigrams jotted down in our notebook may find acceptance here:

> The drama did not begin as an artistic product. It had no intention of being artistic. Its intention was strictly honourable, but evolution reigns everywhere. Everything begins as something else, and every claim of art has begun out of religiou. The first drama was a religious dance.
>
> When Wagner re-united the arts he only re-united what evolution had put asunder.
>
> The first drama was not art, but reality.
>
> Schiller says that art is the outcome of the play of impulse. It is the overflow of energy not exhausted in the struggle for existence.
>
> Children with nothing to do play at keeping school; the thing in itself is no joke.

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The Puritan revulsion against art is based upon a true instinct. Stupid people are often right upon wrong grounds.

The beautiful may not be useful as literature, as Socrates says, but the beautiful cannot help being the useful.

By the irony of things the churchgoer often takes his sermon as art, something to be enjoyed and criticised, not something to be acted upon.

Simulation without stimulation is the secret of the dreariness of much modern realism.

A novelist is too often tempted to parade his own person, as most notably in *Trilby*. But Du Maurier was only following Thackeray, who, in *Vanity Fair*, said: "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

A good play must have life-likeness, unity and vitalising or stimulating power. In other words, it should simulate, stimulate and concentrate.

The nearer you approach to reality the further you depart from art.

No two lovers ever spoke like Romeo and Juliet before Shakespeare. Greek statues are cold and colourless, the better to bring out the beauty of pure form.

In fiction everything is true except names and dates; in history nothing is true except names and dates.

The old actors are dead and buried, but the plays are dead and printed. You can buy them at the price of eggs, twenty-five cents a dozen, and they are mostly bad.

Art may have a license denied to life.

The best two plays since Shakespeare are *The School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Problem plays are often only essence plays.

The term "problem" play is absurd. Art can never answer problems. Every form of art, then, has the right to exist. All that is necessary is life-likeness.

Shakespeare is no longer classic art, it is romantic art. Shakespeare's art, in fact, is Gothic art.

Many of Shakespeare's plays are rather dramatic novels than plays. In fact, Shakespeare simply followed the old novels that he stole from.

Othello is a great play, going forward with a strong dramatic movement, but many of Shakespeare's plays are bewildering when presented in the two hours' traffic of the stage.

Ibsen's ink often runs in the veins of his characters, but of his unity there can be no question.

Ibsen is a writer of parts, not plays.

The dramatic moment, known in life as "having it out."

It is not tragedy that depresses. . . The quality of the emotion is the genuine test.

The invention of incident has never troubled the great writers.

Surprise is not an art emotion. You can be surprised but once, whereas a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

The French stage has never lost its literary tradition. We have legitimised its children, we have turned its intrigues into flirtations; but such virtue has its own reward.

The Greek stage asked only two boards and a passion; the English stage wants two sticks and a wardrobe.

The actor thinks the part is greater than the whole.

The critic is of no effect at all. The critic comes at the heels of the new play barking or gamboling for joy. But this critic is often dishonest—a sort of taster between the manager and the public.

The modern receipt for a successful play is a paying compound of snivel, drivel and devil.

❧

The ubiquitous feminine pest of the lecture room was there, of course. She pounced on us as we emerged from the dark corridor of a Lyceum box—perhaps the box was responsible for this personal onslaught; we couldn't help it, there wasn't another seat in the house. "Oh, wasn't it lovely?"—*she* wasn't—"perfectly lovely! Is that a book of his in your hand? Hasn't he written something? He ought to print that lecture, don't you know. Why don't you make him publish it?" We felt flattered, "People would read it;"—she didn't say "buy it." Then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to her. She would urge him to print it—perhaps he would give her a copy. Anyway—"What is his address? Where is he stopping?" she asked. We fear that a malicious impulse prevented us from informing her correctly, but there is no doubt that the letter would reach its destination, and then—poor Mr. Zangwill!

❧

Mr. Zangwill contributes these lines addressed "To a Dear Inconstant" to a recent number of the London *Outlook:*

As still amidst the flux of things
And purposeless grey happenings,
Some force subsists that makes for Beauty,
And something through the chaos sings,
So 'mid your fevered flutterings,
Or airy flights on proud-poised wings,
Some wistful instinct gropes for Duty,
And still o'er all your vagrom moods,
Love, like a clouded heaven broods.

Dear, trust the still, small voice, distrust
The fawning court of lesser selves,
The tricksy swarm of sprites and elves,
Informed with sly usurping lust
To drag the "central" you to dust,
And render mute the sovereign "must"
That sends them scurrying to their delves.
Let their gay friskings serve to grace thy reign,
But be thou Queen by work and love and pain.

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PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

The fate of a story is in no way determined by its serial publication. The fact that an important piece of work may appear in this way for months, running its course quietly and then falling suddenly like a cataract among the critics when published in book form, is again instanced in the case of *John Splendid*, by Mr. Neil Munro. This book which has been appearing during the year in *Blackwood's* (and also in THE BOOKMAN) was published in its complete form last month, and has been taken up with immense vigour and excitement by all the important reviewers, from Andrew Lang downward, in the English press. *John Splendid* is already an assured success in England, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Munro's American cousins will receive his work with the same enthusiasm. It should be said by way of explanation, that Scotland has two peoples—those of the hills and those of the lowlands; each is quite different from the other. Mr. Munro is one of the few Scottish authors now writing who knows anything about the Highlander, and it is with the Highlander that *John Splendid* is concerned, so let nobody tremble with fear at being coerced into reading the work of another Kailyarder.

Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, the author of *Ye Lyttle Salem Maide*, which was reviewed in our last number, is only twenty-five years of age, and yet this is her second book. *Mademoiselle de Berny*, a bright little story of the American Revolution, called attention to Miss Mackie last autumn, and paved the way for her second novel, which is decidedly in advance of her first effort in fiction. She is now at work upon a story of life in Washington since the Civil War, dealing with certain events which contributed to the history of the social life of the Capital, and indirectly affected political conditions. Miss Mackie was born in Fairfield, Connecticut, on July 6, 1873, but her father, who was an Episcopal minister, died when she was a child, and her family removed to Washington. She was educated in Toledo, and subsequently spent three years in newspaper work. She has lived during the greater part of the last four years with old family friends in Washington.

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Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company are Miss Mackie's publishers.

A new Rosalind by a young and yet well trained and able actress is a matter of more serious interest than most things in American dramatic affairs. To what degree Miss Julia Arthur will succeed in her venture, which is to be made in New York after the holidays, it would be rash to prophesy. She has the hopes of the best theatre-going public with her. That she will look the part charmingly, combining her woman's beauty with a genuinely boyish figure, the photograph which we are allowed to publish is sufficient proof.

JULIA ARTHUR AS "ROSALIND."
From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

One of the most welcome books of the month has been Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*. Remembering the great sale which the *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* enjoyed when published some years ago, we are not surprised to learn that his *Second Thoughts* has already had a large circulation. Mr. Jerome has had scant measure at the hands of his critics, but in this case as in many others, readers have been wiser than the critics. As one of the greatest of living men of letters put it not long ago, Mr. Jerome has the prime merit of looking at everything from his own point of view. He is a genuine humourist, if not quite in the first rank of humourists. The really great humourist passes quickly from laughter to tears. Mr. Jerome can be pathetic, but in his mind humour and pathos are sharply distinguished. If it were not so, he would not himself be so annoyed at being treated as a mere humourist. He would not insist so much on his power to see and interpret the deeper things of life. He would rejoice in the very precious and uncommon power of being able to provoke people to innocent laughter, a power which perhaps scarcely half a dozen men in this philosophic generation now possess. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Jerome is extremely irritating, but take him at his worst he is to be preferred to many far more pretentious persons. Above all, Mr. Jerome has really thought about life and he has not been afraid to put down his thoughts frankly. Perhaps he has never shown more of his real mind than in his last book, a book which only very stupid persons can read without amusement, interest and sympathy. The *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* will be peculiarly interesting to many, because it gives, what may be called without offence, the middle-aged view of life, the

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view of those who are neither quite old nor quite young, whose position in life is practically determined, but who have many miles of the road yet to travel. Speaking generally, Mr. Jerome is by no means obtrusive in giving his own experience, but it can often be read between the lines. There is a great deal more of thought and depth in this volume of essays than a careless reader would suppose. At the same time, the careless reader will be pleased, for there is life and vigour and humour upon every page.

The ins and outs of French politics in connection with the Dreyfus case are baffling enough, but the most surprising thing about the whole matter is the apparent likelihood that M. Zola will be vindicated. To the readers of his books he would seem of all people the least likely to see things in their actual relations; for how can the dweller in such a rickety stage-world as his, retain any grasp on the world of fact? That he is sincere and disinterested, only complicates the problem. If he really sees the world as it appears in his books, he must make astonishing mistakes in actual life. France has reached a strange state, if M. Zola should turn out to be her sole apostle of moderation and good judgment. Think of the author of *Dr. Pascal* (reviewed on another page of this number), doing anything of practical value for a society which he believes to be made up of people like his own characters! Yet, this may be a shallow view; for perhaps he is as clever in action as he is at times clumsy in art, while just the reverse is true of his countrymen. They are as clumsy in politics as they are clever in art. Before the world is through laughing at their Dreyfus case it begins to wonder enviously if any other people on the face of the earth could have produced a *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It is a pity that they cannot give over the dull business of government to another race, and apply themselves solely to fiction, the drama, cookery and the making of wines. Why should they bother their heads with things which they cannot understand, when they might be writing *Cyranos?* They delineate life so much better than they live it that they seem less real than the characters in their own plays.

But to return to M. Zola. Of all that has been written about him, the choicest bits are contained in the reports of a body of French specialists who recently made a careful anthropological investigation of him. Their conclusions are briefly stated in a paper by Mr. Arthur MacDonald, entitled *Emile Zola; A Study of His Personality, with Illustrations.* The idea of the thing is fascinating, for while such studies have been made of criminals in prison, we have nothing of the sort in the case of famous literary men. Nowhere is there to be found such a minute description of a literary man's physical peculiarities, anthropological measurements, finger imprints, nervous system and digestive apparatus. When we consider the craving for personal details about a well-known writer, how people love to look at fac-similes of his signature, cuts of his study chair, and favourite foot-stool, or any other little fragment of his environment, we can appreciate the importance of such a work as this. For how barren those details seem beside the facts set forth in this little pamphlet! The knowledge supplied by the latter is really intimate knowledge. You get into the author's very tissues. You see how his liver lies and his heart pumps. In fine, you know your man.

M. Zola was weaned at the usual time. At the age of six he was "a strong child, but with a somewhat lymphatic look." He had congenital neurotic troubles, and during childhood and youth had several severe attacks of illness. But details in regard to this period are not so interesting as the account of him as he is to-day. It seems that he is a neuropath, and it is hinted that there is a sign of degeneracy in the imprint of his middle left finger. As to sensation and perception, his sense of touch is acute, and his memory of olfactory sensation is very strong. "Odours play a prominent part in his writings, as well as in his life." He has orbicular contractions, cardiac spasms, thoracic cramps, false angina pectoris, sensory hyperæsthesia, obsessions, and impulsive ideas, and the

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author of the pamphlet cited concludes with the interesting question, "Whether this neuropathical condition is not an excitation that has given rise to the intellectual ability of Zola." M. Zola read the results of the investigation with interest, and gave permission to publish them as authentic and true.

❧

This shows candour and an absence of small vanity, for the reports are not flattering. He sets a good example. If literary men would consent to investigations of this sort, it would be more helpful to ambitious followers than whole libraries of advice to young writers, and of explanations as to how the great man came to be what he is. They could see the very pulse of the machine. Reviewers, too, would benefit incalculably. They could solve many an obscure matter of style and plot by referring to neuropathic conditions. Whole passages could often be accounted for as mere symptoms. Critics would be at once more discerning and more charitable. Besides this the necessity of a previous knowledge of medicine would bar out a good many—not an altogether bad thing. The pamphlet is certainly very entertaining—none the less so for being here and there beyond our depth, for we often find a certain enjoyable suggestiveness in a technical explanation which we are not sure that we fully understand.

❧

The citation of an interesting fact concerning the late Professor Edward A. Freeman's *History of Federal Government*, the title-page of which was reproduced in our last number, has evoked another criticism made by Henry Ward Beecher on one of the pages of another book by Professor Freeman, published in 1893, and entitled *Some Impressions of the United States*. The paragraph to which Mr. Beecher took exception in a footnote pencilled on the margin of his copy runs as follows:

> If there is any rule of precedence in private American society I was not able to catch it. But I was once a little amazed at the question of a most cultivated American lady, one who knows England well, whether in England any one who might be supposed to be at all personally known did not feel annoyed at being placed after a man of higher rank who had no claim to distinction beyond that of being of higher rank. . . . I could only tell my questioner that I could not answer for others, but such a thought had never come into my own head. I said that I no more thought of repining because A. or B. was of higher rank than myself than I thought of repining because he was younger or taller or handsomer than I was. I told her that in such a case no kind of wrong was done, no affront was meant or thought of on either side, that the whole thing was a matter of course, an order of nature of which nobody thought at all. But I found that the American lady did not in the least enter into my feelings.

To which Mr. Beecher rejoins in his footnote, "Nor did he enter into that inbred and national spirit of equality—one whose standing comes from his achievements and nature is willingly deferred to, whereas an empty lord is unwillingly put before real desert."

❧

Dean Farrar's sequel to his great work *The Life of Christ*, which we announced in our last issue, will not be ready until the spring of next year at the earliest. It will be found to be largely the result of his recent studies in Palestine, and to be full of entirely new matter. The Dean's literary activity has been very great lately, and it is possible that two books will be published for him next year.

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Max Pemberton is busily engaged in dramatising his recently published story *Kronstadt*. We understand that the rights of production have already been secured by an American manager.

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It is a curious fact that no one seems as yet to have made any public mention of the apparent discontinuance in *Harper's Magazine*, of the department entitled "Editor's Study." It is now some months since this department has appeared in the magazine. So thus we may infer its final abandonment. The "Editor's Study," was originally intended to take the place of the "Editor's Easy Chair," long filled by Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Howells first had charge of the "Study," and later it was conducted by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.

❧

Golf has now invaded the field of holiday publications, as is evidenced by *The*

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Golfer's Alphabet, published by the Messrs. Harper. The rhymes are written by Mr. W. G. van Tassel Sutphen, and range from

A is for Arithmetic, handy to know
When the score figures up to a hundred or so,

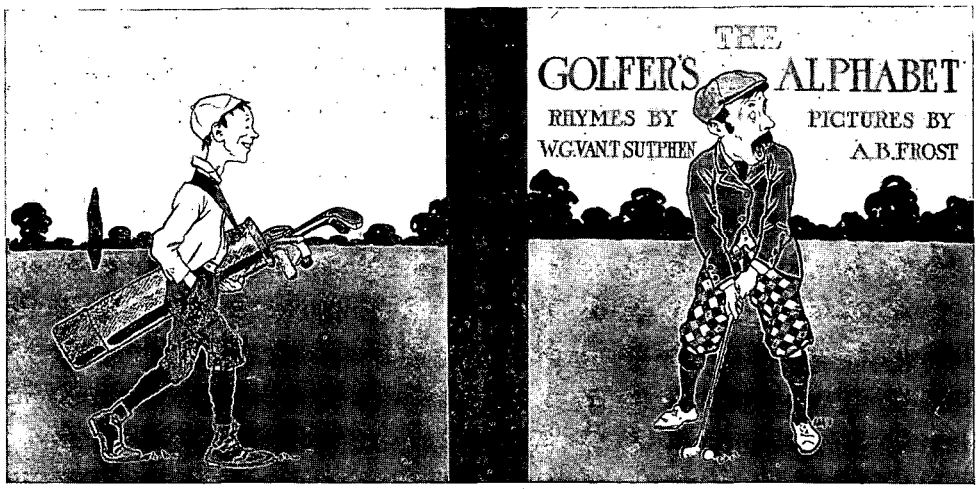
throughout the alphabet to

Z is for Zero, the sign of despair.
"Awa' wi' your gowf! we will play it nae mair."
& as it has happened again and gain
We're at it to-morrow by half after ten.

Mr. A. B. Frost has drawn a series of humorous pictures to accompany Mr. Sutphen's rhymes, and the result is very inviting to the golfer, who is fast creating a literature of his own. The cover design by Mr. Frost, which we reproduce below is strikingly characteristic. The fac-simile, we should add, suffers in reduction and in the loss of colour in the original.

The recent Amateur Golf Championship Tournament which took place on the Morris County Links at Morristown, New Jersey, in September, has found a unique historian in Mr. Charles A. Kip, a publisher in this city, and himself a member of the Morristown Golf Club. Mr. Kip is preparing a handsome souvenir of the tournament, consisting of original excerpts clipped from all the leading New York papers which gave a full account of each day's play and scores, these excerpts to be carefully mounted on especially prepared paper. It will contain a portrait of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, the first president of the United States Golf Association, and a beautiful fac-simile of the Havemeyer Championship Cup. There will also be portraits of the contestants and a series of mounted photographs following the play of the competitors on the Morris County Links from day to day. A map of the course will be included; the size will be royal quarto; the binding in golf red cloth, and each copy will be numbered and will have stamped upon it the name of the golf club or golfer subscribing for the work. Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen has written an introduction which will be interesting to golfers. The edition will be strictly limited to one hundred copies, the subscription price for each copy being $15. We understand that advance orders have been coming in rapidly, and that the publisher has reserved the right to raise the price on all copies not subscribed for by a given date.

The Quest of Merlin and *The Marriage of Guenevere*, by Mr. Richard Hovey, the first of which has for some time been out of print, have just been reissued by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company. They are accompanied by Mr. Hovey's new play, *The Birth of Galahad*, which completes the first series of his dramas on the story



COVER DESIGN OF "THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET," PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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of Launcelot and Guenevere. Those who read *The Marriage of Guenevere* remember its strikingly new treatment of the story and of the character of Guenevere herself, and the richness of diction and poetic feeling which marked it. The new play shows even greater power of expression and deeper poetic quality, while in dramatic fitness for the stage it is an immense advance over its predecessor. Mr. Hovey also has in press a new volume of poems, to be called *Along the Trail*, which will contain the best of his lyric work for the past five years or more.

The death of Stéphane Mallarmé does not excite a widespread interest outside of France except among the collectors of rare books, who have long had to pay high prices for the early editions of his poems as they were issued in curious thin little *brochures* bearing the imprint of Vanier, who was also Verlaine's publisher at first. Probably most Americans who think of Mallarmé, think of him as the daring and really very successful translator into French of Edgar Allan Poe's apparently untranslatable poems. Few English or Americans read Mallarmé, for it requires an ear trained to the nicest cadences of the French language to appreciate the rhythmic effects which he produces. The accompanying design is one by Luque, published some time ago in Paris, and accompanied by a short account of Mallarmé, written by Verlaine in his series *Les Hommes d'Aujourd'hui*.

May we not with good reason soon look to see the sober historical novel superseding the romantic semi-historical productions of the present, with their vulgar clang, their pinchbeck glitter and apotheosis of the ranting Hotspur? True, popular taste is less than ever in sympathy with the drab-coloured precepts of the psychologue, and is more strongly inclined, through the sharp political sensations of the summer, to insist on the physical throb in literature. But the very existence of arms and the hero among us contributes rather to discount than to encourage this meretricious show of clashing swords and fine speeches. The bravura style of the Romantics fails to express the real quality of our martial sentiments. The feeling of the hour demands a more convincing kind of heroism—a fiction where sense is not subordinated to sensation nor the phenomena of the past continually suborned; a historical novel that is truly historical.

We have been beguiled into this train of thinking by Mr. James Eugene Farmer's lively presentation of the Napoleonic era in which one rejoices to find a note struck in favour of a more edifying order of historical fiction. There is in *The Grenadier* a new moderation of manner, agreeably at variance with the hysterical voice in vogue among the more recent followers of the school, and a fidelity to fact that is even more rare.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

Mr. Farmer has found in the events of Napoleon's reign an absorbing subject for his pen, a subject that has hardly had its due recognition from historical novelists. This may perhaps be laid to the difficulty of grasping such an aggregation of incidents. The sense of selection becomes lost in the face of so much claiming the attention with equal stress. What seems necessary to a con-

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summate illumination of the epoch, or of even one of its phases, would easily outweigh the tonnage of an old-time three-decker. The artist pauses aghast, as it were, before a colossal piece of machinery full of the movement of subtle inter-relations. Mr. Farmer is to be congratulated on the discrimination that made it possible for him to compress so much of the essence of the times in the minimum of 328 pages. It is not the least qualification of good art to know where to touch and where to linger.

What is particularly noticeable about the fiction of Napoleon's day, is its non-success at reducing Napoleon from the rôle of *Zeitgeist* to that of a human entity. Every attempt to make him a man in the usual sense of the word seems only to prove him the more an era and an institution. Napoleon as a literary figure is as marmoreal as a statue. He is abstract generalship, despotism in red robe and iron crown, the ideal democrat of Rousseau. Even if one picks one's way between the worship of Thiers and the prejudices of Lanfrey, Metternich and Mesdames de Rémusat and Junot, in summing up the character, one still finds the man without heart or those common sentiments that lend themselves most readily to the uses of romance. It is perchance for this reason that he is seldom discovered in a generous situation, or if so placed, confessedly the sham contrivance—the Napoleon of Mrs. Jarley's stupendous collection. But whether anti-romantic or not in fact, one can but regret the Napoleon that is a mere matter of grey capotes and snuff-boxes. With new memoirs galore, with the resurrection of official documents and papers, with Napoleon's own epistolary legacies ready to the hand, his characterisation in the vague pigments of former fiction has less reason for continuance. As the central figure of Mr. Farmer's production, as the absorbing cause of all its effects, Napoleon might reasonably be expected to declare himself with more precision. That he does not do so in any real sense can not but add to the general disappointment. One looks in vain for more than the conventional hand of circumstance, the old voice of events.

Mr. Farmer deserves a word of praise for his spirited translation of several delightful songs in *The Grenadier*. One will not readily forget "The Captain Tarjeantirre" with its rare rhythm and jocund air. We give the first verse and the chorus:

"To horse! to horse, away! To horse! to horse, away!"
Then up we sprang, while the trumpets' clang
Was sounding deep and clear.
The month was May; the world was gay;
We rode with Tarjeantirre.
"Come, fill us up a stirrup-cup,
We'll quaff it with a tear;
Farewell, fair maids of Chenonceaux,
Our hearts stay with you here;
Farewell, best loved of Chenonceaux,
We ride with Tarjeantirre!"

A roving, roaring, rollicking blade was the Captain Tarjeantirre,
With his waxed mustache and his sabretache,
And his laughing black eyes clear;
With his handsome face and his martial grace,
And his heart that knew no fear.
The beau sabreur of the Grand Armée was the Captain Tarjeantirre.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Company are to follow up their delightful little volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels with a dainty edition of the works of Charles Dickens in forty volumes. In the opinion of some students of Dickens the time has perhaps arrived when there should be a carefully annotated edition of his works, gathering all the information that can be collected now, and which it may not be so easy to collect after a few years have passed. Many of the old landmarks made memorable in his novels have passed away, or are rapidly disappearing, and much that is characteristic in the speech and manners of his characters is fast becoming obsolete. Beyond all doubt the one man to edit such an edition would be Mr. Austin Dobson, a true lover and student of Dickens and an ideal editor. The publisher with boldness enough to make the venture might not reap his reward immediately, but ultimately such an edition would be bound to succeed and to occupy an honourable place in the library. The need of an annotated edition of Dickens is further stimulated by the news that Mr. George Gissing has undertaken to prepare an edition for Messrs. Methuen and Company. As is

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disclosed in his masterly study of Dickens, published a few months ago, Mr. Gissing has been a careful student of the great novelist and in many respects he is well qualified to do the work. It is to be hoped that he will call to his aid a good Dickens scholar, one whose knowledge of London is extensive and peculiar, for there is much in Dickens that is unintelligible to the superficial observer. If thoroughly and capably carried out, Mr. Gissing's edition of Dickens might very well become a standard. Cheap reprints have, perhaps, been overdone, but good library editions of our great classics have by no means been overdone, and these always meet with a fair demand. It is scarcely to be expected that Mr. Dobson would now undertake the editorship of Dickens, but Mr. Gissing might very profitably seek the co-operation of the distinguished chronicler of the eighteenth century in the pursuit of material for his enviable task.

Joe Wheeler.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, in *Marching with Gomez*, at the beginning of the war published the most popular book on the subject, and the most genuine that had appeared at that early date. The same firm announces an important record of the war, now that it is all over, by Major-General Wheeler. This book is expected to be ready about the middle of the month, and will be entitled *The Santiago Campaign*. It will consist of General Wheeler's personal narrative, including a series of dispatches that have passed between the generals on the field and other documents, also a stenographic report of the conversations between General Toral and the Spanish commissioners on the one side, and the American commissioners on the other, while negotiating terms of capitulation in front of Santiago. General Wheeler is known as a contributor to the Century War Series, and as his story will prove interesting and valuable from a military standpoint and appears soon after the close of the war, it is likely to meet with a wide reception. The year has been an eventful one for General Joe Wheeler, who, among the truest and bravest of reconstructed patriots, donned the blue again at threescore years, and after undergoing active service in the field, has arrived home in time to crown his military work with a written history of the momentous events in which he played so honourable and prominent a part, during the last few months.

Colonel Roosevelt is also to figure in the literature of the war. We learn that the Messrs. Scribner have engaged him to write a series of papers which will consist of an authoritative history of his

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

regiment, the Rough Riders, as a fighting machine, as well as being a vivid narrative, with numerous anecdotes, showing the individual bravery of his men. Few men on the field were more capable of dealing with the raw material passing before them in the making of history, and few writers could select and arrange the facts in the rough into a series of picturesque adventures as it is sure to be presented by this experienced author. The first installment, which we believe is already written, will appear in the January *Scribner's*, and will be followed by five or six more in succeeding numbers, after which they will be published in book form. The story will be accompanied with sketches and pictures, many of them from photographs taken by Dwight L. Elmendorf, under the supervision of Colonel Roosevelt.

The title of Mr. Cable's new story, which will appear serially in *Scribner's Magazine* early next year is *The Entomologist*. It will be illustrated by Albert Herter, whose illustrations for the holiday edition of *Old Creole Days*, published last Christmas, elicited so much praise. Joel Chandler Harris is another American author whose work will appear in *Scribner's* next year. Under the general title, *The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann*, Mr. Harris has written a series of tales, each separate in itself, and yet continuous in interest like the Uncle Remus stories. Mr. Harris's idea evidently is to make Aunt Minervy take the place of Uncle Remus for the sake of novelty and a fresh point of view, and his experiment will be watched with interest.

An enviable announcement, made by the Scribners for their magazine next year, is the publication of the late Mrs. John Drew's reminiscences. John Drew, her son, will write an introduction, and the work will be edited by Laurence Hutton. Mrs. Drew's reminiscences are said to be unusually rich in their store of anecdote and memories of Macready, the elder Booth, the elder Jefferson, of Fanny Kemble, of the Old Bowery Theatre, the old Park Theatre, as well as of forgotten players and forgotten playhouses of the early days of the American stage. The illustrations which will accompany the reminiscences are being secured from rare sources and many of them will be of singular interest.

Tattle Tales of Cupid by Paul Leicester Ford, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company this month. Mr. Ford's *Story of an Untold Love* is now in its fiftieth thousand.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

No other dramatic event of the season has been anticipated with such a keen and sustained attention as Mr. Richard Mansfield's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Various kinds of men and women, interested in the stage, in acting, in the literary drama, —making a total audience rather uncommonly intellectual,— looked forward to the experiment for months. *Cyrano de Bergerac* had driven the ablest literary men of Paris into paroxysms of applause, and it had secured an equal success among the theatre-going multitude. It was the sensation of a decade. Brilliant critics likened young Rostand to Corneille, to Shakespeare, and, more rationally, to Hugo and Dumas. Some called the drama a novelty, but the weightier judges found in it a rival to the masterpieces of the past.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS "CYRANO."
From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

As a foreigner I speak with insecurity, but when this play was given, in an almost literal translation, at the Garden Theatre, *Cyrano de Bergerac* was to me on the stage what it had been in the reading,—an extremely clever proof of skill, a brilliant show of execution, a series of scenes exactly calculated to exhibit the powers of a strong and versatile French actor,—all this, but without simplicity, inevitableness, deep sincerity, without, in short, any true greatness. The very theme, shrewdly chosen and inviting as it is, is not the subject for a great drama; unless it were possibly a low comedy. It lacks the majesty of tragedy and the aloofness from the sentimental sympathies of big comedy. Yet it is a comedy, and in spots approaches tragedy, so that it is less the pure romantic melodrama than are Dumas and

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Hugo. It is a fact, denied by many, forgot by more, that no deeply constituted work of dramatic art is produced by an equal mixture of several species,—so much tragedy, so much melodrama, so much comedy, and so much farce. The history of the stage in England, Spain, and Germany shows that comic scenes may exist in the highest tragedy, but that is an entirely different story. Relief is one thing; lack of a distinct nature is another. If we had several theatres, each devoted to one branch of the drama, we should then more readily see the beauty and the laws of art, and the more rigidly believe that the beauty of art is inseparable from its laws. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a brilliant exhibition of all that M. Rostand had on hand. It is not a living body born of a single conception.

Mr. Mansfield's version is decent prose in some parts and most disturbing doggerel in others. It retains all the scenes, and is as faithful to the French as a commonplace translation can be to a dashing original. The French love it as much for its sparkling and buoyant verse as for its story and its pictures, and those who see it in America must know that they judge little more than half of its qualities. Even so, it is an intellectual treat, for, in the Gallic idiom, "it is something." It is the expression of an unusual talent in a man still young, and it is full of wit, of fancy, of knowledge of the stage, of variety. The New York production dealt successfully with the scenic aspect, which is important in such a showy piece, and the general level of the acting was respectable. Miss Anglin, a young woman heretofore unknown, got the pedantry, youth, coquetry, and genuine feeling of Roxane well enough to assure to her good rôles hereafter upon our stage.

Of course, interest centred in the leading actor. Cyrano is as much *Cyrano de Bergerac* as Hamlet is *Hamlet*—far more, in fact, for in the one case the play is the main thing, even if one character is so much of it, while in the French work many scenes are forced in, against the harmony of the whole, to show off the hero. Mr. Mansfield failed. So able an actor could hardly lag further behind his opportunities. He did not even try to speak loud and terribly, to have a swashing and a martial outside, to swagger nobly, because Mr. Mansfield thinks that heroics are naïve and foolish. He would probably play Rodrigue as he plays the heroes of George Bernard Shaw, and he acted Cyrano as if he were Beau Brummel. But you see, Cyrano wasn't Beau Brummel, and that really makes a difference.

Almost every effect in the play depends on the flamboyant nature of the hero—the mixture of ferocity, poetry, bitterness, and folly, and when even a clever actor undertakes to convert the central pillar of the piece into a quiet, contemplative wit, the whole collapses. You might as well play the Moor of Venice as a dispassionate psychologue, or Falstaff as a person whose humour was thin and rational. A few passages Mr. Mansfield did well, because they fitted into this subdued mood, but the flaring whole he perversely or timidly refused to attempt.

A play by Henry Arthur Jones, new to America, undertaken at the Empire, by such an actor as John Drew, after an enormous English success by Charles Wyndham, was a spectacle alluring to a class of beings different from those who were so expectant over *Cyrano*. The following of Mr. Drew and Mr. Jones is better dressed, better fed, and less intelligent. In *The Liars* Mr. Jones is not at his best, but even at his best he can hardly be accused of inspiration. Mr. Jones is one of those successful playwrights who show the average man his own image. You may go to one of his plays, and take your family, even if it consist of three generations, with no danger of stumbling on a sentiment or an idea which needs an introduction—or an explanation. Mr. Drew, gifted with talent, seems to be happy, walking about in this drama of limp mediocrity,—as what his audiences would call a very nice man in a very nice play. Even the intelligent may enjoy *The Liars*, but they would do well to choose an evening when they are in search of a rest.

Mr. Jones's play is well acted—which reminds me of a current belief that the greater the drama the greater the need of good acting. On the contrary, the emptier the play the more talent is required to fill the holes. With fair

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES" IN "THE RIVALS."

natural gifts and reasonable instruction a troupe can make the great dramas acceptable, while only the most attractive acting can carry off cheapness. It is true, however, that the greatest drama admits and invites the greatest acting, and indeed alone makes it possible. Therefore, the moral is this: If you have only fair talent to work upon choose those plays that can do most of the work themselves; if you have genius, choose plays to give that genius scope and wings. In short, whatever you do, encourage the production of the masterpieces. During the past month, at the Grand Opera House, on the West Side, a troupe including Louis James, Frederick Warde, and Kathryn Kidder, played in one week *The School for Scandal*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. Few of the well-dressed were present; yet, though it would be folly to pretend that the performances were satisfactory, the genius of the playwrights glimmered

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through the imperfect medium enough to charm in places, and to make one restless that the better theatres in this country are so poor in great dramas. Mr. Archer recently said that he saw more pieces of real intellectual merit in five days in Berlin than he could see in five months in London. What would be the corresponding length of time in New York? However, for this year, Miss Arthur promises us a new Rosalind, and Miss Rehan may give us a new Portia. That is something—a great deal—but with Irving, Tree, Forbes Robertson and George Alexander contemplating new Shakespearean plays, after their elaborate productions of the same poet last year, London seems to be almost as far ahead of us as Berlin is of London in its appreciation of the greatest English poet. Try to imagine London or New York leading Berlin in representing Schiller.

The second Monday in October saw two conspicuous theatrical events. One was a great play, one of the richest comedies in the English language, with a strong cast, headed by a man who has taken a permanent place high in the annals of the American stage. The other was an awkward dramatisation of one of the most stupid and Philistine novels of recent times. The attention of the theatre-going public was centred on Hall Caine and Viola Allen, not on *The Rivals* and Joseph Jefferson. What shall we say to this?

A house, packed as first-night houses in New York now are, by friends of the star, could not screw up energy to carry out its bargain and force enthusiasm for Miss Allen and Mr. Caine. It was forced to suffer, and it broke away in a stampede after the actor who did something to melt the ice. Mr. Edward Morgan triumphed, by intense force at certain points, rather than by a satisfactory whole, which he missed; but Miss Allen, with all the preparation to give her an ovation, failed. As for Mr. Caine, he surprised everybody by appearing before the curtain. One man yelled "Speech!" Hall Caine made one.

It was like the famous author. He complimented the audience, the actors, and Sir Henry Irving. Then he made his subtlest hit. He lugged in the *entente*. He had type-written copies of his opinion on the *entente* before he got here. He said:

> For myself, as a guest and a stranger, I have only a word to say. At a moment when so much is being said on both sides of the Atlantic of the era of good feeling between our United Kingdom and the United States, it will, I think, be gratifying to my fellow-countrymen to hear that in the domain of art as well as in politics you receive an Englishman in New York with as much warmth of brotherly feeling as if he had been born and bred among yourselves.

Mr. Caine is serious and he attends to business. As his own press agent he knows his trade. He cannot write novels or plays which do not give any intelligent man the heart-ache, but he knows the public, and knows when to drag in the *entente*.

The difference between the play and the novel is that the drama spends an hour or so in narration, by Storm and Glory, of all the things that have happened between the acts. The play is inferior to the novel in every respect but one: it is shorter. How the wit of Hall Caine pleads for laughter and begs for mercy on the stage! How his sentiment resembles a blind beggar! How his "ideas" laboriously get themselves born in speeches! Oh, it is a bad play. Do not spend your dollars on it unless you have gone safely through the novel, and enjoyed it. Then you will be safe, for the "ideas" are the same, though the plot differs, and the style has the same comforting dullness. The trade of novel-writing has been learned by Mr. Caine up to his limit, while in the drama he is a beginner. In the art of being stupid, as in other things, I personally prefer the expert to the novice, and so—if I had to do either—would rather read *The Christian* again, with such reasonable skipping as might be necessary to preserve my sanity, than to sit through it at the theatre.

Miss Allen is one of a sad constellation, stars by main force. She helped Mr. Caine to distort the scenes to force her to the front, and there are many like her. This is not art.

Facts are facts, and why should they be minced? Let everybody who can appreciate the best we have go to see it, even if it is not "new," and by the same law let him break away from the tyranny of such drags on intelligence and artistic feeling as Hall Caine and his *Christian*.

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A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

I.—Early Men and Conditions.

The year 1800 dawned inauspiciously for the art of book illustration, so far as wood engraving was concerned in this country, for we possessed but one native capable of cutting on the block even the most primitive sort of design. Only fifteen years had passed since the Englishman, Thomas Berwick, in London, had begun his first block for the famous series of *British Quadrupeds*, destined to become his *magnum opus* and the beginning of a revival of the art of woodcutting which, since the days of Albert Dürer and Hans Lutzerburger, had fallen more or less into a state of innocuous desuetude.

The lonely American who thus held the field all to himself and became the pioneer in this country in his profession, was Alexander Anderson. He was born in 1775 and forsook the career of physician to embrace the more congenial one of art. He had begun by cutting on type metal, though later he used boxwood. He was inspired by the sight of some of the prints after Berwick's *British Quadrupeds*, which about that time were imported over here, together with an earlier work by the same man, called *The Looking Glass for the Mind*. From both of these books Anderson made many copies, subsequently reproducing in their entirety all the illustrations of the last named which the New York publisher, David Longworth, brought out in a new edition, in the year 1800.

If the art of wood engraving was at that time, shall we say in its second infancy, there were not lacking men who were capable of excellent work on steel, and for the first thirty years of the century, it was through this medium that serious illustrated work was accomplished, such wooden blocks as were used being of the most hopeless and inartistic sort. In looking back over the publications of the day, where the pictures were cut upon wood, it seems incredible that such naïvely inadequate results could for a moment have been entertained, in view of the excellent steel work that prevailed and the general high excellence of art in other directions. With the more limited editions and the less frequent issue, book illustration early in the century was a novel and a costly performance, to be entered into by no means lightly or unadvisedly by the publisher; the artist likewise had small incentive to give much time to new departures in a pictorial way, or to evolve many theories. The conventional did very well for our ancestors, who were apathetic in an æsthetic way, or easily satisfied with the modest art offerings of the times. Where the reproduction was not after some well-known painting, it frequently became a classic composition of a hopelessly stilted nature; if the theme

FROM "THE LOOKING GLASS FOR THE MIND," PUBLISHED IN 1800.

Engraved by Alexander Anderson after Berwick. From the collection of A. V. S. Anthony, Esq.

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was homely domesticity, it was milk and water, the latter fluid predominating in a large degree.

Naturally, the influence of everything English was strongly felt, and in no case more so than in the making of books. The American publisher, printer, binder, illustrator, and engraver, each fashioned himself on models in the mother country and for a quarter of a century, the change, if any, was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. Few illustrated books escaped from the establishments of the then up-to-date publishers without having a vignetted title-page, the title being given in a square, uncompromising, open-faced letter, the vignette generally consisting of a highly impossible landscape, with trees far removed from nature; or a simpering maiden with exasperatingly regular features. But what the volume lacked in pictorial virility, it more than made up in charm of printing and binding, for they were worthy artisans who laboured at their craft when paper editions were unknown, when pasteboard marked the deepest degradation of the bookmaker, and when the volumes were turned out with an abiding sense of stability and fitness.

II.—The Gift Book Epoch.

With the early years of the century, there were issued many of the then popular annuals and gift books, ideas imported from London where the rage for this sort of publication seemed insatiable. They took form in volumes destined for the centre table, without which no well regulated family then existed, and they were known among the trade as "table books." They ranged in size from small duodecimos, to great quartos, and they were illustrated with steel engravings, generally portraits by the early Englishmen, such as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and their contemporaries; occasionally, the plates were coloured. Here were highly proper love songs couched in stilted verse, with rarely passion enough to cause a quiver of the heart of the the modern female, though apparently sentimental enough for the maiden of those days, whose prunella gaiters, white stockings, and sprig muslin dress, together with a head of brown curls, inspired the romantic fancies of the poet with tight breeks strapped firmly under his pumps, a stiff white stock at his neck and blue coat with brass buttons, who sung his mistress's charms with modest pipings in an eminently respectable manner and properly obeyed all the conventions. The poet of annuals in short seemed to be a thing apart from the literary men of his times.

There were few woodcuts if any that found their way into these annuals for the first score of the century's years and most of the engraving was done abroad. The native pictures were of a crude order, drawn with little artistic feeling and rarely, if ever by any means improved under the unskillful hand of the woodcutter. A monthly publication issued in Philadelphia in 1832, gives an idea of the prevailing manner of those days and the pictures were typical of the times. The work was called *Anderson's Casket* and was bound at the end of the year into a presentation volume. It contained not only illustrations of pictures, but fashion plates as well. But still, the steel engravings predominated in the pretentious books and these were mostly by Englishmen. Ten years later, however, we find from the Philadelphia house of Messrs. Cary and Hart, another of the annuals called *The Gift, or Christmas and New Year's Present*, wherein the pictures are entirely by Ameri-

THE ROBERT MORRIS MANSION.

From "Anderson's Casket," 1832.

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cans, both as to painter and engraver. That this was more or less of a departure, is thus made evident in a preface as follows:

> It affords us much pleasure to state that all the illustrations in the present volume are from pictures by our own artists, and we flatter ourselves that they will be found to compare advantageously with any similar production from abroad.

Which was patriotic, if not strictly within the truth, for we had then much to learn from the foreign workers. In this book were pictures by Sully, Leslie, Chapman, and the well-known *genre* painter, W. S. Mount, who had two compositions of a representative order, of American farm and village life, interesting both in arrangement and in the delineation of character types. The engravers were John Cheney, J. I. Pease, W. E. Tucker, A. Lawson and J. B. Forrest, and the work was on steel.

From such as these, to *Friendship's Tokens*, the transition was easy, and later came books of a more ambitious nature, such as the *Treasury of Knowledge*, the *Illustrated Poets*, the *Schiller* and *Goethe Galleries*, the *Republican Court*, *Well Known Women*, and *Homes of American Authors*. This latter was nearly all given over to wood engravings, while the others relied on steel plates and the art did not reach a high standard. Although prior to the year 1833 there had been published for a decade an illustrated paper called *The New York Mirror*, in which appeared from time to time, the coarsest sort of woodcuts, the first of the really seriously illustrated periodicals was *The Family Magazine*, published in this city by Justice S. Redfield. Not that the character of either the pictures or the woodcutting was of the best, but the effort was earnest and according to the equipment and facility of the times, the result was fair. A little later came the *Boston American Magazine*, with pictures on the same lines. In 1843, the then famous Chevalier Wycoff made a sporadic attempt at a monthly publication, called *The Picture Gallery*, which had a troubled career of but three months, when it gave up the ghost.

In 1846, J. A. Adams completed the monumental task of engraving several thousand pictures drawn by John Gadsby Chapman, for an edition of the Bible, published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, which had an enormous sale and which was considered at that time an astonishing artistic achievement. The elaboration of head and tail pieces, the multitude of subjects and the absolute fearlessness with which all themes were attacked, even though the results are not quite in accordance with modern notions, either of composition or arrangement, were nevertheless remarkable accomplishments and, for the time, more or less creditable, though it is difficult to grasp the environment of the day and to see the perspective perfectly, looking back from the present. The frontispiece, of the meeting of Joseph and Jacob, W. J. Linton, in his work on *Wood Engraving*, considered one of the most remarkable pieces of cutting ever achieved by an American. Prior to this and for years following, both Asher B. Durand and John Sartain were prominent figures in steel engraving, contributing to nearly all the books or periodicals that had occasion to use such style of illustration.

FASHION PLATE IN 1853

From Harper's Magazine, February, 1853. By permission.

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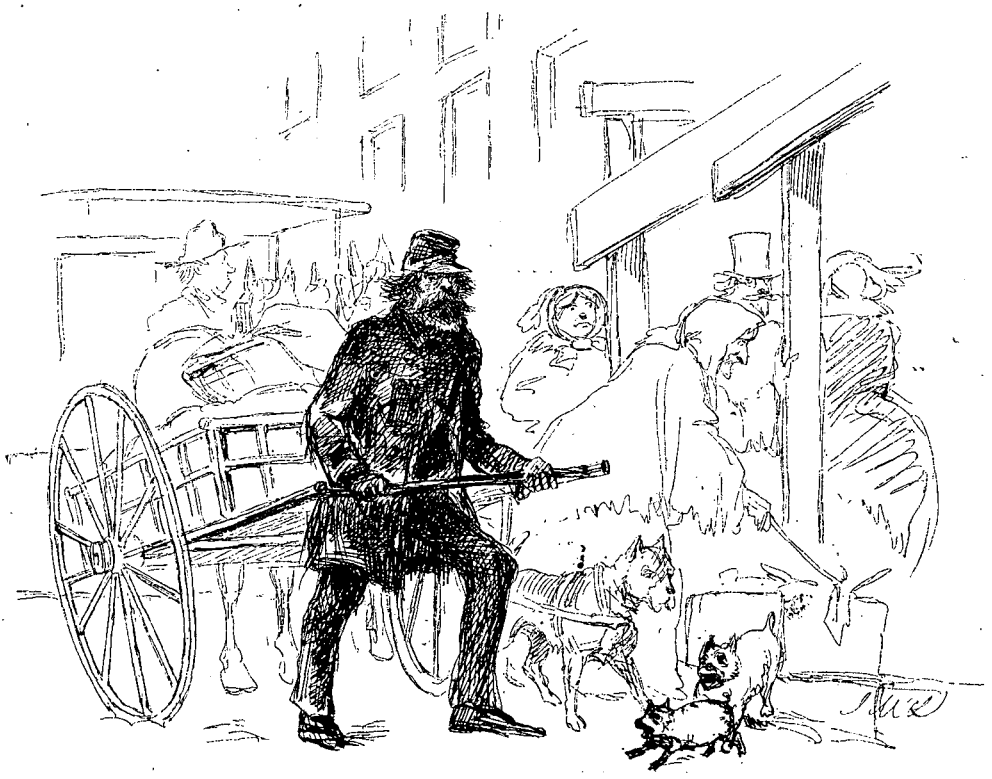

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY JOHN McLENAN, IN THE POSSESSION OF A. V. S. ANTHONY, ESQ.

III.—The First of the Important Illustrated Magazines.

A notable event in a publication way occurred in 1850, when *Harper's Magazine* appeared for the first time. It marked a distinct period, for with its strong financial backing and the prestige of a large and highly respected publishing house, there was opened up a permanent field for the draughtsman and woodcutter to exercise their talents and display their ingenuity. A glance at the first numbers is distinctly educational, for what was an enormous stride for those days, now seems but a feeble effort which, in an illustrative direction is put to blush by the average country newspaper of the present period. The pictures were few and ran mostly to portraits; three were given in the first issue, of Allison, Macaulay, and Prescott, drawn in line from modelled busts. The likenesses were fair and the rendering was stiff. A few fashion plates completed the pictorial part of the publication. These were much the most entertaining of the lot, for there was a certain freedom about the drawing and cutting, and surely the styles were absurd enough to seem caricatures at the present day. There were women in big hats with very flat crowns, with thin waists and curious head dressing, outside the province of, and impossible for a man to adequately describe. With the second number, there was an effort to produce landscape and architecture, the Great Hall of Karnac, a view of the Hudson at Piermont and scenes along the Erie railroad, furnishing subjects for the artist's pencil and the woodcutter's skill. It is no disparagement to the house to say that the result was not altogether a triumph of art. With number four, there came more pictures and of greater variety; there was a good portrait of President Taylor; there were comics by Frank Bellew, most original in his way and excelled by few of the humorous draughtsmen, and the father of the Bellew who signed himself "Chip," and again fashions and

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ILLUSTRATION BY "PORTE CRAYON" (D. H. STROTHERS).

From Harper's Magazine, June, 1859. By permission.

dresses for women, some in particular for children, one of which was an elderly child with long pantalettes (see p. 215), and this was a gem in its way.

The *International Magazine*, *Godey's Ladies' Book* and *Graham's Magazine*, all containing illustrations, came along in rapid succession. Among the artists prominent in illustrative work about this time, were George Thomas, Augustus Hoppin, whose pictures for the *Potiphar Papers* by George William Curtis, engraved by Orr, were among the best things he ever did and were classics in their time; then there were Wallin, Doppler, Stephens, Hitchcock, Parsons and Howard, together with John McLenan, an able man much ahead of his time, who drew in a much freer way than his *confrères* and whose technique was, for those days, quite astonishing. He was also a man of much inventiveness and is affectionately remembered by his fellow workers. A curiously interesting draughtsman was D. H. Strothers, who signed himself "Porte Crayon" and did

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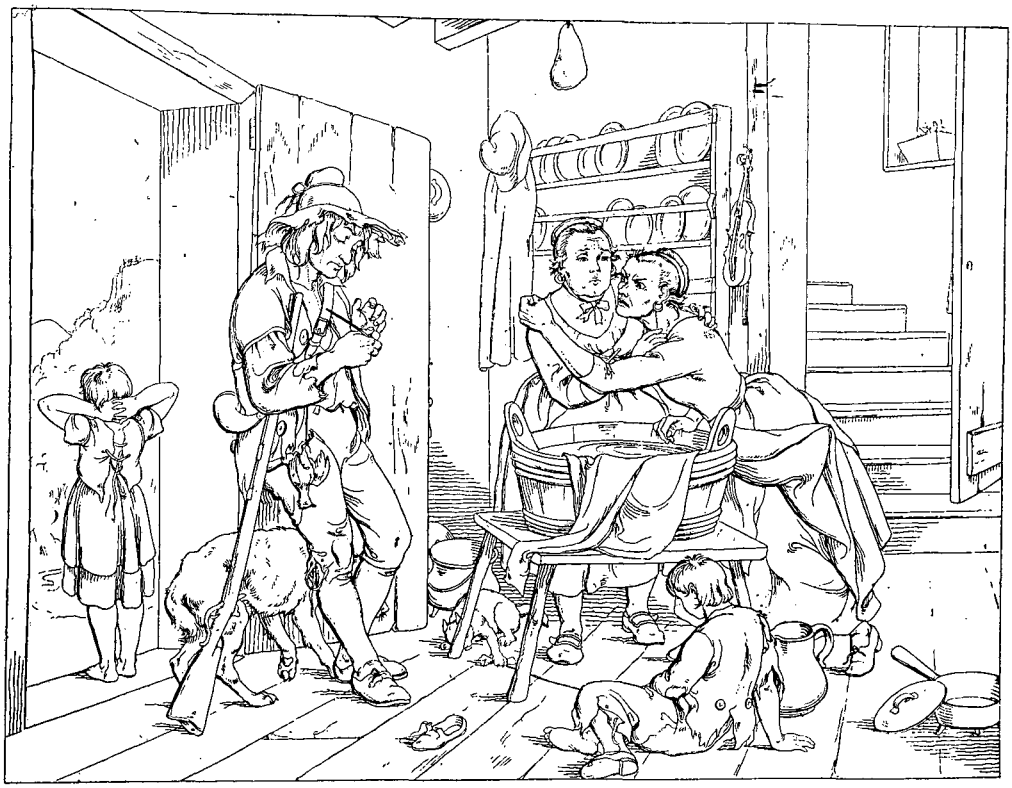

ILLUSTRATION BY DARLEY FROM IRVING'S "RIP VAN WINKLE" PORTFOLIO.

much of Southern life, including, of course, the negro.

Felix O. C. Darley must have a special comment, for his work was an interesting product of the times, intensely personal and highly original. Darley was a Philadelphian, born in 1822; he began in a business office, executed woodcuts in his leisure moments and subsequently entered the professional ranks. In 1850, the American Art Union engaged him to make a series of outlined illustrations, after his own designs, from the works of Washington Irving. On their publication the artist at once sprang into prominence, for he had displayed not only novelty and dexterity, but the technique was new and attractive, and the work was most successful. They were published in a quarto portfolio and included the *Sleepy Hollow Legends*, *Knickerbocker History of New York*, and other writings, and were full of character. They were much the best things Darley ever did, although he continued in great vogue for a long time and turned out a mass of material, not all of it showing care or preparation. He illustrated Dickens, as well as Hawthorne, Cooper, and other native writers. He had certain mannerisms, which though striking and effective in the Irving series, were always apparent in the later productions and became tiresome in the end. So pronounced was his style that his work could be told at a glance, even to the types of faces, the movement and carriage of his personages. He contributed to all the magazines of his time and figured extensively in the books of the period.

Still another interesting personality about this time and a man whose death only occurred last year, was George G. White, an all-around illustrator and an exceedingly prolific workman, who, never achieving great results, nevertheless played a prominent part in the illustrative history of his times. A Philadelphian by birth, White settled early in New York and was a contributor to most of the pictorial publications of the

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day. He illustrated many school books and was the author of a series of drawing-books, for many years in popular favour among school boards. He possessed a most remarkable and famous collection of clippings from the European illustrated papers, which were carefully filed away ready for instant reference, and he used them freely. The work of the late Sir John Gilbert attracted him greatly, and that English draughtsman was his inspiration for a long time, and indeed, his influence was ever apparent through his work. White was not over-scrupulous in appropriating from his scrapbooks, and his ability to adapt the work of other and abler men to his own requirements was well known among his professional brothers and was a standing jest. Later in life, White did all sorts of hack work, the quality and character of which reflected on him but small credit.

From January to June, 1852, there appeared a weekly publication called *Diogenes—his Lantern*, which was illustrated; the editor was the genial actor John Brougham, and the pictures were mainly by Frank Bellew. The publisher, T. W. Strong, did not, however, make his everlasting fortune with this venture, which was abandoned at the end of a half year for still another illustrated paper, called *Yankee Notions*, which quickly reached a circulation of over forty thousand copies and was a paying property for more than fifteen years. *Frank Leslie's Weekly* first appeared in 1855, followed two years later by *Harper's Weekly* and *Gleeson's Pictorial*. All these were illustrated with woodcuts and the engraver found a pretty steady demand for his labours. The class of work for which he was called upon was not of the highest order, but it gave him an easy familiarity with his tools, plenty of practice and the career opened up many chances for good remuneration and a certain livelihood which was eagerly embraced by many young men who were destined later to make the name of the American engraver greatly respected at home and abroad.

Arthur Hoeber.

(*To be continued.*)

A THOUGHT

Only a word and I am thine,
Speak it not yet!
For in this foolish heart of mine,
I find regret.

Regret for days of friendship sweet,
Long, happy years,
Untouched by breath of passion fleet,—
Its doubts and fears.

How wilt thou keep this soul of mine,
Through all my days?
Shall I not dim the spark divine,
In passion's rays?

Within thy steady eyes' clear depths,
I see no fears.
"Beloved, I will keep thee safe,"
Thou say'st, with tears.

Forgive me, love, so dear thou art,
I yield; and yet—
If I should find within thy heart,
Too late—regret?

Caroline Benedict Trowbridge.

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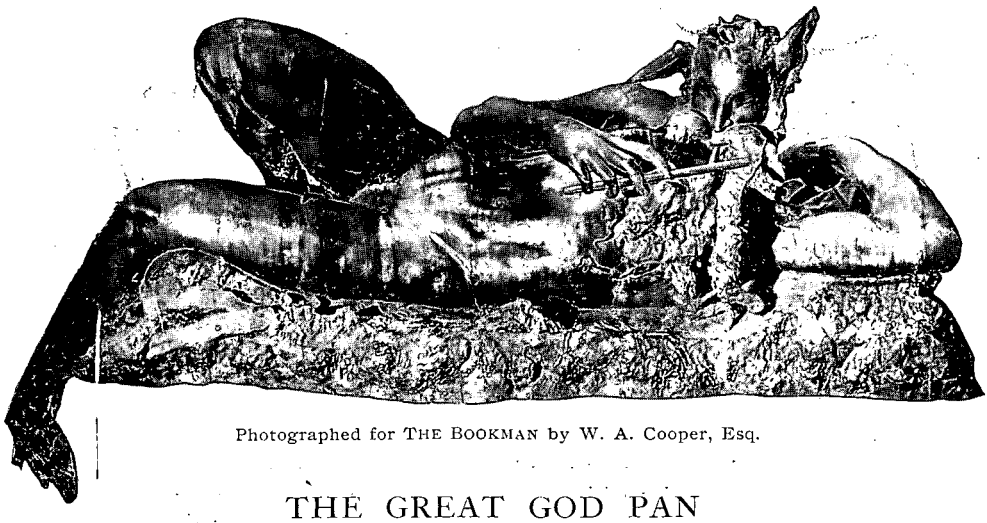

Photographed for THE BOOKMAN by W. A. Cooper, Esq.

THE GREAT GOD PAN

(On seeing the plaster cast by George Gray Barnard.)

Where does the great Pan live,
  Ye of the woodland's ways;
Where does he sing, and what does he bring,
What does he give, and where do they ring,—
  The echoes of dryad lays?

Where does the great god hide,
  Ye whom Arcady knows;
Where does he sport in his pleachéd court,
And by his side do the strange gods sort
  And revel till Nature glows?

Once in a forest dim
  His pipe was heard, as of old;
The leaves were glad in a way they had,
  Laughing in tones of gold;
And Nature grew young and sweet and—mad
With the wanton spirit of him.

A muse came down the glade,
  Where gambolled the satyrs and nymphs;
Softly she trod, but Pan, the great god,
  Through his half-closed eyes caught a glimpse,—
And then how he played! Her body swayed
The madness and lilt of his rod.

Lo! One in the sylvan way
  Stood seeing as rapture sees;
The nymphs fled in wings of the mists of the springs,
  The satyrs became gnarled trees;
But Pan, the great god, as he lolled on the sod,—
He caught him and turned him to clay.

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Here is the great god Pan,
Ye that the greenwood love;
Here he doth sing, and back to their spring
In ways known of the woodland king,
The muses return again.

Here doth the wood god rest,
Massive yet lithe of limb;—
Again to feel the reed's wild peal,
The greensward crest, the muses reel
With the subtle madness of him.

Art is the spirit of Time;—
What though the ages roll,
The great gods return to life on an urn,
And Nature's prime forgets to be stern
When the muse leads a seeing soul.

Regina Armstrong.

OCTOBER LOVE

The long grey lingering day was almost done;
The dark and heavy piled-up clouds looked cold
Along the West, and all the world was old.
But suddenly, just at the sunset-gun,
The veil is lifted; from beneath it run
A thousand darting rays of green and gold
That gild the sea, suffuse the sky, enfold
One moment in the glory of the sun.

So love flashed through my life, and lighted all
Its leaden clouds and dark steel-tempered sea
Just at the horizon-verge ere youth was done.
Now age may come, the night of death may fall,
It matters not. My life, O love, through thee
Has known the golden glory of life's sun.

Curtis Hidden Page.

DAWN

Love told a Star the vision that beguiled
His slumber; and the Darkness, hearing, smiled.

John B. Tabb.

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JUDGE JEFFREYS AS RECORDER—AGED THIRTY.

By courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

A POLITICAL JUDGE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY*

A new life of Jeffreys, an unexpected book at this late day, has been written by Mr. H. B. Irving, the son of Sir Henry Irving. He gives as his reason for this surprise, the desire "to fill a gap in the biographical literature of the seventeenth century, and to reproduce the general features of a period during which the proceedings in the courts of law were intimately associated with the history of the nation." The period covered by the book is one of the most interesting and important in the history of England. It was a period of plots and counter-plots; of struggle for existence on the part of the Established Church against the Dissenters on the one hand and the Catholics on the other; a period when the crude enginery of law was openly employed to accomplish political ends; a period also when there was vividly present to all conservative minds —leaders and people—the vision of the beheaded King of England, and the remembrance of the troublous times that followed until the Restoration. In this interesting and formative period, the law, represented by Jeffreys and his associates, played a conspicuous part. His

*The Life of Judge Jeffreys. By H. B. Irving, M. A. Oxon. With three portraits. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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name inevitably suggests the Popish Plot, the most horrible imposture that ever misled a nation. The Popish Plot and the Rye House Plot and the prosecutions and executions under both were possible only in an age in which the currents of passion, prejudice, superstition and religious fanaticism were practically unrestrained. It was only then that a religious renegade like Oates, by a tissue of falsehoods supported by his picturesque perjury, could impose upon a government and arouse its persecuting zeal. It was in the trials growing out of the Plot that Jeffreys, then in his thirty-first year and holding the office of Recorder of London, first became prominent. He was retained by the Crown to aid in the prosecution of Coleman, the secretary to the Duchess of York, who on the testimony of Oates was found guilty and executed. The conviction of Coleman began a reign of terror, and trial followed trial. Jeffreys at some of the trials was present in his capacity of Recorder of London; in others, he sentenced the victims. Oates became the popular idol, he was styled the "Saviour of the Nation," and received a pension of £1,200, with which he lived in luxury and state. Wherever he went he was accompanied by a multitude of attendants and guards, and exacted the greatest ceremony in his entertainment. So emboldened did he become as to accuse and bring to trial Wakeman, the Queen's physician, for complicity in the Plot, and he even had the effrontery to charge that the Queen was privy to, and favoured the designs against the life of the King. In this impudence he overreached himself; Wakeman was acquitted and Oates's popularity declined. The accession of the Duke of York ruined Oates, and he was brought to trial before Jeffreys on two indictments for perjury in his testimony regarding the Popish Plot, and was convicted on both. On each conviction, after consultation with the judges, the sentence was that he should walk around all the courts of be stripped of his canonical habits, that he should walk round all the courts of Westminster with a placard showing the nature of his offence, then stand in the pillory at the gate of Westminster Hall, and on the following day at the Royal Exchange, and on the third day he should be whipped from Aldgate to

A TRUE
NARRATIVE
OF THE
Horrid PLOT
AND
CONSPIRACY
OF THE
POPISH PARTY
Againſt the LIFE of
His Sacred Majeſty,
THE
GOVERNMENT,
AND THE
Proteſtant Religion:

With a LIST of ſuch NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, and others, as were the CONSPIRATORS:

And the HEAD-OFFICERS both Civil and Military, that were to Effect it.

Publiſhed by the Order of the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in PARLIAMENT Aſſembled.

Humbly Preſented to His Moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

By *TITUS OTES*, D.D.

LONDON:
Printed for *Thomas Parkhurſt*, and *Thomas Cockerill*, at the Bible and Three Crowns in *Cheapſide* near *Mercers Chappel*, and at the Three Legs in the *Poultrey*. MDCLXXIX.

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THE
CASE
OF
Tho. Dangerfield:
WITH
Some Remarkable Paſſages that happened
At the TRYALS of
ELIZABETH CELLIER the Popiſh Midwife,
AND
The Earl of *CASTLEMAIN*,
At the Kings-Bench-Bar at *Weſtminſter*,
BEFORE
Sir WILL. SCROGGS Kt, Lord Chief Juſtice, &c.
In the Month of *June*, 1680.

TOGETHER WITH

1. Divers Informations never yet publiſht.
2. *John Gadbury* his Teſtimony, with all its Evaſions.
3. Some Points of Law inſiſted upon by the King & Priſoners Counſel; and the Chief Juſtice his Opinion given therein.
4. The Manner and Occaſion of *Dangerfield's* Commitment to Priſon, and alſo of his being diſcharged again.

AND

5. Some Animadverſions upon the L. C. J. words.

Written by the hand of an Indifferent Perſon.

London: Printed for the Author. 1680.

threatened attack on the life of the King, or a threatened interference with the line of succession. The character of the times, as well as the extent to which appeal was made to passion and prejudice, is shown by a volume of contemporary pamphlets in our possession, from which three of the title-pages are reproduced in reduced fac-simile—that of "Doctor" Oates, that relating to the case of Elizabeth Cellier, and that of Mr. Prance's answer to Mrs. Cellier's Libel. They are fairly representative of the collection, and by their flashing headlines and attempts at typographical effects they remind us of the yellow journalism of the present day. They show that jaundiced journalism is not a novel plague of the press. The contents of these pamphlets are so coarse and even ribald that they could not be reprinted; yet it was by these and similar publications that the popular mind was so disturbed and incensed as to compel an unwilling King to undertake the prosecution of the alleged conspirator, and by the instrumentality of the law put to cruel and ignominious death, noble and high-minded Englishmen. It was in such times that it fell to the lot of Jeffreys to be the most conspicuous figure on the English bench, since by reason of the exalted position he held, he presided at the trials in which popular interest was greatest; and it was his fortune, or misfortune, to conduct more trials that have had influence in shaping English history than any other judge who ever sat upon the English bench. His career was phenomenal. Of humble origin, a student for a time at Cambridge, and at the Inner Temple, he was admitted to the Bar, and his rise in his profession was strikingly rapid. At the age of thirty, as Recorder of London, he presided over the criminal courts of London. A most interesting portrait of him at this age (reproduced at the head of this article),

Newgate, and after an interval of one day, from Newgate to Tyburn by the hands of common hangmen. Further, on the ninth of August, in every year of his life, he was to stand in the pillory of Westminster Hall gate; on the tenth day of August, at Charing Cross; on the eleventh day of August opposite the Temple, and, on April twenty-fourth, at Tyburn. Oates, strange to say, survived the infliction of this punishment, and, by a turn of the wheel of fortune, he was granted a pardon by William III., and a pension for life. It was only in an age that could produce an Oates and a Popish Plot that such a career as Jeffreys's was possible.

The point of popular revulsion against any prosecution or persecution was a

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appears in Mr. Irving's book, and the character, refinement and force shown in his face make this picture the strongest argument Mr. Irving produces in behalf of his plea for the reconsideration of the judgment that has been passed upon him. At the age of thirty-five, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice by Charles II., and his first judicial act was to preside at the trial of that ardent republican, Algernon Sidney, who was tried for complicity in the Rye House Plot. Upon him Jeffreys pronounced the sentence of the law, using the established formula of the period, couched in the following language:

That you be carried hence to the place whence you came, and from thence you shall be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck, your head severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters, and they be disposed of at the pleasure of the King, and the God of infinite mercy have mercy upon your soul.

Shortly after the trial of Sidney, Jeffreys became a Privy Councillor and a member of the Cabinet, and at the age of thirty-seven he was appointed by James II., Lord High Chancellor, the highest judicial position in the realm, as a reward for his conduct of the "Bloody Assizes," in which he accomplished the cruel revenge of the victorious King upon the devoted followers of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. The murder of the captured followers of Monmouth's forlorn hope, at the hands of Kirk and Feversham, might be regarded as part of the fortunes of war, but to give the sanction of legal form and procedure to such acts was an unpardonable perversion of the courts of law. Moreover, in addition to the fact that Jeffreys was a willing instrument in the bloody crusade of revenge, it is to be said that in the conduct of the trials he was intemperate, coarse and brutal in his language, and browbeating and imperious in his manner toward the unfortunate accused and those whom they called as witnesses in their behalf. The popular judgment of his conduct in his own day appears in contemporary history, and is adopted, from the artistic necessity of the novelist, in *Lorna Doone*. With the flight of James II. came the fall of Jeffreys. In the disguise of a sailor he was captured and with great difficulty rescued from the vengeance of the mob and lodged in the Tower, where he died very shortly after his imprisonment at the early age of

Mr. PRANCE's

ANSWER

To Mrs. CELLIER's

LIBEL,

AND

Divers other falle Aſperſions

Caſt upon him:

CONTAINING LIKEWISE A

VINDICATION

OF

Sir *William Waller* from *Popiſh Scandals*;

Some Miſtakes in a Pamphlet Entituled, *The Narrative of* William Boys, Rectified, and other Remarkables.

To which is Added the *Adventure* of

The Bloody Bladder:

A Tragi-Comical *Farce*, Acted with much *Applauſe* at *Newgate* by the ſaid Madam *Cellier*, on *Saturday* Sept. 18. inſtant, Faithfully Related by an *Eye-* and *Ear-witneſs*.

LONDON, Printed for *L. Curtis* upon *Ludgate*-Hill, 1680.

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forty-one years, a victim to the excruciating malady from which he had long suffered. Shortly before his death he drew his will, in which after committing his soul to God and his body to the grave to be "decently and privately buried," he expressed regret that his life was not to be spared that he might vindicate himself against the heavy censures under which he lay, and in which he declared that he had ever been faithful to the Church of England. It is most unfortunate for Jeffreys, and a loss to history, that he did not have the opportunity to set down whatever, to his mind, there was in extenuation of his conduct, so that we might have known whether his career was ever directed by any definite right purpose and whether he was ever other than a mere ambitious time-server.

Contemporary writers and a few historians have exhausted the vocabulary of vituperative epithets to heap contumely on the name of Jeffreys. It is this which has led Mr. Irving to give us a new life of Jeffreys. Mr. Irving has set forth fully the important events in English history that clustered about the career of Jeffreys, and has graphically sketched his remarkable life. He has had access to some material not hitherto made use of, and he has given us two most interesting portraits of Jeffreys, the one accompanying this article, when he was Recorder, and a later one when he was Lord High Chancellor, in which are preserved the character, refinement and force characteristic of the first. Nowhere, in the compass of a single volume, is there to be found a life of Jeffreys so complete, conjoined with so many extracts from the trials conducted by him and with a survey of the historical incidents of his time. The book, however, leaves upon us the impression of haste in its preparation, shown in carelessness of expression and style. Moreover, the author seems to think that he holds a brief for Jeffreys, while to us it seems that he has not only failed to prove the special plea in his behalf, but that he has succeeded in proving the very opposite. Jeffreys has left his record in the volumes of the State trials, and they show him to be a coarse, brutal and browbeating judge, and our author does not prove him to be otherwise. The citations taken by Mr. Irving from the trial of the aged Lady Lisle are sufficient on this point, and the author's plea that Jeffreys was suffering from the painful malady which ultimately caused his death, does not avail to excuse or extenuate his conduct. Jeffreys was not only the most brutal and tyrannical judge in a coarse and brutal age, but his ambition having sought and secured for him the most conspicuous judicial positions in such an age, he justly has become typical. It seems to be Mr. Irving's purpose to make the seventeenth century wholly responsible for Jeffreys. The sense of true justice had not then been awakened in England, and the inadequacy, practical injustice and cruelty of the law gave the judges having a tendency to coarseness and brutality an extraordinary opportunity to display those characteristics. It is well to recall, in order to measure the advance in the sense of justice in the past two centuries, that in Jeffreys's time an accused was not permitted counsel or knowledge of the testimony to be met, and his witnesses were not permitted to give their testimony under the sanction of an oath, while the witnesses for the prosecution were duly sworn; that women were burned and that it was then considered an act of greatest clemency that the sentence of the aged Lady Lisle was commuted from burning to hanging. Jeffreys and his fellow judges conducted themselves in a manner that would have driven them from any bench in the nineteenth century, and they are not to be judged by the standards of the nineteenth century, but by the standards of the seventeenth century.

It was not necessary, however, for Mr. Irving to write a volume for the purpose of establishing these facts, for all recent eminent historians have insisted upon the view-point of the seventeenth century as the proper one from which to regard the conduct of Jeffreys; and no apology that has ever been made for him, nor the argument of his recent biographer, can account for his conduct by having regard solely to the characteristics of his times. For the age of Jeffreys produced a judge, who has ever been, and is likely to continue to be, a pattern for all ages—Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who left that high office only seven years before it was bestowed upon Jeffreys.

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The truth about Jeffreys is, it seems to us, that, being essentially an ambitious time-server, he availed himself of the opportunities of his position to realise his political ambitions, and held himself in readiness to do any judicial act commanded by those who held in hand the gifts he sought. In a century of more delicate perceptions of justice, Jeffreys would have been a moral monster and probably an impossibility; in his own century he was representative of all that was worst on the bench. Judge Jeffreys must ever be condemned as the type of the political judge who uses the power of his place, not to do the works of justice, but to secure his personal preferment and aggrandisement.

Edward M. Colie.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

The English tongue possesses one great advantage over every other modern language spoken in the Occident in the very sharp line which it draws between the vocabulary of its poetry and the vocabulary of its prose. In nothing else is its richness so instantly and impressively apparent. There are thousands of words which are perfectly familiar to the unlettered reader, and with whose meaning he is thoroughly conversant, yet which are words that he would never by any chance employ in conversation. They are essentially poetical words, words that are reserved for the diction of those who express their ideas through the medium of verse rather than through the medium of ordinary speech. Many of them, indeed, would scarcely be employed even in the most stately and rhetorical prose, so completely do they fall to the possession of the poets. This means, of course, that English possesses an extraordinary wealth of synonyms, and not only that, but it means also that these synonyms have by tradition been classified into definite groups, one of which belongs to poetry, another of which belongs to formal prose, our *estilo culto*, so to speak, while the third is utilised in the easy, colloquial intercourse of ordinary life.

An interesting illustration of this truth is to be found in the orations delivered in English by the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. Kossuth had acquired our language, or, at any rate, the greater part of his English vocabulary while in prison; and, his access to books being very limited, he had read and re-read and saturated his mind with the words and phrases and idioms of Shakespeare. Consequently, when he regained his freedom and had occasion to address great audiences in England and in this country, he spoke with the greatest fluency and ease; but the English that he used was the sort of English that no one who had been born to a knowledge of the language would ever have dreamed of employing in any kind of prose whatever. It was stately, it was picturesque, it was magnificent; it produced an indescribable impression upon his hearers; but it was such English as none of us will probably ever hear from the lips of an Anglo-Saxon orator; for it was not prose at all, save in the order of its words. It was essentially poetry, because its phrases were all drawn from the pages of the greatest poet who ever wrote our tongue.

Now, had Kossuth learned French from the pages of Racine or of Corneille, and had he addressed an audience in French, there would have been very little to differentiate his diction from the diction of a man who had acquired the language from the reading of good French prose; for the French, unlike the English, has not that extraordinary range of expression and that lavish wealth of language which give to English three distinct and different forms of speech.

This indicates a radical and inevitable limitation that characterises the poetry of France. Poetical effects in French must be sought in other ways than through the use of words which, in themselves, give to the lines where they appear a true distinction and a true poeti-

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cal colour. French poetry, therefore, is necessarily now, as it has always been, more artificial, more self-conscious, so to speak, than English verse. By writers of the Classical School the object sought to be attained was smoothness, precision lucidity, and grace, and this end was, in fact, secured to a wonderful degree. But classicism and the severities of its rules in the end partook of that tameness and lack of spontaneity which are impressed upon the English mind in reading continuously the poetical productions, for instance, of Addison and Pope. There is too much regularity, too much smoothness, even too much lucidity; and one longs to break away from what is finally seen and felt to be the result of precept quite as much as of inspiration. Consequently, in France with the rise of the Romantic School, there was witnessed a reaction whose first stage is to be noted in the finest work of Victor Hugo. Hugo, of course, was a great genius, a marvellous master of language, instinct with imagination, and having something of the lawlessness and the contempt for mere tradition which the highest genius always shows. For the strictness of classical precedent he cared comparatively little; yet he did not violate it in such a way as to shock the ear which had been trained to admire the neat couplets of his predecessors. His rhythms were often abrupt, but never broken; and he produced new sensations and new metrical effects less by destroying existing rule than by giving to his lines a certain sonorous splendour which came from the richness of his metaphors and the fullness of his rhymes.

Many who lacked his supreme genius followed in his steps, but with that devotion to pure formula which is so characteristic of the French mind. They simply constructed on the basis of Hugo's poetry a new system that was quite as artificial as the old, though possessing for a time the charm of novelty. Hugo's irregularities were simply made regular. His children born out of strict classical wedlock were legitimised; and the result was finally the acceptance of a somewhat different set of rules and regulations, the aim of which was to conquer difficulties rather than to give full play to inspiration. This was the school of the "Parnasse," and it was a school of patient labour and preternatural ingenuity of construction.

Against this also in time there was bound to come a definite reaction; and this reaction finds its truest representatives in two French poets, who have lately died—in Paul Verlaine and in Stéphane Mallarmé. Of the two the second is the more important because in him is best detected the definite evolution of a new theory of French verse. To Mallarmé, poetry was first of all not a vehicle for conveying a definitely elaborated thought. Mere lucidity meant nothing. One hates to use the word now that it has become so hackneyed, yet in describing him it is absolutely necessary to say that he was a poetical impressionist. Two things stand out most vividly in his verse, and these are first of all, melody, and second, intense emotion. To seek in him for what is ordinarily known as clearness of expression is nothing but a waste of time. He appeals to the senses rather than to the intellect; he charms the ear with a hundred harmonies, with the most exquisite cadences, with rhythmical movements that linger in the memory and haunt it and ravish it; and he calls up a host of undefined delicious half-sensations that one may be quite incapable of understanding or of analysing, and yet that for this very reason are often all the more delightful. A typical poem of Mallarmé, for instance, is like an exquisite piece of music sung by a voice of superhuman sweetness, yet one whose words as words are scarcely understood and are, indeed, unnecessary to the enjoyment of the hearer. And so Mallarmé sings, and as we listen we are troubled by the stirrings of emotion and fascinated by the strange melody of his lines, and our thoughts go out in the direction that he wishes, even though in the end we receive impressions rather than ideas. He affects us at times with an indescribable languor such as comes to one from the suggestion of a rare perfume, a lingering puff of incense, or the plashing of a distant waterfall; and we yield ourselves to this strange charm without question and without cavil. Precisely what he means is of little consequence. He is a true poet. He makes us feel, he makes us enjoy; and we ask no more.

It is more profitable to consider Mal-

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larmé rather than those other poets who profess to be his followers, and who have done so much to make him thoroughly misunderstood. In the English-speaking world, at least, there seems to have prevailed of late a general notion that Mallarmé was guilty both in his life and in his work of all the eccentricities and irregularities of the poetical school that called him master. He was one of the first French writers to be styled *décadent*, and this title he accepted; but in his case decadence is in no wise to be regarded as degeneracy. The wild riot of poetical construction that can be found in Paul Verlaine and Gustave Kahn is as absent from the verse of Mallarmé as the debaucheries of the modern Villon were absent from his life. The vagaries of the Symbolists, who found a subtle connection between colour and sound, and who regarded every vowel as having a colour of its own, debating whether the vowel I is really red or blue, cannot be traced to Mallarmé, but take their origin in the writings of Arthur Rimbaud and of René Ghil.

Mallarmé, indeed, was in no respect eccentric. A simple little man, sprung from middle-class provincial stock, he lived a sober life, and after spending some years in England, where he acquired the language, returned to Paris and passed his later years as a professor in the Lycée Fontanes. He worked hard, he wrote carefully, he had a very un-French sense of humour, his conversation was delightful; and beyond this there was very little to be said of him as a man.

One slight correction of an error which, in this country at any rate, is very common, should be made just here. Nowhere in his verse does Mallarmé infringe upon the established laws of the conventional French prosody. He took no liberties with long-standing rules. In him there are absolutely no *vers libres*. This fact is mentioned very carefully by Mr. Edmund Gosse in a paper lately published in the *Saturday Review*, yet a reading of the paper seems to show that Mr. Gosse, in practice, has scarcely grasped the universality of this truth. He states that in a copy of *Les Fenêtres* possessed by him, the following line occurs:

"Que dore la main chaste de l'Infini."

This line was altered by Mallarmé himself to read:

"Que dore le matin chaste de l'Infini."

Upon this fact Mr. Gosse makes the following comment: "Whether the Infinite had a Hand or a Morning was purely a question of euphony." Now, in this Mr. Gosse is surely wrong, and were it the case of a less accomplished writer, one might say that he is singularly obtuse; for the change made here is not a change made merely for the sake of securing a certain collocation of vowels, nor does it show, as Mr. Gosse appears to think, that Mallarmé "treated words as musical notation" rather than with reference to their meaning and logical sequence; but it merely indicates that like any other poet he altered his lines to make them conform to ordinary rhythmical requirements; for in this case the line limps unless the dissyllable *matin* be substituted for the monosyllable *main*. In other words, this alteration was simply a proof of the statement already made by Mr. Gosse to the effect that in Mallarmé there are no *vers libres*.

The influence of Mallarmé has been very great, and it still continues to be felt. Even those who pushed his theories too far have done much to give spontaneity and beauty and originality to a national poetry that was becoming rather flat and tame. His followers have often been eccentric; they have introduced into French poetry an element that from one point of view is irrational and demoralising; yet when all has been said they have at least defied the limitations of the language, and have infused into its poetry the thrill of acute emotion, the naturalness of unpremeditated harmony, and a certain sweetness and at times a certain glow and fire such as it never knew before.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

III.—Irving, Poe and Whitman.

Not unlike most boys, Washington Irving was, while at school, especially fond of books of travel. Among his prime favourites was a series of volumes, called *The World Displayed*. In an unpublished autograph letter, dated October 25, 1852, and written to his friend, Philip J. Forbes, we read:

> I hope you will excuse me for having so long delayed to thank you for the volumes of *The World Displayed*, which you have had the kindness to send me. It is, indeed, a most acceptable relique from the happy days of my boyhood. It was your good father that first put this series of little volumes in my hand, knowing I had a great relish for accounts of voyages and discoveries, and I don't think I was ever more fascinated by any course of reading. I used to take the little volumes to school with me and read them slyly, to the great neglect of my lessons. The early volumes treated of the voyages of Columbus and the conquests of Mexico and Peru. They were more delightful to me than a fairy tale, and the plates by which they were illustrated are indelibly stamped on my recollections. I don't know anything that would give me greater delight than to recover those identical volumes.

His biographer, Pierre M. Irving, says that he used to secrete bits of candle in order that he might read these volumes after going to bed, which was against the rules of the household.

Irving's early love for works of discovery and exploration is of peculiar interest when we recall the fact that his first book was a translation of a French book of travels. This work, the title-page of the first volume of which is here reproduced, was published in three volumes, octavo, and the "American Gentleman"—or a part at least of one volume—was Washington Irving.

The account of the appearance of this book seems to have been sadly mixed up by his biographer; indeed, it is probable that Irving himself in giving his nephew the material for preparing the biography had forgotten the circumstances under which he made the translation. In the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, when relating the events of the autumn of 1808, the biographer says:

> In this stage of his finances he was induced to accept an offer of Isaac Riley, the bookseller, to translate from the French a work in two volumes, of which he could not in after years recall the title. Despatch was an object, and one volume was assigned to George Caines, counsellor at law, and author of a Book of Practice, while the other was allotted to Washington, who associated his brother Peter with him. One hundred dollars was to be paid per volume, which was afterwards increased to one hundred and fifty; the translators finding the labour greater than was anticipated, from the multitude, I believe, of technical terms.
>
> It was a mere piece of hackwork, and was probably carelessly done. When the work appeared, a Boston critic, in noticing it, said the translator knew very little French and still less English; upon which Mr. Irving drily remarked to Riley, that seeing there were two of them, he would divide the blame between them—he would plead guilty to an imperfect knowledge of French, while Caines could confess to an ignorance of English.

The *Voyage to the Eastern Part of Terra Firma* was evidently the book he referred to. The original French edition was published in Paris in 1806, and the American translation appeared in New York in the autumn of the same year, *not* in 1808, as is stated above. The Introductory Letter is dated September 18, 1806, and all three volumes were copyrighted September *22*, 1806.

It is possible that the books were not published until 1807, for the folding map was "Published by I. Riley & Co., April, 1807." Irving did not arrive in New York on his return from his first trip to Europe until the last week in March, 1806, and the three volumes were in all probability not all printed until the following spring.

The large folding map was engraved, after that in the French edition, by Peter Maverick, of New York. At least the land portion was engraved by him. The cross-lines for the ocean were, however, engraved by another hand, and the engraver was bound to have his name on the map, too. Below the inscription "Engd. by P. Maverick, New York," is another, "Water by B. Tanner."

A Voyage to the Eastern Part of Terra

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Firma is rarely met with nowadays. Roos's copy, in the original boards, uncut, was sold in 1897 for $15.75.

About this time Irving, associated with his brother William and with James K. Paulding, brought out twenty numbers of a little twelvemo periodical called *Salmagundi*. The first number appeared on the 24th of January, 1807, and was a pronounced success. Three more numbers appeared in February, two in March, three in April, one in May, two in June, one in August, one in September, two in October, two in November, one in December, and one in January, 1808. The work was discontinued "not for want of subjects," but on account of some disagreement between the young authors and their printer. This dispute may have been over the question of profits, for the copyright had been taken out in the name of David Longworth, the publisher, and the authors never received more than one hundred dollars each from the proceeds of the sale, though Paulding afterward said that Longworth had made, "by all accounts, ten or perhaps fifteen thousand dollars out of it."

It is possible that Irving was editor, or perhaps only a contributor to another little twelvemo periodical, which ran through seven numbers. This was *The Literary Picture Gallery and Admonitory Epistles to the Visitors of Ballston Spa. By Simeon Senex, Esquire.* The late Mr. John Carson Brevoort, the son of Irving's life-long friend, Henry Brevoort, was positive that Irving was connected with it.

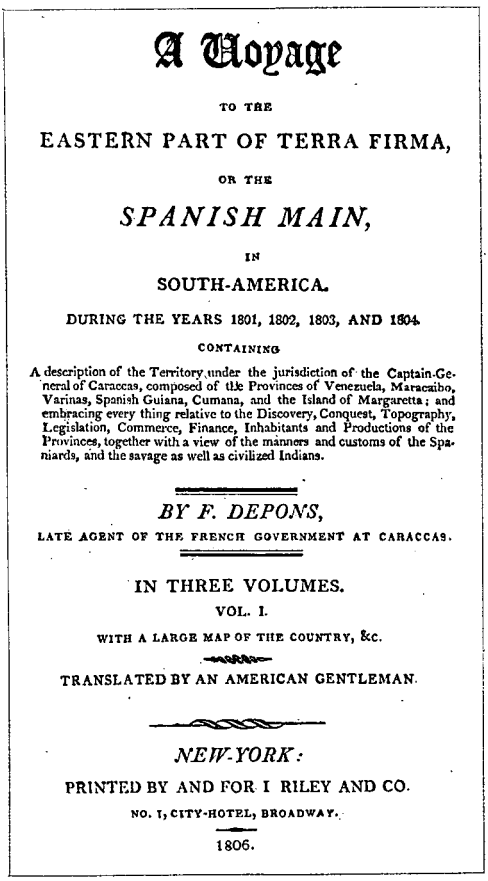
Shortly after *Salmagundi* was discontinued, Irving, assisted by his brother Peter, began a burlesque history of New York. Before the plan was matured Peter was obliged to withdraw, and the book as it appeared was probably entirely the work of Washington.

The History, as is well known, purports to have been written by a certain old Dutch gentleman, Diedrich Knickerbocker. It was published in New York in December, 1809, though it had been printed in Philadelphia. That city was chosen probably to prevent the real character of the work from becoming known in New York before it actually appeared. At the same time a series of preparatory advertisements, foreshadowing its publication but giving no hint of its real character appeared in the New York papers. The first of these appeared in the *Evening Post* for October 26:

DISTRESSING.

Left his lodgings some time. since, and has not since been heard of; a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of KNICKERBOCKER. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street, or at the office of this paper, will be *thankfully* received.

P. S.—Printers of newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity in giving an insertion to the above.—*Oct.* 25.



A Voyage

TO THE

EASTERN PART OF TERRA FIRMA,

OR THE

SPANISH MAIN,

IN

SOUTH-AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1801, 1802, 1803, AND 1804.

CONTAINING

A description of the Territory under the jurisdiction of the Captain-General of Caraccas, composed of the Provinces of Venezuela, Maracaibo, Varinas, Spanish Guiana, Cumana, and the Island of Margaretta; and embracing every thing relative to the Discovery, Conquest, Topography, Legislation, Commerce, Finance, Inhabitants and Productions of the Provinces, together with a view of the manners and customs of the Spaniards, and the savage as well as civilized Indians.

BY F. DEPONS,

LATE AGENT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AT CARACCAS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WITH A LARGE MAP OF THE COUNTRY, &c.

TRANSLATED BY AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY AND FOR I RILEY AND CO.

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY.

1806.

A few days later the following appeared:

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

SIR: Having read in your paper of the 26th of October last a paragraph respecting an old gentleman by the name of *Knickerbocker*, who was missing from his lodgings; if it would be any relief to his friends,

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or furnish them with any clue to discover where he is, you may inform them that a person answering the description was seen by the passengers of the Albany stage early in the morning, about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road a little above Kingsbridge. He had in his hands a small bundle tied in a red bandanna handkerchief; he appeared to be travelling northward, and was very much fatigued and exhausted. A TRAVELLER.

Nov. 6, 1809.

To this succeeded, in ten days, a letter signed by Seth Handaside, landlord

A HISTORY

OF

NEW YORK,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD TO THE END OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY.

CONTAINING

Among many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of WALTER THE DOUBTER, the Disastrous Projects of WILLIAM THE TESTY, and the Chivalric Achievments of PETER THE HEADSTRONG, the three Dutch Governors of NEW AMSTERDAM; being the only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been, or ever will be Published.

BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED BY INSKEEP & BRADFORD, NEW YORK; BRADFORD & INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA; WM. M'ILHENNEY, BOSTON; COALE & THOMAS, BALTIMORE; AND MORFORD, WILLINGTON, & CO. CHARLESTON.

1809.

of the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street, as follows:

SIR: You have been good enough to publish in your paper a paragraph about Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, who was missing so strangely from his lodgings some time since. Nothing satisfactory has been heard of the old gentleman since; but a *very curious kind of a written book* has been found in his room in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill, for board and lodging, I shall have to dispose of his Book, to satisfy me for the same.

These advertisements were so skillfully worded that one of the city officials was on the point of offering a reward for the discovery of the missing little Dutch gentleman. In the advertisement of the publication of the book, which appeared December 6, it was stated:

This work was found in the chamber of Dr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the old gentleman whose sudden and mysterious disappearance has been noticed. It is published in order to discharge certain debts he left behind.

The first edition was in two volumes, twelvemo, issued apparently both in boards, with uncut edges, and in sheep with cut edges. The book is rare in any shape, and especially so if uncut. The first volume contains a curious folding view of New Amsterdam. Irving is said to have cleared about three thousand dollars from the first edition.

Edgar Allan Poe was a private in the United States Army serving under the name of Edgar A. Perry at Fort Independence, Boston, when his first book came from the press. He was at the time not quite nineteen years of age, though when he enlisted he had stated his age to be twenty-two.

The first edition of *Tamerlane* was a little twelvemo pamphlet of forty pages, including the title-page and the half-title, and was issued in paper covers, which are herewith reproduced in fac-simile. The little book had the following preface:

The greater part of the Poems which compose this little volume were written in the year 1821-2, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year. They were, of course, not intended for publication; why they are now published concerns no one but himself. Of the smaller pieces, very little need be said; they perhaps savour too much of egotism; but they were written by one too young to have any knowledge of the world from his own breast.

In *Tamerlane* he has endeavoured to expose the folly of even *risking* the best feelings of the heart at the shrine of Ambition. He is conscious that in this there are many faults (besides that of the general character of the poem), which he flatters himself he could with little trouble, have corrected, but unlike many of his predecessors, has been too fond of his early productions to amend them in his *old age*.

He will not say that he is indifferent as to the success of these Poems—it might stimulate him to other attempts—but he can safely assert that failure will not at all influence

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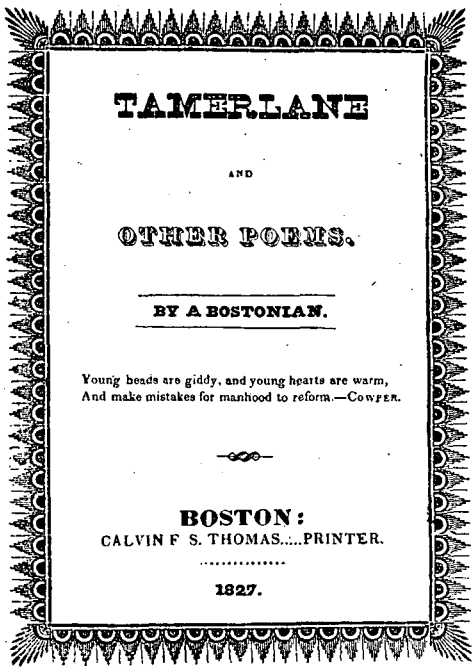


TAMERLANE

AND

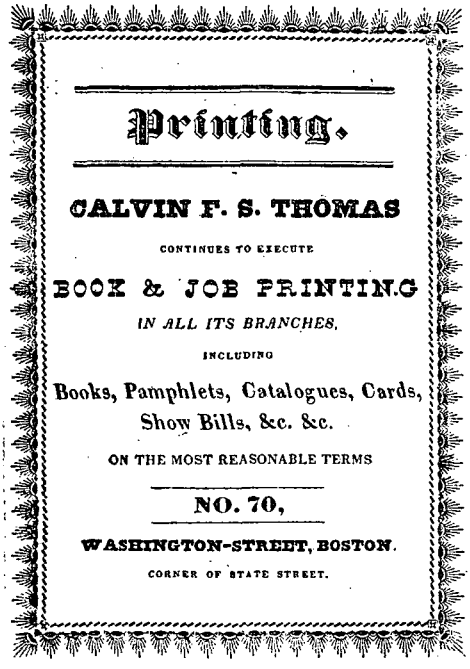
OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—COWPER.

BOSTON:
CALVIN F S. THOMAS.....PRINTER.

1827.



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him in a resolution already adopted. This is challenging criticism—let is be so. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

It is a curious coincidence that this Latin motto, from the thirteenth epigram of Martial, should be the motto which also appeared on the title-page of Tennyson's first book, *Poems by Two Brothers*, published in the same year, 1827.

The printer of *Tamerlane*, Calvin F. S. Thomas, was a poor youth of nineteen, who had just set up a job printing office. He is not known to have published any other book. The edition must have been small, but it is doubtful if it ever really was suppressed, as Poe states in the edition of 1829. Three copies seem to have survived. The first is in the British Museum, where it was bought among a number of other American pamphlets from Henry Stevens, for a shilling each, about 1860. The second, which is said to have been discovered in a Boston book shop and bought also with a lot of other pamphlets at about 25 cents apiece, has been twice sold at auction in Boston, the first time in 1892, when it brought $1,850 in the original cover, and the second time in 1895 when, having been bound by Lortic of Paris at an expense of $300, it brought $1,450.

Several reasons might be given for so great a fall in the price. The principal one was, probably, that a third copy had then recently turned up in Baltimore and had been on the market for a year or two. Another reason was that Mr. Foote, who had been a bidder at the first sale, had disposed of his collection of rare books and withdrawn from the chase; and Mrs. N. Q. Pope, who had also been a bidder at the first sale, was dead. The general depression of business, no doubt, affected the matter, and, as is well known, the binding of such a book counts for little in the auction room. If a rare first edition is in the original cover, as published, it is likely to bring as much or more than if in an elaborate binding. The third copy of *Tamerlane* is in the original cover and is fine and perfect. Both of these copies are now in private libraries in New York City.

In this earliest form the poem "Tamerlane" contains 406 lines. In the author's last revised edition of his poems, issued in 1845, it appears much altered, and is condensed to 243 lines. Of the nine "Other Poems" which are classed as "Fugitive Pieces," only three appear in the 1845 collected edition and they are all considerably changed. At the end

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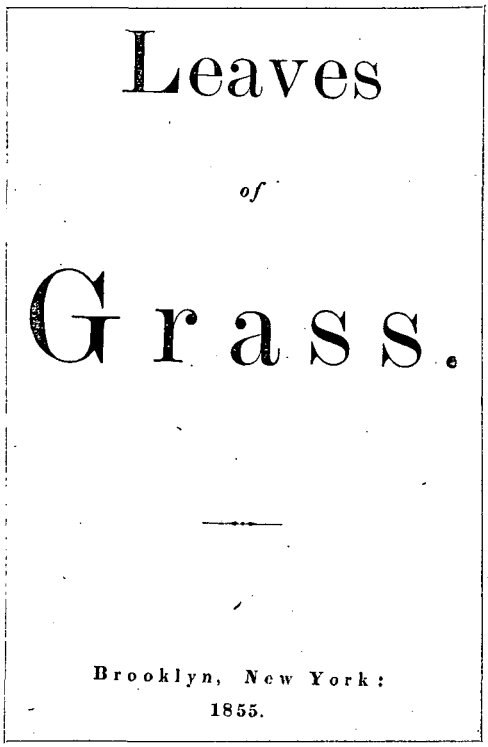
are eleven historical notes explantory of lines in "Tamerlane," after the manner of Moore, in *Lalla Rookh*, whose influence is very evident in Poe's poem.

"Tamerlane" was reprinted in 1829 in a volume with the title *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems*. On the half-title to "Tamerlane" is the following advertisement:

This Poem was printed for publication in Boston, in the year 1827, but suppressed through circumstances of a private nature.

It was again reprinted in 1831 in *Poems*, and in 1845 in *The Raven and*


Leaves

of

Grass.

Brooklyn, New York:

1855.

Other Poems, the latter being the last edition of the author's poetical works published before his death. In this edition the "Early Poems" are preceded by the following note:

Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me after some hesitation to republish those, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*—without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

The statement that the poems were reprinted verbatim from the first edition is, of course, false.

Walt Whitman never liked to confess to having perpetrated his first book and it has never been reprinted. It was an "original temperance novel" and appeared as "Extra Series Number 34" of *The New World*, dated New York, November, 1842, price twelve and a half cents. *The New World* was a weekly and was edited by Park Benjamin and published by J. Winchester.

This "Extra Number" has no separate title-page, but at the top of the left-hand column below the *New World* heading, which extends the whole width of the page, and below the copyright notice is the heading:

FRANKLIN EVANS

OR

THE INEBRIATE

A TALE OF THE TIMES

BY WALTER WHITMAN

The number contains thirty-two pages, all being filled by Whitman's story except the last page, in which are advertised other books published by J. Winchester. The pamphlet is very rare and we do not know of the sale of any copy at auction.

The first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, which set the critics of England and America fighting among themselves, appeared in 1855. It was a large octavo of ninety-five pages, bound in dark grey-green cloth, lettered on front and back covers with "Leaves of Grass" in ornamental letters. The author's name does not appear on the title-page, but the book was copyrighted by "Walter Whitman," and on page 29 the authorship was revealed in the line,

Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a Kosmos.

There were ten pages of introductory matter in prose, and twelve poems.

The book made a stir among readers and reviewers. Emerson wrote to Whitman under date of July 21, 1855 (this letter is reproduced in fac-simile in THE BOOKMAN for January, 1898.):

DEAR SIR: I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of *Leaves of Grass*. I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed

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I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork, or too much lymph in the temperament, were making our western wits fat and mean.

I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire.

I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little, to see if this sunbeam was no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

I did not know until I last night saw the book advertised in a newspaper that I could trust the name as real and available for a post-office. I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

This letter remained unanswered for more than a year, when Whitman printed it at the end of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, together with a long reply of thirteen pages. This second edition is a sixteenmo with the same lettering on the title, except the date, which is 1856, and with the same frontispiece portrait. The back is lettered "Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman," and at the bottom the quotation from Emerson's letter, "I Greet You at the Beginning of a Great Career. R. W. Emerson." It is copyrighted this time by "Walt Whitman," and contains thirty-two poems, those of the first edition being somewhat altered and rearranged. At the end are forty pages of "Leaves-Dropping" consisting of Emerson's letter and Whitman's reply, and twenty-five pages of criticisms on the first edition from various papers and magazines in England and America. The opinions are selected, apparently quite impartially, varying in tone from the first taken from the *London Weekly Dispatch*, which says, "He will soon make his way into the confidence of his readers, and his poems in time will become a pregnant text-book, out of which quotations as sterling as the minted gold will be taken and applied to every form and phase of the inner or the outer life," to the last from the *Boston Intelligencer*, which declares: "This book should find no place where humanity urges any claim to respect, and the author should be kicked from all decent society as below the level of the brute. There is neither wit nor method in this disjointed babbling, and it seems to us he must be some escaped lunatic, raving in pitiable delirium."

Both of these editions are rare. The first has brought as much as $26 at auction, and the second $16.50.

Luther S. Livingston.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE

If years ago you told me, dear,
That on a day our dreams would fade
To these half-hearted fancies drear,
I should have grieved and felt dismayed.

But yet so softly has the rain
Of dead years' ashes settled on
Each glowing passion that the pain
Was smothered ere all light had gone.

Ah, be it thus with Love's decease!
Its day is done; its shrine, too high
To brave Time's destined tragedies:
Let us steal down ere night comes by.

Thomas Walsh.

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

III.—Peter Rosegger.

Probably no territory inhabited by German-speaking people is so crowded with picturesque sights and scenes as are the Bavarian and Austrian Highlands. The mountains themselves offer a wonderful variety of scenery, from the gentle charm of smiling lakes bordered by gay villages, of crystal streams flowing through luxuriant meadows, to the solemn grandeur of Alpine wilderness with its primeval forests, impassable chasms, and silent summits. And in this land there dwells a people worthy of its soil, sturdy and joyous, full of merriment and song, clinging to old traditions, of native beauty of speech and bearing. Here, centuries ago, the legend of the Nibelungs was welded into the lays in which it has come down to us. Here Walther von der Vogelweide learned the art of chivalric song. Here was the home of Haydn and Mozart. Here the Catholic Church is still in living contact with the people, and Passion plays and rustic sculpture and painting testify to its ennobling influence upon popular art.

No living writer is a truer representative of this hardy people than Peter Rosegger; none could in so full a sense of the word be called a son of the Alps. He was born fifty-five years ago in an out-of-the-way nook of the Styrian mountains, the paternal homestead being separated by miles and miles of forest and glen from the nearest village, Krieglach by name. His father belonged to a family of peasants, the grandfather on his mother's side was a charcoal burner. From early childhood the boy shared in the incessant toil and drudgery by which the family eked out their scanty living, but he also imbibed that sense of freedom and that intense love of home so characteristic of his race. His earliest instruction he received, in a desultory way, from an itinerant schoolmaster who on account of liberal opinions had been forced out of office by the village priest and who thereupon, taking up the life of a vagrant, dispensed for food and shelter the rudiments of wisdom in the lonely mountain settlements. Since the parents wished to have the delicate boy study for the clergy, they placed him when about fifteen years of age in charge of a priest in a neighbouring village; but the love for his mountain home was too strong in him: after three days he ran away from his tutor, and wandered back into the ancestral wilderness.

Instead of the clerical profession the parents now decided on another branch of learning for their son, to wit, the tailor's craft; and it was as a tailor's apprentice that young Rosegger made his first study of the world. He himself has called the five years of his apprenticeship the college period of this literary career. Like his first instructor in the rudiments of school learning, so his master in the tailoring trade also belonged to the itinerant sort. He would travel with his journeymen and apprentices from farm to farm all over their native mountains, stay in each house as long as there was work for them to do, and then pass on to another, where they would be received into the same household intimacy. In this manner young Rosegger during those five years came into the closest relationship with nearly seventy different households,—an opportunity for character study probably unparalleled in literary history. It was during this time that he gathered that rich store of popular tradition and wisdom which makes his works a veritable mine of information for the student of primitive folk life; and even the imaginative part of his writings can be traced in a good many instances to the talk and the incidents that formed the romance of this ambulant tailorship.

Some poems of his in Styrian dialect which would now and then find their way into local newspapers attracted the attention of *littérateurs* in Graz, the Styrian capital, and through the efforts of these men—among whom Rosegger mentions with particular affection and gratitude Dr. Svoboda, Robert Hamerling, and Rudolf Falb—the young poet was re-

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leased from the narrow bonds of handicraft and given an opportunity for liberal studies and further literary work. From here on his career was assured. From the very first his descriptions of Alpine life found a full measure of applause from those for whom no doubt they were in the first place written —the Alpine folk themselves. But soon their reputation spread beyond the range of the Austrian mountains; and at present there is, apart from the modern realistic dramatists, hardly a writer in all Germany who commands such universal attention and respect as this artless story teller of the wilderness. He himself is fully aware of the limitations of his fancy and his philosophy of life. With few exceptions, he has eschewed subjects which lie outside of "the small great world" which he knows so well. And although he has not infrequently given readings from his works in the great centres of modern German culture, from Vienna to Hamburg, it always drew him back into his mountains, and even now he spends at least part of the year in an Alpine cottage near the old peasant homestead.

The two most conspicuous traits of Rosegger's literary character are a rare power of grasping the picturesque aspect of things, and a sublime simplicity and depth of sentiment.

It is indeed a mistake to think of Franz Defregger as the foremost painter of German Highland life. Who would not be grateful to the jovial master for having introduced us into the holiday frolic of his mountaineers? Who would not take delight in those superb lads and lassies of his as they dance in the village inn or engage in harmless raillery and merry-making at the lonely Alpine home? Who would not feel the thrill of genine love of country when looking at such heroic scenes as "The Last Muster" or "Hofer Going to His Execution"? But, after all, how limited Defregger's sphere is in comparison with the well-nigh universal range of Rosegger's observation; how much fuller and richer a picture of life the painter in words unfolds before us than the painter on canvas!

Rosegger seems to see with more than his own eyes and to hear with more than his own ears. Nothing seems to escape him, and everything seems to turn before him into a picture. His own youth, as he narrates it in his "Forest Home," appears to us as an almost endless chain of picturesque incidents, the very chapter headings often suggesting fanciful or humorous situations: "Of the great-grandfather as he sat on the hemlock tree," "When I presented the dear Lord God with my Sunday jacket," "Stories under the changing moon," "The Advent of the Holy Ghost," "When I was a grist miller," "When the nights were bright," "When I was building a world in the sky," "When I went to see the Emperor," "When I sat for the first time in a steam car." And every one of these situations seems a world in itself, as far removed from the dusty prose of ordinary life as the mountain peaks themselves are from the smoke of the factories. But Rosegger's real subject is the mountain folk in its totality, every shade of its character, every side of its varied activities and enjoyments, its superstitions as well as its faith, its humdrum toil no less than its gay eccentricities and fierce passions.

There is a priest of the outlying forest settlements, humble and devoted, a worker among workers, a helper in distress, a father of the fatherless; there is the jovial village priest, both a ruler and a friend of his people, shrewd and good natured, bigoted but full of sturdy wisdom. There is the domestic life of the peasants: the father given over to the hard struggle for existence, superintending his hired men almost more carefully than his family, conservative, stubborn, chary of words, but easily inflammable; the mother undisputed ruler of the house, provident, sagacious, incessantly at work, a tower of strength to her husband, an inexhaustible source of comfort and joy to the children. There is the floating population of the mountains with its adventurous and doubtful characters: the travelling traders and craftsmen, the woodcutters, the military conscripts, the fiddlers, the pilgrims, the vagrant beggars, the fortune tellers, the orphans, the village idiots. There are the popular rites and festivals, half Catholic and half pagan: the driving out of winter, the summer solstice fire, the charming of thunderstorms and eclipses of the moon, the Corpus Christi proces-

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sions, the Christmas and Passion plays. And back of it all there lies the solemn world of the Alps in its inapproachable grandeur, with its towering cliffs and peaks untrod by man, with its ravines and cañons unillumined by the rays of the sun, with its torrents and its tornadoes, its silent lakes and its mighty avalanches. Truly, one might say of Rosegger's descriptions of Alpine life what he himself has said of his people: a huge treasure of moral power is stored in them, an inexhaustible reserve of primitive fancy, which cannot fail to be a source of rejuvenation to the over-cultivated minds of the present age, which will help to restore to their rightful place demands which in the feverish struggle for intellectual progress so often are lost sight of—the demands of the human heart.

Rosegger is by no means indifferent to the all-absorbing conflicts of the day. In the great questions of political and religious organisation he is altogether on the side of freedom. Nothing is more foreign to him than the desire to stem the tide of social emancipation which is now forcing its way even into the Highland valleys. He is as far from being a fantastic dreamer as from being a reactionary fanatic. He is essentially a modern man. But his liberalism does not keep him from lingering tenderly and lovingly over the precious traditions of the past; indeed he finds the mission of his life in carrying over into the new time whatever he can rescue from the ruin of the old. This it is that gives to his stories that indescribable charm of gentle melancholy, of reverent veracity, of fairy-tale sincerity and uprightness which is so strikingly absent in most of our modern realists. Is it not as though one heard the voice of an Uhland or a Wilhelm Grimm in such a scene as the following?

"Once my mother and I went through the forest in the middle of the night. The little daughter of a charcoal-burner had died, and we went to pray at her bier and to help the parents keep watch over the dead. We walked slowly over the moss, the forest was dark. But high above the treetops stood the full moon, and where it could penetrate through the thicket of boughs, it scattered stars and milk-white dots before us on the ground.

"As we came to a little clearing, my mother stood still, turned her face to the sky, put her hand over her eyes and said: 'Ah, there you can see it nicely, the spinning wheel of our dear Lady.' She meant the moon which was spinning its soft, delicate threads between the treetops and branches. Then my mother turned to me: 'Look into the moon, boy. There sits our dear Lady and spins. She is spinning a heavenly garment for the dear little girl that to-day lies on the bier. And look a little more. Your great-grandmother sits there, too.' Forsooth, there I saw it, yonder in the moon there sat two women wondrous fair at the wheel.

"We went on, and the moon went with us apace, and spun its heavenly silk down into our wide forest. When we came to the hut where the charcoal-burner's daughter lay, the door was wide open, and the moon was shining upon her body, and her face was sweet and dear and mild, like snow-white wax. 'We are out of oil,' said the charcoal-burner, 'and we cannot have a lamp here; so we opened the door, that the moon might be the light for the dead.' At once I thought of our dear Lady; now she was surely spinning the heavenly garment for the little girl.

"We watched at the body until the morning-red began to shimmer upon the tops of the forest, and until the moon, pale and almost lustreless, sank down behind the distant rocks of the Highlands. Then they took up the lovely child and carried her away. And when the moon rose once more, it found a fresh mound in the churchyard and a wooden little cross upon it, and it shed its lustre over the grave, sweet and calm."

Besides his sketches of a more or less autobiographical nature and besides his character studies depicting popular life in its various phases and types, Rosegger has written several novels—such as *Heidepeter's Gabriel* and *The God-Seeker*—which in an equally striking manner prove his extraordinary power of creating what the Germans call a *Stimmungsbild*. But it seems as though his very gift of transforming every sight into a picture fraught with sentiment prevented him from attaining the highest goal in blending this infinitude of impressions and emotions into the architectural structure of a novel. One might say that he lives rather than produces his poetry. It is this lyric quality that will make his works endure.

Kuno Francke.

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IN ZOLALAND*

It is a singular country, that of M. Zola's professional imagination, and it is inhabited by a race of astonishing fecundity, for in spite of a high death-rate (largely due to violent causes), the birth-rate (chiefly illegitimate) is amazing. Every few years fresh swarms appear before appropriate deaths can be found for the old people, and as M. Zola is a conscientious workman, and insists on winding up the career of each one of them, it looks as if he might be overworked in his old age. But, after all, his task will not be so hard as it appears. For these people of his are so unlike all merely human folk that to the most of them one ending would be as appropriate as another. Such a view is, of course, at variance with the received opinion as to M. Zola's writings; but it will do no harm to forget, for the moment, the classifications of the cyclopædias, and the manuals of literature, and look some of the inhabitants of Zolaland full in the face to see if they do really bear any likeness to creatures of flesh and blood. The English version of *Dr. Pascal*, which has just appeared, offers good material for this purpose, as the people in it have all the characteristics of their fellow-countrymen; and they are not as embarrassingly numerous as in *Paris* and some of his other works.

Now, one of the striking things about the dwellers in Zolaland is the wonderful correspondence between their physical and their psychical endowments. Their souls are never inappropriately clad. In other countries nature is often secretive, not blazoning their virtues and their vices on the faces of the inhabitants. The foxy man has not always ferrety eyes; the sinister man frequently omits his evil leer; and virtue sometimes refuses to irradiate the visage of the pure in heart. Not so in Zolaland. A noble character there wears no ambiguous integument. Nobility beams from his brow, and dilates in every gesture. He is noble in action, noble in repose. Perfect strangers see his nobility at a glance. And the bad men—how execrable the small, brutish eye, the furtive glance, the sensual, slippery mouth, the yellow fangs as of some evil beast of prey eager to devour the whole world. In Zolaland it should be easier than elsewhere to avoid the snares of the wicked if one would use ordinary prudence, for each person bears on his face the name of the crime he intends to commit. All poisonous snakes have rattles in Zolaland. Avarice, lust, cruelty, malice and envy each has its proper gleam of the eye and curl of the lip; which any observant person might recognise; while the virtues never fail to provide themselves with seraphic exteriors in that persistently dramatic country.

Dr. Pascal has snow-white hair, finely cut features, clear eyes, a fresh colour and a strong, athletic frame which give him the look of youth in spite of his fifty-nine years. Clotilde, his niece, with whom he lives, has an exquisite and serious profile, an adorable neck, clustering curls, and a slender, flexible figure. Each diffuses an atmosphere of benignity, warmth and joy. In Zolaland this means that Dr. Pascal and Clotilde are always to be found on the right side; that they will experience all tender and noble emotions, and that they will devote themselves unswervingly to the pursuit of high ideals.

But the people of Zolaland have something more to do than look the part they play. There is stern work for them, and work which is not required of any other race. Each is there for a purpose. He is a type, and he must never cease to typify. There are no lapses for him, and no shiftings or inconsistencies. He is subject to an unvarying law of allegorical necessity. He must do nothing that does not express what he is there to prove. Usually he has but one trait, and as he must always exhibit it, life is more monotonous for him than for the dwellers in other lands. Even Quilp and Uriah Heep have more liberty than he. If he happens to be a hero it goes doubly hard

*Dr. Pascal. By Emile Zola. Translated from the French by Mary J. Serrano. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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with him, for in that case he incarnates a pet idea of his creator.

Now Dr. Pascal is a hero. His task is to represent love of truth and love of life. Clotilde is a heroine, and as such is required to illustrate tenderness and sincerity. Both belong to the famous Rougon-Macquart family, and must help develop the author's theory of heredity. The doctor has devoted his whole life to this subject and collected a vast amount of data, especially from the records of the Rougon-Macquarts, whose various manifestations of the hereditary taint offer a good field. Through a knowledge of heredity he believes that the future welfare of society may be secured. He has also discovered an elixir which, when hypodermatically injected, works wonderful cures. Clotilde and he love each other with a fervour which all who are not dwellers in Zolaland can see at once to be different from that which usually is felt between uncle and niece; but Clotilde is mystical and religious, while his is the Religion of Science, with no faith in the Beyond. They talk incessantly about the Beyond, and one night as they lie on their backs on the threshing-floor gazing up at the stars, they wage the warfare of science and religion with especial violence. Clotilde is unyielding. She trembles for his soul, and determines to save him. Convinced that his scientific labours are endangering his chance of salvation, she resolves to burn all his notes and records—a purpose in which she is abetted by a faithful and devout old family servant, and by Dr. Pascal's mother, who, for the honour of the family, wishes to destroy the records of their crimes and abnormalities.

The three women combine to persecute the doctor. His house becomes a hell. He is ravaged by agonising emotions. But one night he surprises Clotilde in the act of pilfering the press where his manuscripts are kept. They struggle. It is the battle of Science and Religion. Outside a terrific storm is raging, for in Zolaland the orchestration of the elements is always appropriate. In the end Science triumphs, the doctor regains his papers. Then to put an end forever to Clotilde's mystic faith in the Beyond, he reads to her one by one the records of the Rougon-Macquarts, showing in its various combinations the hereditary taint transmitted from the insane ancestress, Aunt Dide, who is still living at the age of one hundred and five, in a neighbouring lunatic asylum. We now feel that we are really in Zolaland, for these revelations of the doctor could not possibly have had the same effect elsewhere. They destroyed all Clotilde's faith in the Beyond. Gradually she came to believe in Life and Science and Work, and before long she went to the doctor and declared herself his forever. Then followed a period of bliss and raptures and innocent mirth, the fruition of a true and perfect human love. Tenderness and Sincerity in the person of Clotilde are united to Love of Truth and Love of Life in the person of her uncle; Religion is banished, and conventional prejudice is wholly discomfited, for the joyful honeymoon of uncle and niece disdains the formality of marriage. The allegory is now complete. All else is the mere reinforcement of detail. The doctor loses his money, renounces Clotilde, and dies of angina pectoris in the end. His papers are destroyed through a conspiracy between his wicked mother and his faithful but religious servant. Nevertheless, Clotilde remains pure and steadfast in her widowhood, consoled by the birth of a beautiful boy, who shall carry on the work of science and of life, and escape the hereditary taint of the Rougon-Macquarts.

Yet some details are interesting because so typical of Zolaland. Especially so are the appeals to horror. Frightful scenes in a lunatic asylum, physical and mental abnormalities of all sorts, crimes, lust, tuberculosis, locomotor ataxia, degeneration of the tissues, neurosis, every form of brain trouble from paranoia to general paresis, take on as usual their most hideous shapes. Note, for instance, the events of three not very unusual days in Zolaland. On the first, the wicked drunkard, Uncle Macquart, burns up through spontaneous combustion, leaving nothing but a red cloud of smoke and a layer of greasy soot on the furnace. Even in Zolaland this is thought to be remarkable, for, as Dr. Pascal says, it is usual for a little something, like a foot or a hand, or at least some of the fingernails, to be left over. But Uncle Macquart being very fat as well as very alcoholic was unusually combustible. On

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the next day the illegitimate son of Clotilde's brother, an idiot boy whose tissues were so degenerate that they often exuded a bloody dew, bled to death from the nose, in a madhouse, at the feet of old Aunt Dide, the centenarian ancestress with the partially ossified brain. On the third day Aunt Dide herself succumbs from the effects of this last shock.

From this it may seem that the visitor in Zolaland will encounter things to raise his hair and jar his nervous system; but not at all. In the first place he soon becomes so *blasé* that the horrors cease to horrify. Manglings, burnings and maniacal laughter leave him unmoved, and death agonies pall on his jaded taste. "Oh! This is only Zolaland," he says to himself cheerily, as he steps carelessly between the heaps of the slain, and notes the murder taking place across the street. He does not mind seeing these people go to their terrible dooms, because he cannot fancy their having lived at all. It seems like the mere filing away of little pasteboard cards, labeled with virtues and vices. The people are all mere symbols in this algebraic fiction-land.

But what of the cyclopædias and the manuals of literature? Is there then no reality in this country of the great realist, this "leader of the Naturalistic school"? There is, but it is limited to a certain class of things. The individual is only a streak of paint, but the crowd in the distance, the noise and movement of the streets, the rush of a great city, the march of an army—all things involving numbers and action on a large scale—these are to be found in Zolaland as in the world we know.

Frank Moore Colby.

THE DAWN OF THE RUSSIAN NOVEL

II.

No two masters can be more opposite in their styles and manner of proceeding than Tourgenief and Dostoievsky, whose names have been made familiar to all of us by means of French and English translations, more or less true to the originals. And yet common to both is the same ardent desire to regenerate Russia, the same hopeless and helpless undercurrent of negation, and the sensation imparted of the utter vanity and nothingness of existence which distinguishes all this group of writers.

Nothing can be more suave, more poetical, more perfect than Tourgenief's description of scenery. We have here neither the rugged strength of Tolstoy, nor the brilliant sarcasms of Gogol, nor the tormented, inspired ravings of Dostoievsky.

Tourgenief has caught something of the French spirit of harmony and proportion. His work is, as we say, more artistic. Nevertheless, there is a deep purpose underlying it. He was the first to foresee, to define and describe Russia's modern malady, Nihilism or Anarchism. In order to understand fully the entire significance of these terms, we should recall the origin of the Muscovite race, the conversion of a people naturally inclined by their Asiatic temperament to the contemplative attitude of mind which has produced Buddhism, accepting, not unwillingly, a state of renunciation and annihilation, to Christianity. It is difficult to explain clearly in a few words, this tendency upon which has become grafted, as it were, the religion of sacrifice and suffering,—the religion of Christ, intermingled with the negations of today, the pessimism of Schopenhauer and all those new ideas of which the seed was sown in the French Revolution.

To return to Tourgenief. He paints with rare skill the interesting physiognomies of his countrywomen. Gogol was perfectly incapable of portraying a woman. All his women are shadows and none has the breath of life. But with what characters has not Tourgenief presented us? Indeed, all critics concur in finding Tourgenief's heroines far superior to his male creations. They possess the courage, the determination, the fire, the

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practical ability wanting in these latter. They initiate and carry out projects without faltering, without repenting, without repining. And we should remember that these are not the mere creations of the writer's fancy,—they are real, living portraits. These women, or others like them, lived, suffered and braved everything. The names of the martyrs of "the coming Russia" are household words. Women should be proud to own them, to call them sisters, to class them with the Madame Rolands, the Charlotte Cordays, and all those generous noble spirits who have helped to keep alight the ardent flame which serves to warm our cooling enthusiasm for humanity.

Every question is discussed in all its aspects by these so-called Nihilists. Nothing is considered too sacred. Old prejudices are swept aside as cobwebs. We Anglo-Saxons have only advanced cautiously to the point of inquiring whether marriage in its present form may not occasionally be a failure. These audacious iconoclasts demand boldly (in Tourgenief's *Fathers and Sons*) whether marriage is a folly or a crime. Now, whether we like them or not, such mental shocks are beneficial. They dispose us to ask whether, although we naturally consider ourselves the most advanced people in the world, we may not have something to learn even of our savage neighbours, the Russians.

I warn those who may feel tempted, from a desire for novelty or from curiosity, and for no deeper reason, to dip into Russian literature, to prepare for a disillusion; for unless they really wish to understand, to learn and to admire candidly, they will be continually out of harmony with this novel mode of considering and dealing with the old problems of life.

Dostoievsky introduces us to yet another world where all our preconceived notions of right and wrong become confused and disorganised, and where all social conventions are set at naught. The most prominent figures in *Crime and Punishment* are a murderer and an unfortunate. In *The Idiot* it is an epileptic who is the principal character; and always the poor, the humble, the diseased, the simple and the criminal are pitied and uncondemned—nay, even exalted. And do not think for a moment that the murderer is not an ordinary murderer, or the unfortunate any exception to her class. By no means. But by the simple power of genius the workings of these minds are laid bare before us; and, comprehending at last why such perversities exist, we do for a moment, what we do not readily in real life, we forgive. As the French say, *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. We are led to see how any one of us, if placed in certain circumstances, may be led to commit certain actions termed immoral, just as every day we think certain thoughts which are immoral, but which do not usually in well disciplined natures develop into actions. Whoever denies this neither understands human nature nor the laws which govern it. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between health and disease, between physiology and pathology, between right and wrong. Indeed, who can deny that what is right in one instance may be wrong in another? This is the vast field of analysis of motive and action lying before the modern romancer. There is a physiognomy of the mind as of the countenance. When Raskolnikoff, the murderer, throws himself at the feet of the unfortunate who feeds her parents with the price paid for her degradation, she who has led Raskolnikoff to expiation and rehabilitation, he cries out when she wishes to raise him: "It is not before thee that I prostrate myself, but before all the suffering of humanity." These beautiful words are the key to the whole of Dostoievsky's teachings—Dostoievsky, whose nerves had been shattered during those terrible moments when, a youth of twenty-two, with breast bared and eyes bound, he stood awaiting the fatal bullet which was to end his existence. The terrible death sentence was remitted at the last moment, and long years of exile in Siberia replaced it. The fruit of these years we have in these volumes. Be not astonished, therefore, at being introduced into an atmosphere of madness, folly and crime. Dostoievsky never once complains of the deprivation of what the Russians affectionately denominate their "dear little liberty." No, he accepts, without murmuring, his expiation, his initiation into others' miseries which he strives to cure, or at least to mitigate by boundless compassion.

Tolstoy has practically given us his

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confessions in the various works published by him, from time to time,—magnificent works of Shakespearean proportion. His *Peace and War* is a chapter from history palpitating with movement and vitality. The personality of Tolstoy, his thoughts, struggles, aims can be traced throughout his writings, all and everyone. *The Cossacks* is a wonderful study of civilised man brought suddenly face to face with a more primitive, but not ignoble race. In *Anna Karénina* we have Tolstoy's own particular views on marriage and divorce set forth. Marriage he regards as indissoluble, a sacrament. Anna Karénina, a noble and gentle nature, unable to support the burden of a false position, courts death as a release. Unfortunately, much of Tolstoy's asceticism and many of his conclusions lose their value, when we remember that he passed through the fiery period of youth not without sundry scars and scorchings. Their sincerity we may not doubt. The transformation of the tired sinner into the saint is not an unknown phenomenon. Therefore, although we listen with reverence to the utterance of a master-mind, we are not obliged to believe that he is in absolute possession of the whole truth. Indeed, are not many actions of his life in flagrant contradiction with his teaching? Has he not very recently penned some pessimistic reflections which might even be taken to prove that all his experiments in the direction of equality have been a huge mistake? Yet, whilst reading him, we are constantly reminded by his strong individuality that he has brought a distinctly new note into the discussion of certain problems, and his influence has been far-reaching. It is interesting to remark that D'Annunzio in his later work is evidently under the influence of this great writer, who, it must be remembered, has eloquently enforced the idea of one standard of morality for the two sexes.

To turn to two of the minor lights of the present day, we shall be well repaid by a perusal of Stepniak and Kropotkin. We shall then be able still more thoroughly to enter into those questions which are agitating Russia and which more or less occupy—although less feverishly—much of the attention of other European nations.

Stepniak explains the working of the Russian "Mir" and dilates on the agricultural question. He has given us many pathetic sketches in *Underground Russia*. We also learn that although the name of Nihilism was invented by Tourgenief, the party to which he applied the term had nothing in common with the party which astonished the world by its deeds from 1878 to 1881.

Nihilism as represented by Bazardoff, in *Fathers and Sons*, is roughly the negation of all supernaturalism, of all duty, religion or obligation, the absolute triumph of the individual will. It was a great literary and philosophical movement, which terminated with an enfranchisement of the serfs. It made neither victims nor martyrs, but it destroyed the last remnant of religious spirit in the upper classes of society and contributed to the emancipation of Russian women. Towards the year 1871, the Socialistic movement began to spread. As the government of the Czar hesitated to grant certain liberal reforms, Bakonime and Lawroff preached in favour of a revolution. The spectacle of the French Commune dazzled and excited all these revolutionists. The most fervent members of the "International" were the young Russian exiles studying medicine in Switzerland. These minds, having thrown off the old superstitions, as we have said, were all the more ready to accept a new religion, whether of destruction or reconstruction. But the people remained deaf to their teachings, and the government pitiless to their appeals. Then we have the story of the memorable days of 1878, no arrests or punishments ever discouraging the ardent little band. Stepniak, who bore an assumed name, belonged to this band, and in his work we find the lives of the martyrs of Nihilism written with the enthusiasm of a believer, or should we say, of a fanatic? And, in spite of ourselves, in poring over these miracles of energy, patience, and devotion, we forget the horrors of the crimes committed, in admiration of the heroism of the criminals.

In order to judge of the moral strength of these Russian terrorists, we need only be reminded that they had no hope of future life, nor any desire of public recognition.

To touch upon the Anarchism of Prince Kropotkin: Kropotkin sounds a

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note of hope. It comes as a surprise to us. He believes that the awakening of the people is near; that a great revolution will soon renew the face of the earth; that everywhere States are trembling to their foundations; old governments are breaking up; the age of capital is nearly past, and that from this social cataclysm will result a community of goods and land, a cessation of class privileges—in a word, no government, no state—Anarchy, pure and simple; the reign of individual liberty meaning in Prince Kropotkin's mind, we must suppose, the reign of peace upon earth and good-will to all men.

It may be that these are the utterances of a visionary, but some of his ideals are such as we are all fighting for; such of us, at least, who fight at all.

What is to be the future of Russia? Who shall solve that enigma? Strain our ears as we may, we can only catch faint sounds of the inevitable struggle. Russia is quietly preparing new forces, slowly undermining the work of ages and the sudden crash of despotic institutions will, ere long, startle us into the knowledge that the regeneration of a mighty empire has commenced.

I cannot conclude more fitly this inadequate sketch than with Gogol's apostrophe to Russia, written when he was in Italy:

Russia! Russia! from the beautiful country I inhabit I see thee, I see thee distinctly, oh my country! Nature has not been prodigal to thee. There is nothing either to charm or to startle the eye. No, nothing in thee, Russia, either splendid or marvellous. All is open, desert, flat. The little towns are scarcely perceptible. Nothing to seduce or flatter the eye. What secret mysterious force draws me then to thee? Why does thy sad, monotonous, troubled song—carried through all thy length and breadth from one sea to another—sound forever in my ears? What is this song? Whence come those accents and those sobs re-echoing in my heart? What are those painful chords which penetrate my soul and awake remembrance? Russia, what will'st thou of me? What is this obscure, mysterious tie which binds us together? Why dost thou look at me thus? My lips are sealed in the presence of thy immensity. From thy infinite vastness what is to be prophesied? Since thou art limitless, canst thou not be the mother-country of thoughts, the greatness of which cannot be measured? Canst thou not produce giants, thou, the country of boundless space? Thy unmeasured extent is powerfully reflected in my soul and an unknown force penetrates into the depths of my being. Before me, rises up a supernatural vision. What a dazzling future, what a grand, splendid mirage, vision unknown to earth, oh Russia!

Melville Joyce.

FOREBODING

Below our cliff-top grey,
Uptowers the iron spray.
We two watch here, the long unquiet day.

With surf inrushing free,
Break through and over me
World's pain, ageless; and ageless love of thee.

The omened breakers call
In stormy flight and fall;
Wild tongues, loosened, that will not hush at all.

They thrill us on the shore:
O follow, O give o'er! . . .
I soon, child dear: I soon, yet thou before.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

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SOME RECENT VERSE*

Mr. Ben King, whose death caused so much sorrow to those who knew him and who loved him for his many amiable qualities, is spoken of by Opie Read in the short bibliography prefixed to this augmented edition of his verse as "a Thomas Hood from Michigan." We should think that he might perhaps be much more aptly styled a lesser Eugene Field. He had all of the drollery, the instinctive sense of fun, and the delightful irresponsibility of Mr. Field, though his range of thought was much more limited, and his command of the pathetic was much less sure. Mr. King was a public entertainer in a small way and, as was natural, he cultivated the comic side of his mentality and neglected the side that was more serious. Much that he did and much that he wrote could never be ranked very high, but, nevertheless, in its way it was very good. It was he who wrote the poet's lament that there was nothing to eat but food, nothing to wear but clothes, and nowhere to come but Off; and this in itself ought to give his name a share of the immortality which very much more pretentious writers often fail to win. His parody upon the well-known poem "If I Should Die To-night," is to higher parody what vaudeville is to tragedy; and yet, as it is rather a healthy taste to prefer good clean vaudeville to certain forms of tragedy, so one need not sniff too scornfully at Mr. King's two stanzas, the first of which we venture to reprint, because the re-reading of it has made us echo the laughter which its first perusal irresistibly excited.

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

This sort of thing is found every day in the columns of the newspapers, and we might read it without even a smile if its form had been a little different; but the writer who has even the slightest spark of genius always manages to give a little touch to his work that differentiates it in some subtle way from everything else of its kind. Now in this particular stanza the touch in question is imparted by the mention of the large white cravat. Somehow or other, this makes a sort of picture and so affects one's sense of the comic as to make the whole thing very droll. Many of Mr. King's verses are written in negro dialect, and although this vein has been worked too hard of late, one can still find here a number of selections that may be read with pleasure. It is only fair to give one specimen written in a serious mood. It suggests inevitably a poem that is much better known and that was written, we think, by Miss Sally Pratt McLean. It would be interesting to know which of the two was the earlier in point of composition.

De Massa to de shepa'd say:
"Go call de sheep dat's gone astray.
De night is col,' I hear de win'
A-shakin' gin my winder blin';
Dar's some po' sheep dat's gone astray.
Go call 'em in. Cu-dey! Cu-dey!
Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey!"

*Ben King's Verse. Edited by Nixon Waterman. Introduction by John McGovern. Biography by Opie Read. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

A Century of Indian Epigrams. Chiefly from the Sanskrit by Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

Idyllic Monologues. By Madison Cawein. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

The Dream Beautiful and other Poems. By Charles Hamilton Musgrove. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

Out of the Silence. By John Vance Cheney. Boston: Copeland & Day.

Songs of War and Peace. By Sam Walter Foss. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

My Lady Sleeps. Selected by Catherine S. Page. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The Ojibue Conquest. By Julius Taylor Clark. Published by the author.

Under the Stars and other verses. By Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman. Chicago: Way & Williams.

By the Western Sea. By Marshall Ilsley. San Francisco: D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard.

Songs. By A. H. Laidlaw. New York: William R. Jenkins.

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An' all night long de win' an' rains,
An' hail against de winder panes,
In dreams I hyar de massa call
De wanderin' sheep, he knows 'em all.
He pints de road, an' shows de way
An' ever stan's an' calls, "Cu-dey!
Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey!
Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey!"

Mr. Paul Elmer More has very admirably translated into English verse a number of epigrams from the Sanskrit, and he has written a suggestive little introduction which is full of admirable things. What he has to say about Bhartrihari is most interesting, though, to be sure, a little vague, as is only natural. Perhaps the most striking thing is the comparison of one of this writer's epigrams with that remarkable stanza of Matthew Arnold's which in four lines sums up the whole spirit of the East:

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

The hundred brief poems which Mr. More has selected for translation are of various degrees of interest and merit. Many of them are epigrams in the earlier sense of that word as employed by the Greeks, and nearly all of them, in fact, so far as their subject and treatment are concerned, might have found a place in the Greek Anthology. The following is a fair example of such of them as are neat, brief, and pointed:

The sportive Love-god in this worldly sea
Angles continually;
And women are his hook, their luring lips
The bait that bobs and dips.

We greedy fools, like silly nibbling fish,
Are landed with a swish;
And then, alack! to end the cruel game
Are broiled on Love's quick flame.

Of the other volumes before us, there is very little that needs to be said. Mr. Cawein writes very well, and so does Mr. Musgrove, both of them with an admirable sense of rhythm, and with much poetic feeling. What we miss in them, as in minor poetry in general, is something that stands out conspicuously and prominently to arrest the attention in one's own despite and to force him to read on and on, and then to go back and read again. But if minor poetry were to possess this attribute it would not be minor poetry at all.

My Lady Sleeps is an anthology of poems relating to Sleep, to Dreams, and to Rest, with a number of bedtime songs and lullabies. The collection has been very carefully made, and with a taste and discrimination that are all too rare in those who set themselves the task of choosing and preserving what is best. The little volume contains scarcely anything that one would hesitate to call good literature; and, what is perhaps equally unusual, the compiler has omitted very few things that should have been included.

Under the Stars contains poems that were obviously inspired by a reading of Mr. Kipling's verse, but more often by a reading of the rough old ballads that were sung in the early days of the nation's life. To the former class belongs the poem "Brothers of One Blood"; to the latter class, for example, is the ballad entitled "How We Burned the *Philadelphia*." The poems show much spirit and fire, and they harmonise very well with the popular mood at the present time.

Mr. Foss writes easily, perhaps a little too easily, but never in such a way as to prevent the reader from taking the work seriously. The same thing may be said of Mr. Ilsley.

When we come to *The Ojibue Conquest*, we find in it a poem originally written in 1845 and now for the first time published. It is in octosyllabic verse, and we may at least congratulate its author upon not having made it longer; for there is no particular reason why he should have stopped when he did, just as there is no particular reason from a literary point of view why he should ever have begun. He has kindly supplied his principal poem with explanatory notes, a fact which shows that he takes a rather solemn view of his own production; and he has kindly sent us with a copy of the book a sketch of his own life which we have read with interest.

The volume that has really made us sit up is the one which bears upon its title-page the name of Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. Laidlaw has an active mind and his verse fairly seethes with excitement. He likes to say "Oho!" and there are more exclamation points in his sixty-four pages than an ordinary printing-house could readily supply without sending a

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special order to a type-foundry. But we are not surprised at this, when we look into the themes that he has tackled. We are not going to enumerate these themes because that is not our business, but we don't mind giving a specimen or two of Mr. Laidlaw's poetical manner. Here is one, for example:

With a ho-ho-ho! and a hi-hi-hi!
With a canzonet and tabor,
Thus, with ho-ho-ho! and our hi-hi-hi!
We amble, ramble, gambol, I
And my lily-fingered neighbour.

With a ha-ha-ha! and a he-he-he!
With a joyous laugh and caper,
Thus, with ha-ha-ha! and our he-he-he!
In sunlight, moonlight, starlight, we
Both consume our life's bright taper.

Mr. Laidlaw has a poem relating to the American Girl. He evidently understands the American Girl, for his poem is in the nature of instruction, being intended to direct the American Man to the consequences involved in making the acquaintance of the Girl. The consequences are depicted in these lines:

Your little heart will gallop on the go,
And it will not give you rest
Withjn your manly breast,
Till you land yourself in toto at her toe.
Oho! My Boy! Oho!

We do not wish to have the reader suppose, however, that Mr. Laidlaw is always in so frisky a mood as this. There is a reserve of sternness and severity banked up in his nature that sometimes comes out in his verse with overpowering tremendousness. Thus, for example, once upon a time he fell to thinking about Babylon, and the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that Babylon was really a very improper place. Then he wrote a poem to it in which he told Babylon exactly what he thought about it. He was very frank. He said just when he meant. He did not spare Babylon's feelings a little bit. He showed that his stock of adjectives is practically illimitable. Here are two stanzas:

Thou are sensual,
Babylon!
Thou art sotted,
Babylon!
Sotted, sensual,
Babylon!
History this tale will tell,
To the righteous all is well;
Daniel rose, Belshazzar fell,
Babylon!

* * * * * *

Thou art crumbled,
Babylon!
Thou art humbled,
Babylon!
Humbled, crumbled,
Babylon!
Vengeance leaves no gated wall,
Vengeance leaves no gilded hall,
Vengeance blasts and buries all,
Babylon!

We are afraid that Mr. Laidlaw has hit the nail on the head; yet, after all, we cannot help being sorry for Babylon. The poor old town has gone to rack and ruin, and as Mr. Laidlaw says, the owls cry over it. Why not then, leave this sort of thing entirely to good, competent owls, and take more time to saying "Oho," and to celebrating the American Girl? The fact is that while all these things that Mr. Laidlaw says about Babylon are strictly true, no good moral purpose is served by calling them to mind at this late day. Indeed, there are some persons who might read Mr. Laidlaw's account of Babylon, and feel nothing but a sort of regret that the city had been destroyed, and they might, perhaps, entertain the fancy that if it had managed to survive they would rather like to get a tourist's ticket from Mr. Cook and go and spend some time there.

H. T. P.

MOON-FLOWERS

The Summer Night remembers
The Morning Glories slain,
And from the twilight embers
Recalls their ghosts again.

John B. Tabb.

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A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LAKELAND, ENGLAND, Sept. 25, 1898.

It is a great privilege to be asked to write a literary letter to THE BOOKMAN. The difficulty of anyway living up to that privilege is enhanced when, as in the present case, I find myself remote from a library and accompanied to Windermere by few books other than guide-books. Guide-books, however, it would not be difficult to maintain, afford abundant fruit for the literary paragraphist. I should like to write an essay upon their deterioration, for which it seems to me a certain Herr Baedeker is mainly responsible. Those old guide-books of the Murrays were full of good things. Your imagination was excited by ghost stories, traditions, fairy-tales; you enhanced your knowledge of literature and history by the emphasis that was put upon great writers and great events. All this is changed. Mr. Baedeker discovered that the German and the Englishman alike were principally concerned with their dinner, and that their wives were principally concerned with the price of it. And so guide-books reduced themselves to concise collections of hard facts.

I have three modern guides to the English Lakes with me, and all have their place, all have qualities which make it hard to say which is the best. The one that is most in evidence in booksellers' shops here is Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company's *Illustrated Guide*. This, no doubt, is on account of its cheapness, for it is a marvellous shillingsworth, and, curiously enough, contains more "literature" than the others, as well as more information about hotel charges, churches, chapels, etc. The anonymous compiler should not, however, state that Wordsworth and "his friend Coleridge" lie buried in Grasmere Churchyard. He doubtless knows that it is Hartley Coleridge who is there buried, and that *the* Coleridge, Hartley's father, was buried at Highgate. There is only *one* "Coleridge" of that illustrious name, and the sentence may be misunderstood. Jenkinson's *Practical Guide* is published by Stanford at seven shillings. It justifies its name, it is very practical, and contains over a hundred pages of botany, zoölogy, and mineralogy. Black's *Guide*, compiled by Mr. Hope Moncrieff, is now in its twenty-second edition. Mr. Moncrieff has written stories for boys, I believe, under the name of Adrian Hope, and this is a guarantee of lucidity. His book is only half-a-crown, but it has the best maps. Each of these three guide-books contains certain facts that are not in the others.

My point, however, is that the best of all guides to the lakes was written more than eighty years ago, and was written by Wordsworth himself. The thing can only be tested by carrying with one into this delightful scenery that *Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England, with a Description of the Scenery for the use of Tourists and Residents*, which Wordsworth first issued in 1810, and which was reprinted in many forms, the final and most accessible shape being that of Professor Knight's *Wordsworth*, where it forms the second volume of the "Prose Works" in Macmillan's Eversley edition. The book is beautifully written. I had not realised before that Wordsworth's prose style was so fine. Nine-tenths of it, moreover, is not in the least old-fashioned. One is made to understand the relation of the lakes to one another and their distinctive characteristics in a way that no modern book can teach us. Think of the poet whose work in poetry still dominates the English lake country as that of Sir Walter Scott dominates the lakes of Scotland, having written a guide-book. Someone, indeed, asked Wordsworth if he had ever written anything else! Carlyle declared that Scott had written a rhyming guide to the Scottish lakes. Wordsworth has written a guide in prose for those who are as intolerant as was Carlyle of the verse form.

It is interesting to note the extent to which the memory of Wordsworth, al-

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though he has been dead nearly fifty years, overrules this scenery. The very coachman will point you out this or that spot associated with his name and work with infinite zest. Wordsworth's four successive houses, one of the, Grasmere Vicarage, entirely rebuilt, Wordsworth's Seat, the Wishing Gate—also renewed—the Stepping Stones—there are a hundred such associations. Even the persistence of the family of Wordsworth in the district strikes the imagination. Here at Stepping Stones Cottage lives Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet, and here in the Grasmere Road Mrs. Mayor, a granddaughter of Wordsworth, whose husband, Colonel Mayor, would seem to be very popular in the neighbourhood.

Dove Cottage at Grasmere, where Wordsworth spent his early married life, and where he was followed by De Quincey, is the most frequently visited spot in the district associated with the poet. Since Mr. Stopford Brooke and the Wordsworth Society took possession of the cottage some few years ago there have been a multitude of visitors, who pay their sixpence readily enough to see the simple cottage in which Wordsworth lived with his sister while some of his best lyrics were being composed, and where his early married life was passed. I found that Professor Knight was engaged in arranging the library of Wordsworthiana that he has collected, and which with a considerable flourish of trumpets he has presented to the Dove Cottage trustees. He sat, while I was there, in the family sitting-room, apparently resenting the entrance of the merely frivolous public. I, as one of that public, resent the appearance of Professor Knight's books in the cottage. Already it has lost much of the charm which it had in old days, before it was made into a show place. Then it was only accessible to the enthusiast by payment of a trifle to the cottager who lived there. Its rough, unkempt character and its wild garden gave it more of an atmosphere suggestive of its famous occupants. Now it is too tidy, too well organised to have much suggestion of poetry, and when one of its little rooms is crowded up with all kinds of spick and span books about Wordsworth, most of which are worthless, the last touch will be given to the vulgarising of the place.

The graves in Grasmere Churchyard have been often described. Wordsworth, his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren lie side by side, and Hartley Coleridge not far away. One tombstone I had not noticed before. It records the death of Arthur Hugh Clough and his burial at Florence, where many of us have seen the tomb, not far from that of Mrs. Browning. Inside Grasmere Church there is a fine tablet to Wordsworth, and at Ambleside there is a Wordsworth chapel adjoining the church. I have been also to Hawkshead, where one can enter the schoolroom undisturbed, and see Wordsworth's name carved in a bench. The school benches may well be a hundred years old, and the boy Wordsworth at any rate looked up at the portrait of Archbishop Sandys, the founder of the school, which still forms its principal decoration. In Hawkshead I think the Wordsworth traditions are freest from the taint of vulgarity.

There are many other memories called up by a few views of Lakeland. Harriet Martineau, once the most talked-of writer of the day, and with sufficient intellectual arrogance to have furnished forth a dozen or so of successful authors, lives only as a vague memory. Who reads her stories, her controversial papers, her voluminous histories? Her *Guide to the Lakes*, which I have also, is readable and is worth reprinting. I doubt if her other books will ever be republished. But I suppose that her house at Ambleside will always be pointed out. It is still occupied by members of her family. Dr. Arnold's house also—Fox How—is occupied by a Miss Arnold, and Mr. W. E. Forster's widow, also an Arnold, occupies Fox Ghyll. But there are no Southeys, Shelleys, De Quinceys, and Wilsons to carry on the traditions of that golden age.

Mr. Ruskin has poured so much scorn upon the bicycle, although, perhaps, his present use of the bath-chair has made him more tolerant, that it is difficult to avow oneself a consistent Ruskinian

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when one acknowledges to having cycled the fourteen miles around Coniston Lake. That side opposite Coniston where Mr. Ruskin has made his home is much the most picturesque, with its lovely shadows, its pine-woods, its fine view of the Old Man of Coniston. But as if from very irony of Mr. Ruskin's scorn of the steamboats on the Grand Canal at Venice, a steam gondola—was the gondola form adopted as a conciliatory step?—plies to and fro across the lake. Mr. Ruskin, moreover, has shared with Wordsworth a detestation of the railway-train intruding itself into the lake district, and now, alas! the steam of the engine which carries tourists from Coniston to Furness can be seen from his windows at Brantwood. Brantwood, by the way, was once owned by Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known engraver, whose wife, the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, wrote here her book on the Lake Country soon after she was married.

*

I am but beginning my round of the literary associations of Lakeland. Canon Rawnsley has written of them all so admirably. If only he would not attempt to rival Wordsworth in both branches of literature. The Canon's verses are intolerable. His guide-book is no doubt much better than most.

Clement Shorter.

LITERARY PARIS

The Prince of Poets is dead. This is unquestionably the most important literary announcement in Paris during the last few weeks. I do not mean that any really great poet has gone from the living to the dead, but Stéphane Mallarmé, whose demise is here recorded, had duly received the title of *Prince des Poètes*, formerly borne in the sixteenth century by Pierre de Rousard, by an election held after the death of Leconte de Lisle. The voters who had conferred this title on the venerable author of the *Poèmes Barbares* were all poets; and so were those who elected as his successor the author of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. The place of the election was the editorial room of *La Plume*, the then authoritative organ of the poets of the new schools, symbolists, decadents, deliquescents, etc. The day is still remembered as that of a hotly-contested battle. Mallarmé was hard pressed by a younger rival, Jean Moréas, whom he defeated by only a few votes. But his victory was at once acquiesced in by the whole army of poets, and they submitted to his predominance with a unanimity that might put to blush even a political convention.

Who will be Mallarmé's sucessor? Will he have *any* successor? There are, it seems, many candidates for the honour, Jean Moréas first, then Gustave Kahn, Francis Vielé Griffin, Henri de Regnier, and greatest of all, the poet of *Les Trophées*, José Maria de Hérédia. You will notice that several of the candidates are, by their birth, foreign, and not French. Moréas is a Greek, Hérédia a Cuban, and Vielé Griffin hails from the United States. It is said that the contest, if there be any new election, will be mainly between Hérédia and and Henri de Regnier. It will be a family affair then, as Madame de Regnier is Hérédia's daughter. But friendly as they are in their daily intercourse with each other, Regnier and Hérédia represent two different schools of poetry. Henri de Regnier may be considered the most moderate among the modern reformers of French versification, while Hérédia strictly adheres to the old rules and has remained an unconverted *Parnassien*. Speaking of his son-in-law, he once told me: "I consider his theories abominable, but he has a great deal of talent." The end of the sentence is undoubtedly true, and there may be a good deal of truth in the first part, too.

To return to Mallarmé, his disappearance will be sincerely mourned in Paris literary circles. The receptions in his apartment, Rue de Rome, were truly delightful. They were a rather one-sided affair, as the conversation consisted almost wholly of a series of speeches by the master of the house; but they were

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exquisitely simple, direct, ingenious and inspiring. It were to be desired that the same eulogy might be passed upon all of his poems!

Mallarmé's death will be felt in England almost as much as in France; he had many friends across the Channel, and lectured there more than once. He not only knew English admirably, but was considered perhaps the ablest teacher of English in Paris, holding a professorship of the language in my own college until five years ago.

He was unfortunate in the time of his departure. It occurred on the same day as the assassination of the Empress of Austria; so that the newspapers did not devote to him as much space as they would otherwise have done. It is said that immediately upon hearing of his death a young *littérateur* rushed to the editorial rooms of one of the leading Paris society papers. "Well!" he exclaimed, "I trust you are going to give a good send-off to Mallarmé!" "Mallarmé?" he was answered; "do you think of it? When a murdered Empress still lies unburied, the paper owes itself entirely to this august bereavement!"

Posterity, we trust, will deal somewhat more kindly with him, even though he did contribute a poem or two to the *Chap Book!*

Just as Mallarmé disappears, Jean Moréas, who had kept rather silent for quite a while, again calls the attention of the public to his existence by collecting in book form the various poems composed by him between 1886 and 1896.

At the same time an old *Parnassien*, François Coppeé, seems to begin winding up his affairs. He is just about to enter upon the publication of his memoirs. The title chosen by him is an appropriate one: *Mémoires d'un Parisien.* They will appear first in installments in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* and then in book form. Lemerre will be the publisher.

The last weeks do not seem to have been very prolific, as far as literature is concerned. September is never a great literary month, but it seems this year to have been even more than usually barren. I shall, however, mention one novel, *Le Ménage du Pasteur Nandié*, by Edouard Rod. It is perhaps the best thing Rod ever did in the domain of fiction. Is it simply a novel or a plea for celibacy of ministers? The question is not an easy one to answer, but the book is certainly worth reading.

What will interest the English-speaking public is the greater and greater recognition that Rudyard Kipling is winning in France. The *Revue de Paris*, in its issue of September 15, published a beautiful translation from *The Jungle Book,—Le Frère des Loups.* The translators are Léon Fabulet and Robert d'Humières, and *Le Temps* has published in *feuilleton* under the title of *Le Phogue Blanc*, another of Kipling's stories, rendered into French by the same translators.

As of interest to the same public I wish to mention also, again in the *Revue de Paris* of September 15, the first of a series of articles by Mary James Darmesteter on Robert and Elizabeth Browning. The title of the articles is *Ménage de Poètes.* Special interest attaches to the articles from the fact that the author, when Mary Robinson, was very well acquainted with the great English poet. I mean Robert Browning, of course.

Among the forthcoming books one at least is awaited with a good deal of expectation. It is due to the pen of Mr. Charles Bonnet, who intends to prove that he has discovered the models after whom Molière patterned the leading characters of his *Tartufe.* According t Mr. Bonnet, Molière in his immortal play, drew very little upon his imagination, but simply dramatised the real history of a Parisian family of his time, most of the members of which lie buried in a small old church, now no longer used as a place of worship and which recently became the property of Poilpot, the artist. Tartufe, in real life, was known as ' Louis Charpy de Sainte Croix; Orgon and Elmire were Monsieur and Madame de Patrocle, and Madame Pernuelle was Madame Densse. Monsieur and Madame de Patrocle were great favourites with Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., and this would explain why the King delayed allowing the play to be performed until after his mother's death. Whether Mr. Bonnet succeeds in establishing his point or not, we are sure to have a book of very interesting revelations on the life of

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a French well-to-do bourgeois family of the seventeenth century.

I do not know whether living men of letters will derive great benefit from the Paris exhibition in 1900, but the dead ones will certainly have no reason to complain of their treatment. No less than a score of them are to have their statues erected during the exhibition year. In the Luxembourg gardens we are to have the Victor Hugo of Rodin and statues of Charles Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine; on the Place du Théâtre Français will be Alfred de Musset and Balzac (not Rodin's, of course, but Falquière's). Louis Veuillot, the fierce Catholic pamphleteer, will be appropriately placed before the Church of the Sacred Heart. Daudet's effigy will rise in the quiet square in front of the Church of Sainte-Clotilde, not very far from the house where he breathed his last. Lamartine, Jules Simon, Théophile Gautier, Henri Meilhac, Léon Valade, the gruesome poet, Henri Rivière, who combined the qualities of the novelist and of the naval commander, and who died a hero in Tonkin, will be scattered all over the city; and finally the Pantheon will shelter fitting monuments erected to the memory of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo and Michelet. Sculptors, as you see, will have no reason to complain of men of letters; let us hope that they will give to the men of letters no reason to complain of them.

I don't deal much in scandal here, or anywhere else, for that matter. Here is a little bit of it, though, which is somewhat rich. A bright weekly sheet, *Le Cri de Paris*, has played Henri Rochefort the trick of publishing a complete list of the stockholders of his popular Socialistic and anti-Semitic paper; and among them appears the name of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, as the owner of one hundred and twenty shares, about one-tenth of the total number. Whether the capitalist or the pamphleteer has been more annoyed by the publication I am unable to say.

Adolphe Cohn.

BELL-WETHERS

The black ram clears the pasture fence,
  The whole flock in his keeping,
And in his train they gather fast
  Across the low bars leaping.

Death plunges to the vast that lies
  Beyond or tears or laughter,
And one by one, a silent herd,
  Sheep-like, men follow after.

Bell-wethers both, through all the days,
  The waking and the sleeping,
They lead—with blindly following shapes
  Across the low bars leaping.

Ernest McGaffey.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The translation of this remarkable book introduces a new writer to American readers. The author has indeed rather recently come into prominence in her own country, having first attracted attention through the publication of these tales some three or four years ago. Miss Lagerlöf is quite young, and this large, fresh, intense work may consequently be considered an immature test of her power. The stories are said to be founded on fact, and depict life and types peculiar to the province of Värmland at the beginning of the century. The country is a lonely isolated strip of land in Southern Sweden, a far-off spot of earth, consisting of great stretches of forests sloping down to long narrow lakes linked by rivers. Here amid ancient customs and wild legends the author has grown up, deeply imbued with the environing spirit and this vivid volume is its interpretation.

It is hard to know just how to characterise or describe the book. Most of it revolves around Gösta Berling, the disgraced priest—"the weakest and the strongest of men"—and around the Major's wife, the strongest and the weakest of women, yet the work is a series of semi-detached local studies rather than a novel in the ordinary sense of the term. There is indeed nothing ordinary about the book, which exerts a powerful, strange fascination despite the confused and almost incoherent character of its construction. Retrospect seems to be the principal cause of the confusion, as, for example, when the closing pages hark back bewilderingly to the very beginning of the work, and there is a lapse into a description of Gösta's tearing wreaths off the coffin of a man who had been buried long, lonb before, until the book reads backward as lucidly as it reads forward. Because of this peculiarity there can scarcely be an estimate of the work as a novel or a story, or a whole of any kind. Yet its very singularity may be the source of much of its elusive charm, and taken as it is given, in fragments, there is hardly a page that does not glow with strange beauty, so that, after all, the book exerts an unbroken charm from its beginning to its end.

The life of this distant, strange country shows with curious distinctness through the flashes of the work. The landscape effects are especially fine. There is a feeling of the water-bound land and of the ancient village crouching where "the mountains draw back and allow the plain to come forward and gaze at the lake." There is a memorable picture of the home of the Major's wife as it is on Christmas night, when the outcast Gösta Berling comes to join her colony of pensioners. "Behind the broad bed's silken curtains sleep the Major and the Major's wife, sleep and believe the bachelors' wing sleeps. The men servants and the maids can sleep, heavy with feasting and bitter Christmas ale, but not their masters in the bachelors' wing. How can anyone think that the bachelors' wing sleeps? . . . The long tongs stand upright on the floor with tallow candles in their claws. From the mammoth kettle of shiny copper flames the blue fire of the burning brandy, high up to the dark roof. . . . There is mirth and bustle. Fancy if the Major's wife should see them! What then?" begins the characterisation that makes the forms flitting in and out of the work curiously real and distinct. "Probably she would sit down with them and empty a bumper. . . . She is a doughty woman," this mistress of seven ironworks. "She's not afraid of a thundering drinking song. . . . The richest woman in Värmland, as bold as a man and as proud as a queen. Songs she loves, and sounding fiddles and the hunting horn. She likes wine and games of cards and tables surrounded by merry guests." Naturally it follows that she is drawn to Gösta Berling, who, with his beauty and golden hair, is the best speaker, dancer, singer, musician, hunter, drinking companion and card player in all Sweden. What a man the Major's wife makes of him!

This may perhaps make intelligible intimation of the character of the work, and any detailed attempt at description can only do injustice, since its value and charm are to be found in the great irrelevant mass of rich beautiful things entangled in the broken thread of the story. The translator has apparently done her part well, and American readers are grateful for the introduction to the work of a new author, giving so much and promising still more.

THE CALIFORNIANS. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

The amazing and memorable *Patience Sparhawk* may perhaps be referred to as the first foreshadowing of the good work that the author has done since. It is true that long before the appearance of that astounding story there was a rather wide recognition of the fact that the writer might be expected to publish the unexpected at somewhat irregular and rather frequent intervals. It seems to have been also pretty generally conceded that no matter what the subject chanced to be—and that was as uncertain as where the lightning may strike—nothing from her pen would be commonplace or dull. *The Doomswoman*, *A Whirl Asunder* and numerous slighter performances had established that fact, but the sudden growth of her work in size and importance began with the coming of *Patience Sparhawk*. That startling performance introduced her to a different audience, one much larger and more seriously interested than she had had before. But even yet she had not fully found herself. There is waste enough as well as wealth enough in the huge confused

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mass of that extraordinary book's material to ruin as well as to rear the reputation of an ordinary writer. She was apparently just beginning to learn that the critical faculty must guard and guide the richest imagination to any really successful issue. Since then her work has gone steadily and rapidly forward.

It makes long strides in *His Fortunate Grace*, a tale touching the topical question of international marriages, and in *American Wives and English Husbands*, a larger and more important work following similar lines. These two later stories lack the volcanic force that propelled *Patience Sparhawk*, but they have a gain of literary quality. The motive of each story is distinct, its movement is direct, its manner is composed, the general outline is firm and clear-cut.

All this and more may be said of Mrs. Atherton's latest novel, *The Californians*, which is by far the most ambitious work she has yet undertaken. A story of California and of San Francisco, the state and the city that the author knows best, the work has a feeling of surety that only the consciousness of knowing one's ground can convey. The beauty of the country lying beside "the dark blue bay with the dark blue sky above it, and opposite the pink mountains with the patches of light blue, and on the side the hills of Sausalito, covered with willows, and the white breakers below," is described with love. The city, too, is shown on both its sunny and its seamy side. The people springing out of the soil and the many aliens mingling with them are evidently not so near the writer's heart. Yet they are real, and some of them will stay with the reader longer than the closing of the book. Don Roberto, for example, will not soon be forgotten, and his Yankee wife, brought in hard, set middle life under the dominion of the Golden Gate and old Spain, is a memorable figure. Then their daughter, "the unfortunate result of coupled races," who stands at the centre of the story. "You're not mixed at all," the other girl said to her, "you're just hooked together." She herself, the adiant Helena, is "just beautifully mixed ' half northern, half southern and all Cali' rnia, a veritable daughter of the vine. The story itself is not notably novel. The clubman, the *blasé* man-about-town, who happens to wander to San Francisco because he is tired of other places, may be found in almost any quarter of the civilised globe. Nor is there anything unusual in the rivalry between the two girls for the new-comer's love—such as it is. Like contests over as unworthy an object have occurred before and since. It is consequently hardly necessary to follow the central thread of the story further in order to appreciate the book, which otherwise bears the stamp of originality marking everything that Mrs. Atherton writes. It is not quite so far out of the common as *Patience Sparhawk*, but it is a more finished and artistic work.

PRISONERS OF HOPE. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

In all the mass of fiction coming to the reviewer's desk, there is very, very rarely a story of which he can say in hearty old-fashioned praise that he couldn't lay it down till he had read it through. And of *Prisoners of Hope* this may be said with absolute truth. It is, indeed, a work so nearly perfect of its kind—a kind so large, and so fine, and so noble—that the impulse is toward wholesale enthusiasm regardless of any attempt at critical discrimination. It comes like a big wind from tall pine-clad peaks. The disciples of the morbid novel, who prefer the sickening atmosphere of their own school, will doubtless find fault enough. They will probably condemn it as untrue in its portrayal of life and character, charging idealisation. And what then? Such a charge cannot lessen the value of the work, even though it may have a basis of truth. For art is always greater than life, and more beautiful; and surely the artist who represents life and humanity as they should be, does something finer than he who shows them as they really are. At all events the morbids are comparatively few, fortunately for themselves and the rest of the world; and the great wholesome majority will certainly accept *Prisoners of Hope* with unreserved delight.

It is a story of Colonial Virginia during the reign of Charles II. A mansion on Chesapeake Bay furnishes the opening and the central scenes. The life of the mansion is according to the highest civilisation of the time, with its stately master, his daughter, its beautiful young mistress, his niece, his quiet sister, and their languid guest, a courtier typical of the court of the profligate Charles. Beyond the mansion lie the quarters of the slaves, low, dark, threatening. Huddled in in this "long double row of cabins, dominated by the overseer's house and shaded by ragged yellow pines" is the strangest, most motley and sinister mingling of races that ever threatened the peace of a plantation or the existence of a nation. One has only to turn to history to know that the author has here extenuated nothing nor set down aught in malice. Indians, Africans, Spaniards—all the most turbulent and lawless elements of the New World, together with the outcasts and criminals foisted by England upon her Colonies. With the convicts came also political prisoners, men of birth and breeding, whose only offence had been to fight under Cromwell's banner for England's freedom; men of intelligence and education and military experience, which made them the most dangerous of all. But at the opening of the story the danger cloud hangs in the distance hardly larger than a man's hand. "Over all the fair scene, the flashing water, the velvet marshes, the smiling fields, the fringe of dark and mysterious woodland, hung a Virginia heaven, a cloudless blue, soft, pure, intense. The air was full of subdued sound—the distant hum of voices from the fields of maize and tobacco, the faint clink of iron from the smithy, the wash and lap of the water, the drone of the bees from the hives beneath the eaves of the house. Great bronze butterflies fluttered in the sunshine, brilliant hummingbirds plunged deep into the trumpet flowers; from the topmost boughs of a locust, heavy with bloom, came the liquid trill of a mock-

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ing bird." Yet close by crouched the slave quarters!

Among the indentured servants, who are also slaves to all intents and purposes, is Godfrey Landless, a young Oliverian, who had fought at Worcester, and it is about him that the main interest of the powerful story centers. Perhaps something a little like its most exciting events have happened, for those were strange times in Virginia. Perhaps there may have lived as noble a man as this young Roundhead, for there have been some such out of the tales of the Round Table. And be such happening probable or improbable, and be such divine unselfishness possible or impossible, it all makes rarely good reading, the kind of reading that stirs like martial music and makes one wish anew all great things were possible and all noble things were true.

THE TITLE-MONGERS. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

A perfectly fresh plot is a desirable thing, and Mr. Payson's story certainly has that advantage. There is, to be sure, nothing particularly fresh about the French Countess "with the soft smile and the hard heart," described in the opening paragraph, nor in the Parisian types gathered around her dinner table. Nor is there anything notably novel in the American fondness for titles, furnishing the topic of conversation. There is, however, something decidedly new in the idea which occurs to a guest of the dinner—the idea of the utilisation of this American weakness in a larger and more impersonal way than has up to the present been attempted by the most enterprising of Europeans. Here present was the entirely presentable Marquis Montrecourt, and Americans do not apparently discriminate between French titles and titles that mean something. Even a French Count has been known to fetch a high price in America. The Marquis is deeply, hopelessly the debtor of the man with the happy thought. Why then should not this fine title be sold in America, thus securing the payment of the debts, the welfare of the Marquis—who still keeps what he sells—and the lasting delight of some large, opulent and ambitious American family? That is the plot of the story. The Marquis is rather reluctant at first, but finally consents and the search for a purchaser for his empty title begins. There is some clever satire of certain American social conditions, but on the whole the tone of the work is wholesome, frank and kind. There are many complications growing out of the false position of the Marquis. He finds, rather to his own surprise and decidedly to his discomfort, that he still holds unconsciously to some traditions of good breeding—as a Frenchman understands it. He cannot marry Miss Ancienne, nor Miss Flub, when it comes to the point. Instead he foolishly falls in love with a girl who has not a penny. That is, he thinks she is poor, and that her dearest friend, whom he dislikes, is rich, and so the complications become more and more complicated. Love triumphs at last. The Marquis is a fine fellow—for a Frenchman—and when he has confessed his love and learns in return that the girl whom he loves is really the heiress—but the story must be read for the *dénouément* to be appreciated. It is a breezy tale well told, and filled with fine feeling, as well as spiced with satire.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE. By Cutcliffe Hyne. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.00.

The captain of the story is the captain of a ship, or rather of several ships, during the progress of his amazing adventures, and the opening pages have a topical character, as they deal with the recent conflict between the United States and Spain. But no such pent-up Utica as that one-sided contest, confines the Captain's experience of life on the high seas. After one or two rather stirring collisions with the Cubans, he finds more thrilling adventures in South America. His meeting with the war-steamer of Donna Clotilde, for example, and the fair owner's impromptu request that he take command and marry herself, is far more romantic than anything he has encountered in Cuba. There is an obstacle in the substantial shape of the matronly Mrs. Kettle, who well befits her name, and trouble consequently follows, as has happened before when married men have sought adventure without their wives. Finding his position untenable, after Donna Clotilde knows about Mrs. Kettle, as others have found like situations under similar conditions, he sails out again seeking "fortunes adrift." He meets adventures in abundance, and one is planning and effecting the escape of a political prisoner of the French Government, and there is little difficulty in recognising Dreyfus under the fictitious name. Of course there are treasure ships to be overhauled at every hand, and the episode of "The Pearl Poachers" furnishes one of the memorable incidents of the book. Nor is the reader likely to forget "The Wreck of the Cattle Boat." Taken all in all, the work may be summed up in a word as a rattling good story of adventure.

GALLOPS. By David Gray. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

In this spirited little volume a new writer exploits a new idea. He makes the horse the hero, the men and the women figuring in the sketches being subordinate as mere incidentals. There are ten tales in the collection, and they all revolve around the horse and his environment, dealing with steeplechases, fox hunts, cross-country rides, and everything pertaining to the chase, the stable and the turf. The Bishop's pastoral field is known as the "Parish of St. Thomas Equinus," there are suggestions of weddings with the bride in a habit and the bridegroom and ushers in pink, and—which seems carrying the idea rather too far—there is slighting reference to a matron who "gives her attention to her six children and hardly knows the difference between a horse and a cow." Certainly the horse is a noble animal, let all do him honour. But still, there are perhaps comparatively few among his most ardent admirers who are prepared to place him before and above humanity.

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However, to be fair to work which does not appeal to one's personal taste is among the hardest tasks falling to the reviewer's lot, and it should now be said with a feeling of duty conscientiously performed that the stories are good of their kind.

THE GOEDE VROUW OF MANA-HA-TA. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The author has carried out a somewhat difficult undertaking with notable success. The good wife of the early Dutch settler has, of course, always held an important place in the history of New Amsterdam and Greater New York; but she has hardly received heretofore the recognition to which she is entitled as an individual. To give this deserved recognition, to tell who as well as what these good wives were, is the task undertaken and accomplished by Mrs. Van Rensselaer in her most interesting new book, with its binding of Dutch yellow and its antique corners, suggesting the quaint hasps of the chests in which they fetched the household goods from Holland. This new book gives the names of the six wives—for the number was no larger—who stood for the highest and finest local life at the settlement of Manhattan. It gives in a most entertaining manner the reasons for their pre-eminence, stating that Holland was at this time the only country in which girls received the same education as boys; that the men of the Dutch Republic then recognised the equality of their women, trained them to fill responsible positions, and encouraged them to cultivate a love for literature, music and painting, so that these pioneer Dutch wives, who came to live among savages, really represented the most advanced civilisation of the Old World. They brought to their homes in the New World refinements unknown to England of that day according to the author who alleges that domestic comfort, to say nothing of elegance, was unknown to the English until Charles II. taught them what he had learned in Holland. From this excellent foundation the author follows the steady and rapid rearing of New York's social structure. There are descriptions of every feature of local life, from wedding bells and caudle-cups to coffin plates, from Annekje Jans, the first of the Dutch matrons, to Mrs. Alexander, the last Goede Vrouw. There are also family trees, and much substantial and valuable data. It is, in fact, remarkable that a work of such solid character should be such easy reading.

THE DESTROYER. By Benjamin Swift. New York: The F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

It is a proof of Mr. Swift's power that you may shake the foundations and topple over the structures of this latest story of his—if you are an observant reader, you must—and yet something very valuable will remain. Call it originality; call it genius; call it eccentricity, audacity—what you will; it must wring from you the acknowledgment that *The Destroyer*, though an indifferent novel, is a real book and an interesting one. Its faults are not trifling, and the final opinion is the more hardly earned. In the first place, Mr. Swift quite neglects to prove his case, which is, that Love is the destroyer, the war god, the ruthless force that peoples the madhouses. Till Hubert comes home from his travels, a worn-out debauchee, tottering on the brink of insanity, we have been given no reason to believe that he was ever in love at all. Mr. Swift has muddled in his story two things that he most distinctly does not confuse in his mind. As soon as the wretched creature marries Violet, the asylum gates open for him. But that he loved her with any consuming passion never occurs to us while we read his miserable story. Nor do Besser's emotions seem to us of a very ravaging kind. Violet did love, we are convinced; but she was not consumed. That lust is a destroyer, Mr. Swift has given abundant superfluous, proof. But there is room for a powerful novel on the theme he started with, and so strangely neglected.

The intentions of the book are unfulfilled, but we have read it with great admiration. Where Mr. Swift has not promised, he is full of sudden, surprising and delightful performance. He may rave, but he does think. He may offer worthless things with ostentation; but his tested, purified gems are of genuine value. His sense of beauty and his sense of humour are both of rare quality. Never before has he so clearly proved that his excesses are the excesses of power. For the first time he lets us hear him in moments of restraint, and thus he succeeds, where he has never succeeded before, in touching us—as in the meeting of Edgar and Violet in Milan Cathedral. "It seemed like the joyous intrigue and compassion of the Invisible to bring them together at last before the altars of their sacrifice and their victory. But a smile, as fine as a smile in sleep, passed over her face. Their souls had fled like fugitives up and down between the gates of birth and death in terror of both gates. and were to be caught here in the midst. . . . They divined, without use of words, this easing of their destinies. They had been sitting long in the cold places of duty, but this soft glow came like the warmth of fruit that ripens in the sun." A mellowing sun has been at work in Mr. Swift's brain since he wrote *The Tormentor*.

THE TOWN TRAVELLER. By George Gissing. New York: The F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

"Her merry little laugh echoed in Gammon's ears all the way home, and for hours after. And when, as he rose next morning, he looked out on to the strips of backyard and the towering tenements, they had lost all their ugliness." These words, almost the last of the book, describe Mr. Gissing's present case. This is a London story, dealing with vulgar people, who live in mean and sordid streets. We know with what rage and disgust the shabby, ugly ways of London poverty, and the condition just above poverty, have filled him. He has dinned into us, burnt into us his hate of them, his despair of the vulgarity, the narrowness of the lower middle-class existence. And lo! one day he looks out on these things, and they have lost all their ugliness. Humour has surged up,

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and he judges them from the standpoint of a dweller amongst them, not from the level of a fastidious observer. Is it too much to infer that his recent study of Dickens, summarised in his excellent monograph, is in some degree responsible for the change of tone? *The Town Traveller* is no imitation; but the spirit of Dickens is in it, his delight in good nature, his understanding of the feelings, the mental workings, the refinements, and the points of honour of the people who have loud voices and strong but very elementary notions of a joke. Gammon is a creation. When many a subtler figure has faded from Mr. Gissing's canvas and out of our memories, Gammon will remain, generous, vulgar, rollicking and capable. Greenacre, the gentlemanly adventurer, with the talent for forgetting shabby incidents in his past, is good; Polly Sparkes, the attractive vixen, is good; the drunken dotard, Lord Polperro, is drawn in only too life-like a fashion; but Gammon is easily first, and is indeed a memorable figure in comic fiction. If a recent notorious lawsuit furnished a suggestion for the plot, the hint has been handsomely developed, on lines that both tickle our sense of humour and satisfy our sense of probability.

But after all, the most interesting thing about *The Town Traveller* is its evidence that Mr. Gissing can heartily laugh where once he would have bitterly loathed. His high spirits may be momentary, but the effect of his having rubbed shoulders with Gammon in a hail-fellow-well-met fashion can hardly be lost.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT. By W. S Maugham. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1 50.

Mr. Maugham's gift is a well-defined one. He is not a many-sided man; his power lies in one direction; but in that one direction it has a marvellous intensity and force. The subject of *The Making of a Saint* is far removed in time and place from that of *Liza of Lambeth*, but the power which vitalised the one is identical with the power which vitalises the other. It must be admitted that in his earlier book Mr. Maugham had a more satisfactory field. There he wrote of what he had seen; here only of what he has read and imagined. His imagination by no means fails in vividness, but some who recognise the value of true pictures of the things that are—even of the ugliest that are—may not be inclined to dwell with much pleasure on the lawless, often barbarous, life of mediæval Italy. Many will be altogether repelled by the book. It is one for the seasoned novel-reader, who is not easily shocked nor very impressionable. The Saint drank deeply of the wine of life before the first bitter taste of the dregs drove him into saintship. It is a usual road to sanctity—of a kind. Fra Giuliano's story is not an improbable nor an exaggerated one. And it is told with a vigour and an ability and an unshrinking directness which could hardly be surpassed. Justice is done to the nobler side of life—to the loyalty of friendship, the punctilious honour, the chivalry between man and man. For the rest, we are shown, in strong and bold outline, Italy as it was at the end of the fifteenth century, when intrigue and assassination were recognised political methods, when no cruelty was too barbarous to be practised on an enemy, when women had apparently little of either faith or tenderness, and when those who escaped a violent death were ready, when they had had their day, to turn, like Fra Giuliano, to the brown habit and hemp cord, with the despairing question on their lips, *"O Ciechi, il tanto affaticar che giova?"*

THE POTENTATE. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. New York: George H. Richmond & Son. $1.25.

This is a puzzling book. Here and there in its pages there are flashes of evidence that the author should have been incapable of writing it. But, alas! she has written it, with its yards of solemn gush and false sublimity crowding out the better qualities she has proved in other stories. Miss Forbes-Robertson has a sense of style, but it has hardly a chance here, where the conception is so forced and unreal. The scene of *The Potentate* is laid in some remote, unspecified age, when public and private vengeance were queerly mixed up. An hour after reading the story the plot has already escaped us, but we know it concerns an elegant ruffian of a Grand Duke, a vague young man called Everard, and a rather stockish young Hypatia woman called Pilar. Whether Everard is meant to be a Hamlet, seeing how slow is the completion of his revenge for his father's murder, or whether Miss Forbes-Robertson could not make her stiff-jointed creature move fast enough, we do not know. It doesn't much matter. Her intentions about the Potentate, however, do matter. He is not a very real person, but he is at least the shadow of a most unwholesome conception. Quite evidently he is a vulgar ruffian; his path through life is strewn with deeds of mean cruelty. But because he toyed with intellectual elegancies, and could make love gracefully to a woman whom a cup of poison could rid him of later, he is sentimentalised over in the most fulsome fashion. And the women who adore him, knowing his ignominies, are treated as sane. Miss Forbes-Robertson has blundered here, not through over-subtlety, but through over-simplicity. Yet there are passages in the story that we have stopped to admire, and evidences of a literary craft which is only waiting for healthier matter to spend itself on successfully.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

A HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE. By James Fitzmaurice Kelly. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

For the first time a survey of Spanish literature is presented to English readers by a writer of ample knowledge and keen discrimination. Mr. Kelly's work rises far beyond the level of the text-books. So good a critic does not merely comment on literature; he makes it himself. We still owe gratitude to the industrious Ticknor, our first guide to the world of Spanish letters; but Ticknor had the bluntness of judgment and the lack of all sense of proportion common to most early enthusiasts. Mr. Kelly's book is far more critical than Ticknor's, more selective, more independent. So independent, in fact, is it that established reputations are tested as fiercely as if they were mere *parvenus;* and now and again there is an unnecessary truculence in the onslaughts. "The school is decently interred," he says, " which mistook critics for Civil Service Commissioners, and Parnassus for Burlington House." So much for Ticknor and his peers. One must frequently feel a measure of sympathy with his indignation, though much zeal, not all of it useless, is spurned away in such words as, "There has come into being a tribe of ignorant fakirs, assuming the title of 'Cervantophils,' and seeking to convert a man of genius into a common Mumbo-Jumbo." Generally we are not concerned to defend, nor to repudiate, but only to enjoy the vigour of his expression. Let him call Sordello "a mere bilk and blackmailer with the gift of song," if he will. His own words descriptive of Alas as a critic are applicable to himself—"he is righteously, splendidly intolerant of a pretender, a mountebank or a dullard." Mr. Kelly may not be the man to write the model school text-book, but he can make Spanish literature a living interest to his readers.

Of course, his treatment of Cervantes is very different from that meted out by Mr. H. E. Watts, who, if he is not responsible for "the grotesque travesty of Cervantes as a plaster saint," has thrown a misty veil over the shabby, shifty life of the great author of *Don Quixote.* Mr. Kelly seems veritably to gloat over the weaknesses and the failures of the man whose incomparable genius he yet regards with boundless admiration; but remember he is engaged in demolishing the "plaster-saint;" when that has crumbled he will write more calmly. Mr. Watts's ingenious theory about the systematic malevolence of Lope de Vega towards Cervantes he treats with contempt—though he paints no ideal portrait of Lope—and, indeed, the evidence seems shakier each time it is dispassionately examined. But an elaborate mistake and a little more hero-worship than is agreeable to Mr. Kelly's more critical mind, do not nullify the work of a good scholar, to whom lovers of *Don Quixote* owe much. That he has translated it "in a spirit of enthusiasm" is hardly enough acknowledgment; besides, the meagre words suggest a sneer.

The book before us is too individual to escape criticism. But there is little beyond the occasional swashbuckler tone to find serious fault with. The only regrettable omission seems to us to be a definite and continuous account of the rise and development of the picaresque novel. Its positive merits as a book of well-considered information are many. It dissipates much of the Moorish romance; it does full justice to the influence of Spanish Jews; and makes admirably clear the interchange of benefits between France and Spain in the formative stages of their literatures. The worst chapter in such books is generally that devoted to present-day letters; but Mr. Kelly here maintains his vigour, his independence and his sense of discrimination. Lately we have received translations of modern Spanish fiction and dramas, and we have treated them with indifference, or praised them as if they must be first-rate because they were notable enough to be turned into our tongue. Several of them have been fifth-rate at the best. Mr. Kelly will be found a guide with a severe standard, yet with catholic sympathies. Of the fineness of his taste, his judgment of Echegaray is proof enough for us. That dramatist has been honoured by translations of at least three of his plays into English; and these were received with a solemn respectfulness which would befit a welcome to a genius of the first rank. But Mr. Kelly has put him in his place, which is not a literary place at all. "His plays are commonly well constructed, as one might expect from a mathematician applying his science to the scene, and he has a certain power of gloomy realisation, as in *El Gran Galeoto,* which moves and impresses; yet he has created no character, he delights in cheap effects, and when he betakes himself to verse, is prone to a banality which is almost vulgar." But Galdos and Valera need to be better known among us; to Pereda and Alas we want an introduction; and Mr. Kelly's essay on contemporary literature should be an incitement and a useful guide to translators and publishers.

THE LAND OF CONTRASTS. By James Fullarton Muirhead. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

The writer of *The Land of Contrasts* has visited the United States three times, his second trip extending over three years, during which time he became acquainted with all parts of the country in preparing a *Baedeker's Handbook of the United States.* The sub-title, "a Briton's view of his American kin," explains the nature of the book. It is on the whole a kind and gracious, if discriminating, view of us and of our institutions that Mr. Muirhead records so pleasingly. He finds much to praise, and if now and then he censures us a little he yet

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maintains such a balance that the praise outweighs the blame.

"If we think that the best we can do is to preserve what we have, America will be but a series of disappointments. If, however, we believe that man's sympathies for others will grow deeper, that his ingenuity will ultimately be equal to at least a partial solution of the social questions, we shall watch the seething of the American crucible with intensest interest."

From these generalities our kindly critic comes not unnaturally to a consideration of American society. The American woman is pronounced charming; this subtle compliment is so frequently paid to American men that it it altogether doubtful if they appreciate its fineness, which seems to lie in the fact immediately appreciated by all foreign-born critics, that while the American man is too indifferent to exact anything for himself, he demands everything for his mother and his wife. The American child Mr. Muirhead proclaims to be quite abominable, but as Mr. Muirhead so thoroughly approves its elders, the American child may retort with Sheridan in the play that it is a fault which time will remedy. Our sports, amusements, our humour and our journalism each command a discriminating chapter. The comment might be that of a thoughtful American, although we must admit that Mr. Muirhead takes our genial interviewer rather more seriously than that individual takes himself. It is the point of view of Colonel Lapham suffering under the fire of Bartley Hubbard's satirical questions, rather than that of Bartley Hubbard himself.

There is much good reading between the covers, and one may have many a hearty laugh over the quaint and curious expressions of American humour that the author sometimes unconsciously preserves for us. We are told of an undertaker's sign that bore the legend, "You kick the bucket and we do the rest." We cannot help the belief that the serious-minded Briton may have encountered at least one American humourist whom he did not recognise.

In his chapter on our literature, Mr. Muirhead shows a keen appreciation of the work of Mr. Howells, Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Henry James. He also clearly defines the position of the American magazine, and he has a doubtful word to say of our irreverent treatment of the English language.

Altogether, *The Land of Contrasts* is a stimulating and interesting book.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Clara Tschudi. Authorised translation from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Clara Tschudi, a Norwegian writer of Swiss descent, is becoming known for her historical work beyond the limits of her own country and language. Her *Life of the Empress Eugénie* was well received. But lives of living celebrities must be either inadequate or impertinent, and in *Marie Antoinette* she has found more scope for her powers. Both works have already been translated into French and Italian. The present English version seems carefully done. But the principles of composition adopted are most singular. Sometimes we find long consecutive paragraphs, but most of the book, especially the narrative parts, is written in self-contained, independent sentences, without particles to connect. This gives the story a strangely disjointed effect. And what is very odd, these sentences are arranged as separate paragraphs. When they are short, they look just like an exercise book, or even suggest poetical form. Take the top of page 278:

> The sentinel levelled his musket.
> "Do you know me?" asked the King.
> "Yes, sire!" replied the soldier.
> The King was obliged to beat a retreat.
> It is said that Lafayette even sent some sweeps, etc

These short paragraphs are not used for emphasis or dramatic effect. Usually the sentence is quite commonplace. Whether this eccentric form be the caprice of the authoress or the translator, it is certainly most distracting. As a frontispiece a coloured portrait is given, copied from the early portrait in the Jones collection.

In her somewhat disjointed way, the writer has given us most of the facts and anecdotes that can be collected about a woman who has roused so fervent a posthumous loyalty. Many of them are trivial—some of dubious authenticity. Nor does the author always seem sufficiently conscious of their relative value. By far the most interesting part of the book is the earlier chapters. But the story of the decline and fall, who has not shuddered at? Frankly we confess, that to wade again through these Sloughs of Despond is a penance to any mind that wishes to preserve its faith in Humanity and Freedom. Miss Tschudi rarely moralises. She does not attempt to give any new or philosophical presentment of her subject. Most will join her in unstinted admiration and reverence for the tragic victim, who, whatever her faults, will always remain one of the most appealing figures in all history. But to the philosopher she will rather suggest the problem, not very easy to solve, why these brilliant, high-spirited tragedy-queens, whom the world worships, have always proved the ruin of their universally despised husbands. Margaret was undoubtedly the evil genius of Henry VI. Marie Antoinette ruined such chances as poor Louis ever possessed. It was not her fault. Nor was it his. Alone he might have blundered and floundered and sleepily sunk into a constitutional king. But when the woman saw the man in difficulties, she must needs interfere. She was so patently superior to him in everything—but experience. Heavy as he was, he seems to have had a much truer insight into the situation than less excitable politicians, and left to himself, might have betrayed the precious Court traditions, and saved everything by compromise. He is despised; she is canonised. Perhaps from the highest moral standpoint this is just; but from a more practical one we may admit that the French populace were not so far wrong to their instinctive belief that Louis was a harmless *roi bonhomme*, alienated from his people by Madame Veto.

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THE REVELATION OF SAINT LOVE THE DIVINE. By F. B. Money Coutts. New York: John Lane. $1.00.

If the lover of poetry has the courage to go beyond the *ad captandum* title, he will find his reward in this little book. Here is a work by no means to be treated with indifference. It must be read, and well re-read, and then adored or damned according to the reader's temperament and doctrine. It is true that a poem, generally speaking, should be judged independently of one's doctrine—to judge independently of one's temperament is beyond the power of the most dispassionate critic. A poem should stand or fall by its possession or its lack of the essential attributes of poetry, and should not be required to present certificates from the theologian, the social economist, the philanthropist, or the doctor of ethics. But this poem is controversial in its essence. It is a lyrical polemic. It deliberately challenges the moralist and the dogmatist. It dashes a steel glove into the face of panoplied convention.

The central motive of the poem is an arraignment of the dishonouring of love. The purity of true passion, and the conquest of lust by love, these are the recurring themes. It is a thesis of the poem that the only purity worthy of the name, the only purity that pervades the whole texture of body and soul, is the purity born of a perfect passion. Such a passion, resulting in a spiritual and bodily oneness, is here presented as the fulfilment of the law of sex and the safeguard of the sanity of future generations. Whatever hinders or prevents such a fulfillment becomes the target for Mr. Coutts's eviscerating scorn; and as society, and religious as well as secular institutions, do very frequently and frankly set expedience before such a fulfilment, both society and conventional religion receive hard thrusts. The most concentrated and unanswerable atack is that upon loveless marriage, the union in which

> "The sanction God ordained
> Is wanting.—Love's imperious need."

The very keynote of the poem is found in the words—

> "In all the blight of God's immediate ban
> On savourers of pension at the feast
> Of Love the bridegroom!"

And the highly respectable iniquity of marrying for place, convenience, ambition, prudence, is stripped of its naked enormity, as a crime against bodies and souls unborn. In the sweeping indignation of this assault one cannot but feel that other things, not less sacred than true love, are imperilled, and that on some points the broadest and least conventional of serious moralists would be likely to join issue with Mr. Coutts.

To the presentation of his daring theme Mr. Coutts has brought a lyric fervour and a technical efficiency which lift him at once to a conspicuous station among his contemporaries of the craft. These vigorous polemics are well leavened with the true stuff of poetry. There are revealing flashes of imagination; there are cadences that linger in the memory, though, to be sure, there are harsh lines not a few, and collocations of sound which the ear does not gratefully accept. The poem is written in tetrametre quatrains, a form facile to narrative and supple to lyric expression, but most refractory as a vehicle for exact argument. It is a technical triumph to have made this form lend itself, as Mr. Coutts has done, to the clear and cogent development of his plea. Such a triumph is one of Dryden's titles to fame; and his medium, the heroic couplet, is much more pliable to the purpose than these quatrains which Mr. Coutts has so cunningly managed. The difficulty of the task is betrayed here and there by that obscurity which comes of over-concentration. It is an obscurity which halts but does not baffle one. But, the Browningites to the contrary notwithstanding, such obscurity is a fault. It is a confession of the trammels of the verse form.

LABOUR COPARTNERSHIP. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

Mr. Lloyd has given us in this volume a very interesting account of a visit to the co-operative workshops and farms in England and Ireland. He writes from the standpoint of one who sympathises with this effort on the part of the labourer to secure the hire of which he is worthy. It was the eloquent pen of the veteran social reformer, George Holyoake, that first forced the attention of the English people to the importance of the co-operative movement, and his lectures, essays and finally his *History of Co-operation in England* assured for the struggling enterprise a just recognition of its significance and importance. Co-operation is well stated by Mr. Lloyd in his sub-title to be the conduct of industrial enterprises in such a manner that the "employer, employé and consumer share in ownership, management and results." It is clear that the success of co-operation must depend upon the moral character of those engaged therein, and it is equally clear that the conduct of a productive enterprise on the co-operative basis makes greater moral demands on those engaged therein than the conduct of one engaged only in the work of distribution. Hence it is that co-operation successfully applied in England in distribution was for a long time unsuccessful when applied to production. But to the credit of the English workingmen, co-operation has now been applied as successfully to production as to distribution, and a further advance has been made by maintaining co-operative enterprises based on principles of absolute co-partnership.

The history of this advance, of its struggles and triumphs is the theme of Mr. Lloyd's interesting book. He has done the work well, he has marshalled his facts with convincing skill, and for those who do not care to ponder upon the statistics and figures long enough to get an adequate impression of their significance, he has added to the book a series of most interesting and well-executed illustrations, showing in many cases the building in which the co-operative enterprise began, and the block of buildings in which it is now housed. Such a book as Mr. Lloyd's is more

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helpful and more valuable than a library of mere theoretical productions. It should be read by everyone interested in the movements promising improvement in the condition of the working classes. After reading Mr. Lloyd's book, one is impressed by the curious fact that co-operation which has achieved such a success in England should have been thus far a practical failure in the United States. It is difficult to say why it should be so. The explanation may possibly be that the labouring classes in England find the problem of existence pressing far more severely upon them than their American fellow labourers, or that the wider distribution of the ownership of property, both real and personal, in the United States makes the workingmen here less ambitious to become proprietors as co-partners in co-operative enterprises.

THE BIBLE OF ST. MARK. St. Mark's Church: The Altar and Throne of Venice. By Alexander Robertson, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

There are few buildings in the world so commanding in interest and so rich in detail as to afford material for a volume of exposition extending to nearly four hundred pages. And as St. Mark's attracts annually many thousands of visitors it is surprising that no one has attempted a complete guide to its beauties such as Dr. Robertson here gives. But the labour of compiling such a guide is so great that probably not one who has not had Dr. Robertson's opportunities of residence could have attempted it. Certainly no future visitor can safely dispense with his guidance, nor will any who uses his book regret that it has been left to him to furnish. The photographs alone will be a surprise even to those who think they have seen St. Mark's. "With few exceptions none of the subjects have ever been photographed before. Indeed the very possibility of taking some of them . . . did not previously exist." Signor Carlo Naya has furnished nearly one hundred full-page photographs, which have been admirably reproduced. The letter-press is well arranged, and is lucid and interesting. More care might have been spent on some of the inscriptions, but small slips do not mar the enjoyment furnished by this very beautiful and instructive volume, which is the best guide for all visitors to St. Mark's, and which will enable many who stay at home to know that wonderful building as well as if they had seen it.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT. By C. Raymond Beazley. Builders of Great Britain Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The late commemoration of the momentous Cabot voyages has done much to right an old wrong. The title of the present work points to the rectification. We used to hear much of Sebastian, the son, and little of John, the father. The pendulum has swung round, and the tendency of modern investigators is to take away all the credit from the son, and to call him a mean, dishonest braggart and pretender. Mr. Beazley holds the balance fairly, and insists on our receiving whatever evidence there is of Sebastian's materially helping in the discovery of the New World. "It is difficult," he says, "to believe that he could have enjoyed—to so remarkable degree as he did—the confidence of Henry VIII., of Cardinal Wolsey, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Charles V., of Edward VI., and his chief advisers of the Republic of Venice—if he was simply the clever, but absolutely empty humbug which he has been represented." But that he was unfilial, a double-dealer, and on occasions purposely inaccurate there is no doubt at all. Mr. Beazley's book, however, is not mainly taken up with this controversy. It is the most complete, the most scientific account of the joint work of the Cabots and of their predecessors that has yet appeared. It strikes us as the ablest work in this useful series; and it is absolutely indispensable to all students of historical geography.

A HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June). New York: Henry G. Allen and Company.

This volume is so very large that we shall try to even things up by making our notice of it very short. It contains everything that any one would want to know about any woman's club that ever existed anywhere; and from the number of illustrations we should imagine that it contains the portrait of every woman who ever belonged to a club of any kind. Doubtless the volume is of very great interest to these same women, and no doubt they will purchase copies of it and read those portions of it which relate to themselves. Why any one else should care to buy it we fail to see, but if they wish to do so, it is not for us to discourage them; for undoubtedly this is the sort of thing that they will like. To us the portraits are not uninstructive. They are so typical. But as to what we mean by this we decline to say.

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JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I stood on the hillock clothed with its stunted saugh-trees and waited for the day that was mustering somewhere to the east, far by the frozen sea of moss and heather tuft. A sea more lonely than any ocean the most wide and distant, where no ship heaves, and no isle lifts beckoning trees above the level of the waves; a sea soundless, with no life below its lamentable surface, no little fish or proud leviathan plunging and romping and flashing from the silver roof of fretted wave disheveled to the deep profound. The moorfowl does not cry there, the coney has no habitation. It rolled, that sea so sour, so curdled, from my feet away to mounts I knew by day stupendous and not so far, but now in the dark so hid that they were but troubled clouds upon the distant marge. There was a day surely when, lashing up on those hills around, were waters blue and stinging, and some plague-breath blew on them and they shivered and dried and cracked into this parched semblance of what they were in the old days when the galleys sailed over. No galleys now. No white birds calling eagerly in the storm. No silver bead of spray. Only in its season the cannoch tuft and that itself but sparsely; the very bluebell shuns a track so desolate, the sturdy gall itself finds no nourishment here.

The gray day crept above the land. I watched it from my hillock, and I shrank in my clothing that seemed so poor a shielding in a land so chill. A cold, clammy dawn, that never cleared even as it aged, but held a hint of mist to come that should have warned me of the danger I faced in venturing on the untraveled surface of the moor, even upon its safer verge. But it seemed so simple a thing to keep low to the left and down on Glenurchy that I thought little of the risk, if I reflected upon it at all.

The mist made no sign of lifting all this time, but shrouded the country as if it were come to stay for ever, and I was doomed to remain till the end, guessing my way to death in a silver-gray reek. I strained my ears, and far off to the right I heard the sound of cattle bellowing, the snorting low of a strik upon the hillside when he wonders at the lost pastures of his calfhood in the merry summer before. So out I set in that direction, and more bellowing arose, and by and by, out of the mist but still far off, came a long, low wail that baffled me. It was like no sound nature ever confined on the Highlands, to my mind, unless the rare call of the Benderloch wolf in rigorous weather. I stopped and listened, with my inner head cracking to the strain, and as I was thus standing in wonder, a great form leaped out at me from the mist, and almost ran over me ere it lessened to the semblance of a man, and I had John M'Iver of Barbreck, a heated and hurried gentleman of arms, in my presence.

He drew up with a shock, put his hand to his vest, and I could see him cross himself under the jacket.

"Not a bit of it," I cried; "no wraith nor warlock this time, friend, but flesh and blood. Yet I'm bound to say I have never been nearer ghostdom than now; a day of this moor would mean death to me."

He shook me hurrriedly and warmly by the hand, and stared in my face, and stammered, and put an arm about my waist as if I were a girl, and turned me about and led me to a little tree that lifted its barren branches above the moor. He was in such a confusion and hurry that I knew something troubled him, so I left him to choose his own time for explanation. When we got to the tree, he showed me his black knife—an extra long and deadly weapon—laid along his waist, and "Out dirk," said he, "there's a dog or two of Italy on my track here." His mind, by the stress of his words, was like a hurricane.

Now, I knew something of the Black Dogs of Italy, as they were called, the abominable hounds that were kept by the Camerons and others mainly for the hunting down of the Gregarich.

"Were they close on you?" I asked, as we prepared to meet them.

"Don't you hear them bay?" said he. "There were three on my track; I struck one through the throat with my knife and ran, for two Italian hounds to one knife is a poor bargain. Between us we should get rid of them before the owners they leg for come up on their tails."

"You should thank God who got you out of a trouble so deep," I said, astounded at the miracle of his escape so far.

"Oh, ay!" said he; "and indeed I was pretty clever myself, or it was all by with me when one of the black fellows set his fangs in my hose. Here are his partners; short work with it, on the neck or low at the belly with an up-cut, and ward your throat."

The two dogs ran with ferocious growls at us as we stood by the little tree, their faces gaping and their quarters streaked with foam. Strong cruel brutes, they did not

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swither a moment, but leaped at M'Iver's throat. With one swift slash of the knife, my companion almost cut the head off the body of the first, and I reckoned with the second. They rolled at our feet, and a silence fell on the country. Up M'Iver put his shoulders, dighted his blade on a tuft of bog-grass, and whistled a stave of the tune they call "The Desperate Battle."

"If I had not my lucky penny with me I would wonder at this meeting," said he at last, eyeing me with a look of real content that he should so soon have fallen into my company at a time when a meeting was so unlikely. "It has failed me once or twice on occasions far less important; but that was perhaps because of my own fumbling, and I forgive it all because it brought two brave lads together like barks of one port on the ocean. 'Up or down?' I tossed when it came to putting fast heels below me, and 'up' won it, and here's the one man in all broad Albainn I would be seeking for, drops out of the mist at the very feet of me. Oh, I'm the most wonderful fellow ever stepped heather, and I could be making a song on myself there and then if occasion allowed. Some people have genius, and that, I'm telling you, is well enough so far as it goes; but I have luck too, and I'm not so sure but luck is a hantle sight better than genius. I'm guessing you have lost your way in the mist now?"

He looked quizzingly at me, and I was almost ashamed to admit that I had been in a maze for the greater part of the morning.

"And no skill for getting out of it?" he asked.

"No more than you had in getting into it," I confessed.

"My good scholar," said he, "I could walk you out into a drove-road in the time you would be picking the bog from your feet. I'm not making any brag of an art that's so common among old hunters as the snaring of conies; but give me a bush or a tree here and there in a flat land like this, and an herb here and there at my feet, and while winds from the north blow snell, I'll pick my way by them. It's my notion that they learn one many things at colleges that are no great value in the real trials of life. You, I make no doubt, would be kenning the name of an herb in the Latin, and I have but the Gaelic for it, and that's good enough for me; but I ken the use of it as a traveler's friend whenever rains are smirring and mists are blowing."

"I daresay there's much in what you state," I confessed, honestly enough; "I wish I could change some of my schooling for the art of winning off Moor Rannoch."

He changed his humor in a flash. "Man," said he, "I'm maybe giving myself over-much credit at woodcraft; it's so seldom I put it to the trial that if we get clear of the Moor before night it'll be as much to your credit as to mine."

As it happened his vanity about his gift got but a brief gratification, for he had not led me by his signs more than a mile on the way to the south than we came again to a cluster of lochans, and among them a large fellow called Loch Ba, where the wist was lifting rapidly. Through the cleared air we traveled at a good speed, off the Moor, among Breadalbane braes, and fast though we went it was a weary march, but at last we reached Loch Tulla, and from there to the Bridge of Urchy was no more than a meridian daunder.

The very air seemed to change to a kinder feeling in this, the frontier of the home-land. A scent of wet birk was in the wind. The river, hurrying through grassy levels, glucked and clattered and plopped most gayly, and bubble chased bubble as if all were in a haste to reach Lochow of the bosky isles and holy. Oh! but it was heartsome, and as we rested ourselves a little on the banks we were full of content to think we were now in a friendly country, and it was a fair pleasure to think that the dead leaves and broken branches we threw in the stream would be dancing in all likelihood round the isle of Innishael by nightfall.

We ate our chack with exceeding content and waited for a time on the chance that some of our severed company from Dalness would appear, though M'Iver's instruction as to the rendezvous had been given on the prospect that they would reach the Brig earlier in the day. But after an hour or two of waiting there was no sign of them, and there was nothing for us but to assume that they had reached the Brig by noon as agreed on and passed on their way down the glen. A signal held together by two stones on the glen-side of the Brig indeed confirmed this notion almost as soon as we formed it, and we were annoyed that we had not observed it sooner. Three springs of gall, a leaf of ivy from the bridge arch where it grew in dark green sprays of glossy sheen, and a bare twig of oak standing up at a slant were held down on the parapet by a peeled willow withy, one end of which pointed in the direction of the glen.

It was M'Iver who came on the symbols first, and "We're a day behind the fair," said he. "Our friends are all safe and on their way before us; look at that."

I confessed I was no hand at puzzles.

"Man," he said, "there's a whole history in it! Three sprigs of gall mean three Campbells, do they not? and that's the baron-bailie and Sonachan, and this one with the leaves off the half side is the fellow with the want. And oak is Stewart—a very cunning clan to be fighting or fraying or traveling with,. for this signal is Stewart's work, or I'm a fool; the others had not the gumption for it. And what's the ivy but Clan Gordon, and the peeled withy but hurry, and—surely that will be doing for the reading of a very simple tale. Let us be taking our ways. I have a great admiration for Stewart that he managed to do so well with this thing, but I could have bettered that sign if it were mine by a chapter or two more."

"It contains a wonderful deal of matter for the look of it," I confessed.

"And yet," said he, "it leaves out two

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points I consider of the greatest importance. Where's the Dark Dame, and when did our friends pass this way? A few chucky-stones would have left the hour plain to our view, and there's no word of the old lady."

I thought for a second, then, "I can read a bit further myself," said I; "for there's no hint here of the Dark Dame because she was not here. They left the *suaicheantas* just of as many as escaped from——"

"And so they did! Where are my wits to miss a tale so plain?" said he. "She'll be in Dalness yet, perhaps better off than scouring the wilds, for after all even the MacDonalds are human, and a half-wit widow woman would be sure of their clemency. It was very clever of you to think of that now."

I looked again at the oak-stem, still sticking up at the slant. "It might as well have lain flat under the peeled wand like the others," I thought, and then the reason for its position flashed on me. It was with just a touch of vanity I said my friend, "A little colleging may be of some use at woodcraft, too, if it sharpens Elrigmore's wits enough to read the signs that Barbreck's eagle eye can find nothing in. I could tell the very hour our friends left here."

"Not on their own marks," he replied sharply, casting his eyes very quickly again on twig and leaf.

"On nothing else," said I.

He looked again, flushed with vexation, and cried himself beat to make more of it than he had done.

"What's the oak branch put so for, with its point to the sky, if——?"

"I have you now!" he cried; "it's to show the situation of the sun when they left the rendezvous. Three o'clock, and no mist with them; good lad, good lad! Well, we must be going. And now that we're on the safe side of Argile there's only one thing vexing me, that we might have been here and all together half a day ago if yon whelp of a whey-faced MacDonald in the bed had been less of the fox."

"Indeed and he might have been," said I, as we pursued our way. "A common feeling of gratitude for the silver——"

"Gratitude!" cried John, "say no more; you have fathomed the cause of his bitterness at the first trial. If I had been a boy in a bed myself, and some reckless soldiery of a foreign clan, out of a Sassenach notion of decency, insulted my mother and my home with a covert gift of coin to pay for a night's lodging, I would throw it in their faces and follow it up with stones."

Refreshed by our rest and heartened by our meal, we took to the drove-road almost with lightness, and walked through the evening till the moon, the same that gleamed on Loch Lhinne and Lochiel, and lighted Argile to the doom of his reputation for the time being, swept a path of gold upon Lochow, still hampered with broken ice. The air was still, there was no snow, and at Corryghoil, the first house of any dignity we came to, we went up and stayed with the tenant till the morning. And there we learned that the minister and the three Campbells and Stewart, the last with a bullet in his shoulder, had passed through early in the afternoon on their way to Cladich.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was not, however, till he had got down Glenaora as far as Carnus that we found either kindness or conversation. In that pleasant huddle of small cothouses, the Macarthurs, aye a dour and buoyant race, were making up their homes again as fast as they could, inspired by the old philosophy that if an inscrutable God should level a poor man's dwelling with the dust of the valley, he should even take the stroke with calmness and start to the building again. So the Macarthurs, some of them back from their flight before Antrim and Athole, were throng bearing stone from the river and turf from the brae, and setting up those homes of the poor, that have this advantage over the homes of the wealthy, that they are so easily replaced. In this same Carnus, in later years, I have made a meal that showed curiously the resources of its people. Hunting one day, I went to a little cothouse there and asked for something to eat. A field of unreaped barley stood ripe and dry before the door. Out the housewife went and cut some straws of it, while her daughter shook cream in a bottle, chanting a churn-charm the while. The straw was burned to dry the grain, the breeze win'd it, the quern ground it, the fire cooked the bannocks of it. Then a cow was milked, a couple of eggs were found in the loft, and I sat down in a marvellously short space of time to bread and butter, milk, eggs and a little drop of spirits that was the only ready-made provand in the house. And though now they were divided between the making of coronachs and the building of their homes, they had still the art to pick a dinner, as it were, off the lichened stone.

Coming this way from Lochnow, the traveller will get his first sight of the waters of Loch Finne by standing on a stone that lies upon a little knowe above his lordship's stables. It is a spot, they say, Argile himself had a keen relish for, and after a day of chasing the deer among the hills and woods, sometimes would he come and stand there and look with satisfaction on his country. For he could see the fat, rich fields of his policies there, and the tumultuous sea that swarms with fish, and to his left he could witness Glenaora and all the piled-up numerous mountains that are full of story if not of crop. To this little knowe M'Iver and I made our way. I would have rushed on it with a boy's impetuousness, but he stopped me with a hand on the sleeve.

"Canny, canny," said he, "let us get the very best of it. There's a cloud on the sun that'll make Finne as cold, flat and dead as lead; wait till it passes."

We waited but a second or two, and then the sun shot out above us, and we stepped on the hillock and we looked, with our bonnets in our hands.

Loch Finne stretched out before us, a

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spread of twinkling silver waves that searched into the curves of a myriad bays; it was dotted with skiffs. And the yellow light of the early year gilded the remotest hills of Ardno and Ben Ime, and the Old Man Mountain lifted his anciently rimy chin, still merrily defiant, to the sky. The parks had a greener hue than any we had seen to the north; the town revealed but its higher chimneys and the gable of the kirk, still its smoke told of occupation; the castle frowned as of old, and over all rose Dunchuach.

"O Dunchuach! Dunchuach!" cried M'Iver, in an ecstasy, spreading out his arms, and I thought of the old war worn Greeks who came with weary marches to their native seas.

"Dunchuach! Dunchuach!" he said, "far have I wandered, and many a town I've seen, and many a prospect that was fine, and I have made songs to maids and mountains, and foreign castles too, but never a verse to Dunchuach. I do not know the words, but at my heart is lilting the very tune, and the spirit of it is here at my breast."

Then the apple rose in his throat, and he turned him round about that I might not guess the tear was at his eye.

"Tuts," said I, broken, "'tis at my own; I feel like a girl."

"Just a tickling at the pap o' the hass," he said in English; and then we both laughed.

It was the afternoon when we got into the town. The streets was in the great confusion of a fair-day, crowded with burgesses and landward tenants, men and women from all parts of the countryside still on their way back from flight, or gathered for news of Inverlochy from the survivors, of whom we were the last to arrive. Tradesmen from the Lowlands were busy fitting shops and houses with doors and windows, or filling up the gaps made by fire in the long lands, for MacCailein's first thought on his return from Edinburgh had been the comfort of the common people. Seamen clamoured at the quay, loud-spoken mariners from the ports of Greenock and Dunbarton, and their busses tugged at anchor in the upper bay or sat shoulder to shoulder in a friendly congregation under the breast-wall, laden to the beams with merchandise and provender for this hungry country. If Inneraora had been keening for the lost of Inverlochy, it had got over it; at least we found no public lamentation such as made our traverse on Lochow-side so dreary. Rather was there something eager and rapt about the comportment of the people. They talked little of what was over and bye with, except to curse our Lowland troops, whose unacquaintance with native war had lost us Inverlochy. The women went about their business, red-eyed, wan, silent, for the most part; the men mortgaged the future, and drowned care in debauchery in the alehouses. A town all out of its ordinary, tapsilteerie. Walking in it, I was beat to imagine clearly what it had been like in its placid day of peace. I could never think of it as ever again to be free from this most tawdry aspect of war, a community in good order, with the day moving from dawn to dusk with douce steps, and no sharp agony at the public breast.

But we had no excuse for lingering long over our first entrance upon its blue flagstone pavements; our first duty was to report ourselves in person to our commander, whose return to Inneraora Castle we had been apprised of at Cladich.

CHAPTER XXX.

This need for waiting upon his lordship so soon after the great reverse was a sour bite to swallow, for M'Iver as well as myself. M'Iver, had he his own way of it, would have met his chief and cousin alone; and he gave a hint delicately of that kind, affecting to be interested only in sparing me the trouble and helping me home to Elrigmore, where my father and his men had returned three days before. But I knew an officer's duty too well for that, and insisted on accompanying him, certain (with some mischievous humour in spoiling his fair speeches) that he dared scarcely be so fair-faced and flattering to MacCailein before me as he would be alone with him.

The castle had the stillness of the grave. Every guest had fled as quickly as he could from this retreat of a naked and ashamed soul. Where pipers played as a custom, and laughter rang, there was the melancholy hush of a monastery. The servants went about a-tiptoe, speaking in whispers lest their master should be irritated in his fever, the very banner on the tower hung limp about its pole, hiding the black galley of its blazon, now a lymphad of disgrace. As we went over the bridge a little dog, his lordship's favourite, lying at the door, weary, no doubt, of sullen looks and silence, came leaping and barking about us at John's cheery invitation, in a joy, as it would appear, to meet any one with a spark of life and friendliness.

Argile was in his bedchamber and between blankets, in the hands of his physician, who had been bleeding him. He had a minister for mind and body, for Gordon was with him, too, and stayed with him during our visit, though the chirurgeon left the room with a word of caution to his patient not to excite hilmself.

"Wise advice, is it not, gentlemen?" said the marquis. "As if one stirred up his own passions like a dame waiting on a drunken husband. I am glad to see you back, more especially as Master Gordon was just telling me of the surprise at Dalness, and the chance that you had been cut down there by the MacDonalds, who, luckily for him and Sonachan and the others, all followed you in your flight and gave them a chance of an easy escape."

He shook hands with us warmly enough, with fingers moist and nervous. A raised look was in his visage, his hair hung upon a brow of exceeding pallor. I realised at a half-glance the commotion that was within.

"A drop of wine?"

"Thank you," said I, "but I'm after a glass in the town." I was yet to learn sorrow for

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this unhappy nobleman whose conduct had bittered me all the way from Lorn.

MacCailein scrutinised me sharply, and opened his lips as it were to say something, but changed his mind, and made a gesture towards the bottle, which John Splendid speedily availed himself of with a "Here's one who has no swither about it. Lord knows I've had few enough of life's comforts this past week!"

Gordon sat with a Bible in his hand, abstracted, his eyes staring on a window that looked on the branches of the highest tree about the castle. He had been reading or praying with his master before the physician had come in; he had been doing his duty (I could swear by his stern jaw), and making MacCailein Mor writhe to the flame of a conscience revived. There was a constraint on the company for some minutes, on no one more than Argile, who sat propped up on his bolsters, and, fiddling with long, thin fingers, with the fringes of his coverlet, looked every way but in the eyes of M'Iver or myself. I can swear John was glad enough to escape their glance. He was as little at ease as his master, made all the fuss he could with his bottle, and drank his wine with far too great a deliberation for a person generally pretty brisk with the breaker.

"It's a fine day," said he at last, breaking the silence. "The back of the winter's broken fairly." Then he started and looked at me, conscious that I might have some contempt for so frail an opening.

"Did you come here to speak about the weather?" asked MacCailein, with a sour wearied smile.

"No," said M'Iver, ruffling up at once, "I came to ask when you are going to take us back the road we came?'

"To—to—overbye?" asked MacCailein, baulking at the name.

"Just so; to Inverlochy," answered M'Iver. "I suppose we are to give them a call when we can muster enough men?"

"Hadn't we better consider where we are first?" said MacCailein. Then he put his fair hand through his ruddy locks and sighed. "Have you nothing to say (and be done with it) about my—my—my part in the affair? His reverence here has had his will of me on that score."

M'Iver darted a look of annoyance at the minister, who seemed to pay no heed, but still to have his thoughts far off.

"I have really nothing to say, your lordship, except that I am glad to see you spared to us here instead of being left a corpse with our honest old kinsman Auchinbreck (*beannachd leas!*) and more gentry of your clan and house than the Blue Quarry will make tombs for in Kilmalieu. If the minister has been preaching, it's his trade; it's what you pay him for. I'm no homilist, thank God, and no man's conscience."

"No, no; God knows you are not," said Argile, in a tone of pity and vexation. "I think I said before that you were the poorest of consciences to a man in a hesitancy between duty and inclination. . . . And all my guests have left me, John; I'm a lonely man in my castle of Inneraora this day, except for the prayers of a wife—God bless and keep her!—who knows and comprehends my spirit. And I have one more friend here in this room——"

"You count on John M'Iver to the yetts of hell," said my friend, "and I am the proud man that you should think of it."

"I am obliged to you for that, kinsman," said his lordship in Gaelic, with a by-your-leave to the cleric. "But do not give your witless vanity a foolish airing before my chaplain." Then he added in the English, "When the fairy was at my cradle side and gave my mother choice of my gifts, I wish she had chosen rowth of real friends. I could be doing with more about me of the quality I mention; better than horse and foot would they be, more trusty than the claymores of my clan. It might be the slogan 'Cruachan' whenever it wist, and Archibald of Argile would be more puissant than he of Homer's story. People have envied me when they have heard me called King of the Highlands—fools that did not know I was the poorest, weakest man of his time, surrounded by flatterers, instead of friends. Gordon, Gordon, I am the victim of the Highland liar, that smooth-tongued——"

"Call it the Campbell liar," I cried bitterly, thinking of my father. "Your clan has not the reputation of guile for nothing, and if you refused straightforward honest outside counsel sometimes, it was not for the want of its offering."

"I cry your pardon," said MacCailein, meekly, "I should have learned to discriminate by now. Blood's thicker than water they say, but it's not so pure and transparent; I have found my blood drumly enough."

"And ready enough to run freely for you," said M'Iver, but half comprehending his perplexed mind. "Your lordship should be the last to echo any sentiment directed against the name and fame of Clan Campbell."

"Indeed they gave me their blood freely enough—a thousand of them lying yonder in the north—I wish they had been so lavish, those closest about me, with truth and honour. For that I must depend on an honest servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one man in my pay with the courage to confront me with no cloaked speech, but his naked thought, though it should lash me like whips. Oh many a time my wife, who is none of our race, warned me against the softening influence, the blight and rot of this eternal air of flattery that's round about Castle Inneraora like a swamp vapour. She's in Stirling to-day—I ken it in my heart that to-night she'll weep upon her pillow because she'll know fate has found the weak link in her goodman's armour again."

John Splendid's brow came down upon a most perplexed face; this seemed all beyond him but he knew his master was somehow blaming the world at large for his own error.

"Come, now, John," said his lordship, turning and leaning on his arm and looking seriously at his kinsman. "Come now, what do you think of me here without a wound but

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at the heart, with Auchinbreck and all my gallant fellows yonder?"

"Auchinbreck was a soldier by trade and a good one too," answered M'Iver, at his usual trick of prevarication.

"And a flatterer like yourself, you mean," said his lordship. "He and you learned the lesson in the same school, I'm thinking. And as ill luck had it, his ill council found me on the swither, as yours did when Colkitto came down the glens there to rape and burn. That's the Devil for you; he's aye planning to have the minute and the man together. Come, sir, come, sir, what do you think, what do you think?"

He rose as he spoke and put his knees below him, and leaned across the bed with hands upon the blankets, staring his kinsman in the face as if he would pluck the truth from him out at the very eyes. His voice rose to an animal cry with an agony in it; the sinister look that did him such injustice breathed across his visage. His knuckle and collar-bones shone blae through the tight skin.

"What do I think?" echoed M'Iver. "Well, now——"

"On your honour now," cried Argile, clawing him by the shoulder.

At that M'Iver's countenance changed; he threw off his soft complaisance, and cruelty and temper stiffened his jaw.

"I'll soon give you that, my Lord of Argile," said he. "I can lie like a Dutch major for convenience sake, but put me on honour and you'll get the truth if it cost me my life. Purgatory's your portion, Argile, for a Sunday's work that makes our name a mock to-day across the envious world. Take to your books and your preachers, sir, you're for the cloister and not for the field; and if I live a hundred years, I'll deny I went with you to Inverlochy. I left my sword in Badenoch, but here's my dagger" (and he threw it with a clatter on the floor) "it's the last tool I'll handle in the service of a scholar. To-morrow the old big wars for me; Hebron's troopers will welcome an umquhil comrade, and I'll find no swithering captains among the cavaliers in France."

Back sat my lord in bed, and laughed with a surrender shrill and distraught, until Master Gordon and I calmed him, and there was his cousin still before him in a passion, standing in the middle of the floor.

"Stop, stop, John," he cried; "now that for once I've got the truth from you let us be better friends than ever before."

"Never the same again," said M'Iver firmly, "never the same again, for you ken my estimate of you now; and what avails my courtesy?"

"Your flatteries, you mean," said Argile, good-natured. "And, besides, you speak only of my two blunders: you know my other parts, you know that by nature I am no paltroon."

"That's no credit to you, sir; it's the strong blood of Diarmaid; there was no paltroon in the race but what came in on the wrong side of the blanket. I've said it first, and I'll say it to the last, your spirit is smoored among the books. Paper and ink will be the Gael's undoing; my mother taught me, and my mother knew; so long as we lived by our hands we were the world's invincibles. Rome met us and Rome tried us, and her corps might come in winter torrents, but they never tore us from our hills and keeps. What Rome may never do, that may paper and sheepskin; you, yourself, MacCailein, have the name of plying pen and ink very well to your own purpose in the fingers of old lairds who have small skill of that contrivance."

He would have passed on in this outrageous strain without remission, had not Gordon checked him with a determined and unabashed voice. He told him to sit down in silence or leave the room, and asked him to look upon his master and see if that high fever was a condition to inflame in a fit of temper. John Splendid cooled a little, and went to the window, looking down with eyes of far surmise upon the pleasance and the town below, chewing his temper between his teeth.

"You see, Elrigmore, what a happy King of the Highlands I am," said the marquis despondently. "Fortunate Auchinbreck to be all by with it after a moment's agony!"

"He died like a good soldier, sir," I said; "he was by all accounts a man of some vices; but he wiped them out in his own blood."

"Are you sure of that? Is it not the old folly of the code of honour, the mad exaltation of mere valour in arms that makes you think so? What if he was spilling his drops in the wrong side? He was against his king at least, and—O my wits, my wits, what am I saying? . . . I saw you did not drink my wine, Elrigmore; am I so low as that?"

"There is no man so low, my lord," said I, "but he may be yet exalted. We are, the best of us, the instruments of a whimsical providence" ("What a rank doctrine," muttered the minister), "and Cæsar himself was sometimes craven before his portents. You, my lord, have the one consolation left, that all's not bye yet with the cause you champion, and you may lead it to the highest victory."

Argile took a grateful glance at me. "You know what I am," he said, "not a man of the happy, single mood like our friend Barbreck here, but tossed between philosophies. I am paying bitterly for my pliability, for who so much the sport of life as the man who knows right well the gait he should gang, and prays fervently to be permitted to follow it, but sometimes stumble in the ditch? Monday, oh Monday; I must be at Edinburgh and face them all! 'Tis that dauntens me." His eyes seemed to swim in blood, as he looked at me, or through me, aghast at the horror of his situation, and sweat stood in blobs upon his brow. "That," he went on, "weighs me down like lead. Here about me my people know me, and many palliate the mistake of a day by the recollection of a lifetime's honour. I blame Auchinbreck; I blame the chieftains; they said I must take to the galley; I blame——"

"Blame no one, Argile," said Master Gordon, standing up before him, not a second

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too soon, for he had his hand on the dirk M'Iver had thrown down. Then he turned to us with ejecting arms, "Out you go," he cried sternly, "out you go; what delight have you in seeing a nobleman on the rack?"

As the door closed behind us we could hear Argile sob.

Seventeen years later, if I may quit the thread of my history and take in a piece that more properly belongs to the later adventures of John Splendid, I saw my lord die by the maiden. Being then in his tail, I dined with him and his friends the day before he died, and he spoke with exceeding cheerfulness of that hour M'Iver and I found him in bed in Inneraora. "You saw me at my worst," said he, "on two occasions; bide till to-morrow and you'll see me at my best. I never unmasked to mortal man till that day Gordon put you out of my room." I stayed and saw him die; I saw his head up and his chin in the air as behooved his quality, that day he went through that noisy, crowded, caused Edinburgh—Edinburgh of the doleful memories, Edinburgh whose ports I never enter till this day but I feel a tickling at the nape of my neck, as where a wooden collar should lie before the shear fall.

"A cool enough reception this," said M'Iver, as we left the gate. "It was different last year, when we went up together on your return from Low Germanie. Then MacCailein was in the need of soldiers, now he's in the need of priests, who gloze over his weakness with their prayers."

"You are hardly fair either to the one or the other," I said. "Argile, whom I went in to meet to-day with a poor regard for him, turns out a better man than I gave him credit for being; he has at least the grace to grieve about a great error of judgment, or weakness of the spirit, whichever it may be. And as for Master Gordon, I'll take off my hat to him. Yon's no type of the sour, dour, antiprelatics; he comes closer on the perfect man and soldier than any man I ever met."

M'Iver looked at me with a sigh of injured vanity.

"You're not very fastidious in your choice of comparisons," said he. "As for myself, I cannot see much more in Gordon than what he is paid for—a habit of even temper, more truthfulness than I have myself, and that's a dubious virtue, for see the impoliteness that's always in its train! Add to that a lack of any clannish regard for MacCailein Mor, whom he treats just like a common merchant, and that's all. Just a plain, stout, fozy, sappy borrowman, keeping a gospel shop, with scarcely so much of a man's parts as will let him fend a blow in the face. I could march four miles for his one, and learn him the A B *ab* of every manly art."

"I like you fine, man," I cried, "I would sooner go tramping the glens with you any day than Master Gordon; but that's a weakness of the imperfect and carnal man, that cares not to have a conscience at his coat-tail every hour of the day: you have your own parts and he his, and his parts are those that are not very common on our side of the country—more's the pity."

He went down the way from the castle brig to the arches cursing with great eloquence. A soldier picks up many tricks of blasphemy in a career about the world with foreign legions, and John had the reddings of three or four languages at his command, so that he had no need to repeat himself much in his choice of terms about his chief. To do him justice, he had plenty of condemnation for himself too.

"Well," I said, "you were inclined to be calm enough with MacCailein when first we entered his room. I suppose all this uproar is over his charge of flattery, not against yourself alone but against all the people about."

"That's just the thing," he cried, turning round and throwing his arms furiously about. "Could he not have charged the clan generally, and let who would put the cap on? If yon's the policy of courts, heaven help princes!"

"And yet you were very smug when you entered," I protested.

"Was I that?" he retorted. "That's easy to account for. Did you ever feel like arguing with a gentleman when you have on your second-best clothes and no ruffle? The man was in his bed, and his position as he cocked up there on his knees was not the most dignified I have seen; but even then he had the best of it, for I felt like a beggar before him in my shabby duds. Oh, he had the best of us all there. You saw Gordon had the sense to put on a new surtout and clean linen and a freshly dressed peruke before he saw him; I think he would scarcely have been so bold before Argile if he had his breech-bands a finger-length below his belt, and his wig on the nape of his neck, as we saw him in Glencoe."

"Anyhow," said I, "you have cut the connection; are you really going abroad?"

He paused a second in thought, smiled a little, and then laughed as if he had seen something humorous.

"Man," said he, "didn't I do the dirk trick with a fine touch of nobility? Maybe you thought it was done on the impulse and without any calculation. The truth was, I played the whole thing over in my mind while he was in the preliminaries of his discourse. I saw he was working up to an attack, and I knew I could surprise him. But I must confess I said more than I intended. When I spoke of the big wars and Hebron's troopers—well, Argile's a very nice shire to be living in."

"What, was it all play-acting, then?"

He looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"You must be a singularly simple man, Elrigmore," he said, "to ask that of any one. Are we not play-acting half our lives once we get a little beyond the stage of the ploughman and the herd? Half our tears and half our laughter and the great bulk of our virtues are like your way of cocking your bonnet over your right ear; it does not come by nature, and it is done to pleasure the world in general. Play-acting! I'll tell you this, Colin, I could scarcely say myself when a passion of mine is real or fancied now. But

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I can tell you this too; if I began in play to revile the marquis, I ended in earnest. I'm afraid it's all bye with me yonder. No more mine-managing for me; I struck too close on the marrow for him to forget it."

"He has forgotten and forgiven it already," I cried. "At least let us hope he has not forgotten it (for you said no more than was perhaps deserved), but at least it's forgiven. If you said to-morrow that you were sorry for your temper——"

"Said ten thousand fiends in hell!" cried M'Iver. "I may be vexed I angered the man; but I'll never let him know it by my words, if he cannot fake it out from my acts."

CHAPTER XXXI.

I dressed myself up in the morning with scrupulous care, put my hair in a queue, shaved cheeks and chin, and put at my shoulder the old heirloom brooch of the house, which, with some other property, the invaders had not found below the *bruach* where we had hid it on the day we had left Elrigmore to their mercy. I was all in a tremor of expectation, hot and cold by turns in hope and apprehension, but always with a singular uplifting at the heart, because for good or ill I was sure to meet in the next hour or two the one person whose presence in Inneraora made it the finest town in the world. Some men tell me they have felt the experience more than once; light o' loves they, errant gallants, I'll swear (my dear) the tingle of it came to me but once at the thought of meeting one woman. Had she been absent from Inneraora that morning I would have avoided it like a leper-house because of its gloomy memorials; but the very reek of its repairing tenements as I saw them from the upper windows of my home floating in a haze against the blue over the shoulder of Dun Torvil seemed to call me on. I went about the empty chambers carolling like the bird. Aumrie and clothes-press were burst and vacant, the roms in all details were bereft and cheerless because of the plenishing stolen and my father sat among his losses and mourned, but I made light of our spoiling.

Down I went, stepping to a merry lilt, banishing every fear from my thoughts, and the first call I made was on the provost. He was over in Askaig's with his wife and family pending the repair of his own house, and Askaig was off to his estate. Master Brown sat on the balusters of the outer stair, dangling his squat legs and studying through horn specs the tale of thig and theft which the town officer had made up a report on. As I put my foot on the bottom step he looked up, and his welcome was most friendly.

"Colin! Colin!" he cried, hastening down to shake me by the hand, "come your ways in. I heard you got home yesterday, and I was sure you would give us a call in the by-going to-day. And you're little the waur of your jaunt—hale and hearty. We ken all about your prisoning; M'Iver was in last night and kept the crack going till morning—a most humorous devil."

They plied me with a hundred questions, of my adventures, and of my father, and of affairs up in Shira Glen. I sat answering very often at hazard, with my mind fixed on the one question I had to ask, which was a simple one, as to the whereabouts and condition of their daughter. But I leave to any lad of a shirking and sensitive nature if this was not a task of exceeding difficulty. For you must remember that here were two very sharp-eyed parents, one of them with a gift of irony discomposing to a lover, and the other or both perhaps, with no reason, so far as I knew, to think I had any special feeling for the girl. But I knew as well as if I had gone over the thing a score of times before, how my manner of putting that simple question would reveal me at a flash to the irony of the father and the wonder of the mother. And in any case they gave me not the smallest chance of putting it. As they plied me with affairs a thousand miles beyond the limits of my immediate interest, and I answered them with a brevity almost discourteous, I was practicing two or three phrases in my mind.

"And how is she—how is Betty?" I asked, lamely.

He laughed with a pleasing slyness, and gave me a dunt with his elbow on the side, a bit of the faun, a bit of the father, a bit of my father's friend.

"You're too blate, Colin," he said, and then he put his arm through his wife's and gave her a squeeze to take her into his joke. I would have laughed at the humour of it but for the surprise in the good woman's face. It fair startled me, and yet it was no more than a look of a woman who learns that her man and she have been close company with a secret for months, and she had never made its acquaintance. There was perhaps a little more, a hesitancy in the utterance, a flush, a tone that seemed to show the subject was one to be passed by as fast as possible.

She smiled feebly a little, picked up a row of dropped stitches, and "Oh, Betty," said she, "Betty—is—is—she'll be back in a little. Will you not wait?"

"No, I must be going," I said; "I may have the happiness of meeting her before I go up the glen in the afternoon."

I had a different decision at every step, now to seek the girl, now to go home, now finding the most hardening hints in the agitation of the parents, anon troubled exceedingly with the reflection that there was something of an unfavourable nature in the demeanour of her mother, however much the father's badinage might soothe my vanity.

I had made up my mind for the twentieth time to go the length of Curlunnan and face her plump and plain, when behold she came suddenly round the corner at the Maltland where the surviving Lowland troops were gathered. M'Iver was with her, and my resolution shrivelled and shook within me like an old nut kernel. I would have turned but for the stupidity and ill-breeding such a movement would evidence, yet as I held on my way at a slower pace and the pair approached, I felt every limb an encumbrance, I felt the country lout throbbing in every vein.

Betty almost ran to meet me as we came

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closer together, with an agreeableness that might have pleased me more had I not the certainty that she would have been as warm to either of the two men who had rescued her from her hiding in the wood of Strongara, and had just come back from her country's battles with however small credit to themselves in the result. She was in a very happy mood, for, like all women, she could readily forget the large and general vexation of a reverse to her people in war if the immediate prospect was not unpleasant and things around were showing improvement. Her eyes shone and sparkled, the ordinary sedate flow of her words were varied by little outbursts of gaiety. She had been visiting the child at Carlunnan, where it had been adopted by her kinsman, who made a better guardian than its grandmother, who died on her way to Dunbarton.

"What sets you on this road?' she asked blandly.

"Oh, you have often seen me on this road before," I said, boldly, and with meaning. Ere I went wandering we had heard the rivers sing many a time, and sat upon its banks and little thought life and time were passing as quickly as the leaf or bubble on the surface. She flushed ever so little at the remembrance, and threw a stray curl back from her temples with an impatient toss of her fingers.

"And so much of the dandy, too!" put in M'Iver, himself perjink enough about his apparel. "I'll wager there's a girl in the business." He laughed low, looked from one to the other of us, yet his meaning escaped, or seemed to escape, the lady.

"Elrigmore is none of the kind," she said, as if to protect a child. "He has too many serious affairs of life in hand to be in the humour for gallivanting."

M'Iver was just, perhaps, carrying his humour at my cost a little too far for my temper, which was never readily stirred, but flamed fast enough when set properly alowe, and Betty—here too your true woman wit—saw it sooner than he did himself, quick enough in the uptake though he was. He had returned again to his banter about the supposititious girl I was trysting with up the glen, and my face showed my annoyance.

"You think all men like yourself," said the girl to him, "and all women the same—like the common soldier you are."

"I think them all darlings," he confessed, laughing; "God bless them, kind and foolish——"

"As you've known them oftenest," she supplied coldly.

"Or sedate and sensible," he went on. "None of them but found John M'Iver of Barbeck their very true cavalier."

"Indeed," said Mistress Betty, colder than ever, some new thought working within her, judging from the tone. "And yet you leave to-morrow, and have never been to Carlunnan." She said the last words with a hesitancy, blushing most warmly. To me they were a dark mystery, unless I was to assume, what I did wildly for a moment, only to relinquish the notion immediately, that she had been in the humour go to visiting her friends with him. M'Iver's face showed some curious emotion that it baffled me to read, and all that was plain to me was that here were two people with very strong thought of a distressing kind between them.

"It would be idle for me," he said in a little, "to deny that I know what you mean. But do you not believe you might be doing me poor justice in your suspicions?"

"It is a topic I cannot come closer upon," she answered; "I am a woman. That forbids me and that same compels me. If nature does not demand your attendance up there, then you are a man wronged by rumour or a man dead to every sense of the human spirit. I have listened to your humour and laughed at your banter, for you have an art to make people forget; but all the way I have been finding my lightness broken in on by the feeble cry of a child without a mother—it seems, too, without a father."

"If that is the trouble," he said, turning away with a smile he did not succeed in concealing either from the lady or me; "you may set your mind at rest. The child you mention has, from this day, what we may be calling a god-father."

"Then the tale's true," she said, stopping on road, turning and gazing with neither mirth nor warmth in her countenance.

M'Iver hesitated, and looked from the woman to me as if I could help him in the difficulty; but I must have seemed a clown in the very abjection of my ignorance of what all this mystery was about. He searched my face and I searched my memory, and then I recollected that he had told me before of Mistress Brown's suspicions of the paternity of the child.

"I could well wish your answer came more readily," said she again, somewhat bitterly, "for then I know it would be denial."

"And perhaps untrue, too," said John, oddly. "This time it's a question of honour, a far more complicated turn of circumstances than you can fancy, and my answer takes time."

"Guilty!" she cried, "and you go like this. You know what the story is, and your whole conduct in front of my charges shows you take the very lightest view of the whole horrible crime."

"Say away, madame," said M'Iver, assuming an indifference his very feature gave the lie to. "I'm no better nor no worse than the rest of the world. That's all I'll say."

"You have said enough for me, then," said the girl. "I think, Elrigmore, if you please, I'll not trouble you and your friend to come further with me now. I am obliged for your society so far."

She had gone before either of us could answer, leaving us like a pair of culprits standing in the middle of the road. A little breeze fanned her clothing, and they shook behind her as to be free from some contamination. She had overtaken and joined a woman in front of her before I had recovered from my astonishment. M'Iver turned from surveying her departure with lowered eyebrows, and gave me a look with half a dozen contending thoughts in it.

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"That's the end of it," said he, as much to himself as for my ear, "and the odd thing of it again is that she never seemed so precious fine a woman as when it was 'a' bye wi' auld days and you,' as the Scots song says."

"It beats me to fathom," I confessed. "Do I understand that you admitted to the lady that you were the father of the child?"

"I admitted nothing," he said cunningly, "if you'll take the trouble to think again. I but let the lady have her own way, which most of her sex generally manage from me in the long run."

"But, man! you could leave her but one impression, that you are as black as she thinks you, and am I not sure you fall far short of that?"

"Thank you," he said; "it is good of you to say it. I am for off whenever my affairs here are settled, and when I'm the breadth of seas afar from Inneraora, you'll think as well as you can of John M'Iver, who'll maybe not grudge having lost the lady's affections if he kept his friend's and comrade's heart."

He was vastly moved as he spoke. He took my hand and wrung it fiercely; he turned without another word, good or ill, and strode back on his way to the camp, leaving me to seek my way to the town alone.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

BOOKS AT AUCTION IN AMERICA.

SEASON OF 1897-1898.

The season during which books are sold at auction in America usually begins about the last week in September and ends the last week in the following June. There are three houses, one in New York, one in Boston and one in Philadelphia, that do the bulk of the business, though occasional sales take place in Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington and other cities, and sometimes books are offered by auctioneers who ordinarily deal in furniture, pictures or other goods. But the three houses mentioned are the only ones that have experienced cataloguers in their employ, and that make a regular business of selling books and autographs at auction.

The market—or current—prices of in-print books are set by the publishers, subject to certain regular discounts and slight variations brought about by competition among booksellers. But the market prices of out-of-print and rare books are fixed by supply and demand. Some old books are, comparatively, quite common, and yet high in price. That is, several copies might be found at one time in the stocks of the various dealers in old books in New York City, and copies might turn up several times during a season in the various auction sales, but still the buyer would always have to pay a good round price to secure a copy; for example, certain first editions, and some "best" editions of works which are considered necessary in every great library. The demand keeps up the price. On the other hand, there are many books printed three or four hundred years ago which are in the nature of the case rare, but which are kicked about the auction rooms, figuratively speaking, and which booksellers dislike to give even storage room. In this class are thousands of old theological books and old editions of the classics. They are rare, but not in demand, and so prices are low.

The best guide, generally speaking, to the value of out-of-print books is the prices they bring at public auction. Dealers fix their prices according to what the books have brought in various "sales."

A systematic record of books sold at auction in England was begun in London in 1887, and has been published annually ever since, under the title of *Book-Prices Current*. In 1895 another similar publication, with the title *Book Sales*, was begun, and is also published annually. In both of these works the sales are arranged chronologically, and to find any book it is necessary to consult the alphabetical index at the end and to refer to the various sales. They do not, with an occasional exception, record any lots selling for less than £1. 1895 saw also issued the first volume of a similar compilation treating of American sales, with the title of *American Book-Prices Current*. The first volume was arranged exactly like the English work of the same name, but in the volumes of 1896 and succeeding years the books have been arranged alphabetically according to authors, and the various copies of the same book have been placed together, thus greatly facilitating reference. Three dollars has been taken as the limit of price, and almost all lots selling above this price are recorded.

The period covered by the American work is not the twelve months of the calendar year, but of the auction "season," that is, from September 1 to September 1. During the three months, July, August and September, when no sales take place, the book is printed and the record of the preceding season is in the bookbuyers' hands almost as soon as the sales begin in the autumn. The volume covering the last four months of 1897 and the first eight months of 1898 will be delivered to subscribers by the time they receive this number of The Bookman.

The season, in some respects, has not been as important as the previous one, but in one great class of rare books, Americana, it is much more important. The volume records 7,547 lots of books and autographs, selected from catalogues of 114 sales. These 114 cata-

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logues represent 219 days' sales and aggregate more than 85,000 lots. From the advance sheets we have drawn off descriptions of some of the most important single volumes which have sold for $75.00 or over. We have not included extra illustrated books, nor those which are valuable on account of their binding alone, nor have we included works in more than one volume. We have added some notes about the books, and, in some cases, have pointed out why these books are esteemed by collectors and, consequently, in demand and high in price. We have added, also, records of prices at which other copies have sold at auction in England and America. We have not included the set of the works of John Smith, sold in the Deane sale (in some respects the most remarkable series of books sold during the year), but refer the reader to an article published in THE BOOKMAN for May of the present year.

CALEF (ROBERT.) More Wonders of the Invisible World. London, 1700. Small 4to, old morocco. 80.00.

Written in reply to Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World: Being an Account of the Tryals of Several Witches; Lately Executed in New England." Calef was a merchant in Salem and opposed Mather's views in regard to witches. His book was burned at Harvard College by order of its President, Increase Mather. This copy had the slip of "errata," which is very rare. An uncut copy sold in the Streatfield sale, in 1889, for £53. Good cut copies have sold: Woodward sale, 1869, $130.00; Menzies sale, 1875, $145.00; Brinley sale, 1879, $190.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $105.00; Ives sale, 1891, $145.00; Ashburnham sale, 1897, £22.

A BRIEF RELATION OF THE DISCOVERY AND PLANTATION OF NEW ENGLAND. London, 1622. Small 4to, two leaves mended in the upper margin, some letters partly restored in facsimile, $450.00. Another copy, seven leaves in facsimile and title remargined. $80.00.

The author of this "Brief Relation" is not known. It was an official report by the Council for New England, and is rarer even than Mourt's "Relation," published the same year. The perfect copy described above was bought by Mr. Deane at the Terry sale, in 1889, for $145.00, and was one of the last books which he bought. No other American collection dispersed at auction seems to have had a copy, though a fine copy sold in the Simon sale in London in 1893 for £40.

CUSHMAN (ROBERT). A Sermon preached at Plimouth in New England, Dec. 9, 1621, on the Danger of Self Love. London, 1622. Small 4to, morocco. $1000.00.

The first sermon preached in New England ever printed. Indeed it is much more than a sermon, and contains interesting information regarding the colonists and their Indian neighbours. Only five copies seem to be known, two of which are now in New York, one in Chicago, one in Yale College library, and one in the Bodleian Library. This was the Crowninshield copy. A copy sold at the Gardner sale in 1897 for £87. We know of no other auction record.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH OWNED AND CONSENTED TO BY THE ELDERS AND MESSENGERS OF CONNECTICUT, ASSEMBLED AT SAY-BROOK. New London, 1710. Small 8vo, calf. $140.00.

Commonly known as the "Saybrook Platform," and the first book printed in Connecticut. The book has previously sold: Menzie's sale, 1875, $60.00; Brinley's sale, 1879, three copies, $100.00, $75.00 and $75.00; Ives sale, 1891, $126.00.

COTTON (JOHN.) Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments. London, 1646. 12mo, calf, title inlaid and last two leaves in contemporary manuscript. $85.00.

This is the first edition, and apparently only one other copy is known. That is in the British Museum. It was often reprinted. Livermore's copy of the first Cambridge edition of 1656, with the title "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either England," sold in 1894 for $400.00. Had this copy been perfect it might have gone to $1,000.00.

EASTBURN (ROBERT). A Faithful Narrative of the many Dangers and Sufferings of Robert Eastburn, during his late captivity among the Indians. Philadelphia, 1758. 8vo, sewed, uncut, two slight holes worn in title, otherwise a fine copy. $115.00.

"Captivities" are a favourite class of books among collectors, and this account of Eastburn's is one of the rarest. This is the first edition; a second was published in Boston the same year. No copy seems to have been sold at auction in recent years. Field's copy sold in 1875 for $18.00, and Hoffman's for $13.00, in 1877. Both were cut.

HAKLUYT (RICHARD.) Divers voyages touching the discouerie of America, and the Islands adjacent vnto the same. London, 1582. Small 4to, morocco, maps in facsimile, otherwise a fine copy. $150.00.

This is Hakluyt's first book, and when perfect, with the two maps, one of the rarest pieces of Americana. It was published with the purpose of inducing the English to establish Colonies in America. Murphy's copy, with title page and maps in fac-simile, sold in 1884 for $40.00; a copy, probably perfect, sold in the Clarke sale in 1895 for £93.

HAWTHORNE (NATHANIEL.) Fanshawe, a Tale. Boston, 1828. 12mo, boards, uncut, back slightly damaged. $165.00.

Hawthorne's first publication. He did his best to suppress it in the later years of his life. The highest previous record was $155.00, which sum was paid for a copy in boards, uncut, at Libbie's, in 1890, and for Mr. Foote's copy, in morocco, uncut, in case, in 1894.

HUBBARD (WILLIAM). A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England. Boston, 1677. Small 4to, morocco. $316.00.

This was a fine copy of the original edition. This book and the London edition of the same year are sometimes found with different maps, and the question of which is the correct one for either edition seems still to be an open one. One is known as the "White Hills" map, and the other as the "Wine Hills," from an error in the legend over a range of mountains on the map. The earlier of the two was the first map engraved in New England. The copy of the book described above had the

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genuine "Wine Hills" map and a facsimile of the other. The sermon, "The Happiness of a People," was bound in at the end as usual. Previous records, all with one or the other varieties of the original map: Rice sale, 1870, with autograph of the author inserted, $180.00; Menzies sale, 1875, $200.00; Ives sale, 1891, $225.00; Sotheby's, 1896, in contemporary sheep binding, £111.

LAMB (CHARLES). Mr. H., or Beware a Bad Name. A Farce in Two Acts. Philadelphia, 1813. 18mo, morocco. $98.00.

This farce was first played in London, for one night only, in 1806, and was a dismal failure. It was never printed in England until 1818, when it was included in his *Works*. This copy of the first edition was the only one known at the time of the sale, though another has since turned up.

MARTYR (PETER). The Decades of the Newe Worlde or West India. Translated into Englyssche by Richarde Eden. London, 1555. Small 4to, russia. $135.00.

This is a translation of the first three "Decades," followed by a compilation of accounts of voyages from various sources. It is the first collection of Voyages in English. The copy of Peter Martyr's "Decades," the Latin edition of 1533, used by Richard Eden in making the translation, and with his manuscript notes, sold in the Brinley sale for $100.00. Some authorities call for a map in this 1555 edition, but the above copy had none. The following are previous records, none of the copies having the map: Murphy sale, 1884, $85.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $75.00; Ives sale, 1891, $162.50.

MASON (JOHN). Brief History of the Pequot War. Boston, 1736. 8vo, morocco, lacking the half title. $120.00.

Major Mason was commander of the Connecticut forces in the war against the Pequots, in 1637, but his narrative was never printed in full until 1736, when it appeared with an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Prince. Copies have sold previously: Brinley sale, 1879, uncut, $85.00; Brinley sale, 1880, $82.50; Terry sale, 1889, uncut, $180.00; Ives sale, 1891, uncut, $110.00.

MILTON (JOHN). Paradise Lost. London, 1667. First edition, with the earliest title page. Small 4to, calf. $400.00.

The first edition of *Paradise Lost* was very slow of sale, and the title was often reprinted, eight, or perhaps nine, forms being known. This first form is, of course, the most esteemed. Copies with this first title-page have sold: Ives sale, 1891, $215.00; Lawrence sale, 1892, original calf, £120; Sotheby's, 1895, original calf, £100; Foote sale, 1895, $525.00; Crampon sale, 1896, short copy, £90; Burrard sale, 1896, £90.

MONTAIGNE. Essays, or Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses. Done into English by John Florio. London, 1603. Folio, old calf. $78.00.

The first edition of *Montaigne* in English, and the edition used by Shakespeare. A copy with his autograph (the most authentic autograph of the poet known, we believe), sold at auction in May, 1838, for £100. It is now in the British Museum. The book has a curious two-page title. It begins at the top with "The Essays," goes down that page, and then over the leaf and down the page on the other side, ending with imprint at the bottom. Other copies have sold as follows: Macaulay sale, 1896, £19 15s; Sotheby's, 1896, £23 10s; Bierstadt sale, 1897, $115.00; Frederickson sale, 1897, $95.00.

MORE (SIR THOMAS). A fruteful and pleasaunt worke of the beste state of a publique weale, and of the newe yle called Utopia. London, 1551. 12mo, morocco, very fine copy. $137.50.

This is the first edition of *Utopia*, in English. It was originally printed in Latin in 1516. This translation was made by Raphe Robinson, "Citizen and Goldsmythe of London, at the procurement, and earnest request of George Tadlowe, Citezein & Haberdassher of the same Citie." This first edition is very rare. The Ashburnham copy sold this year for £51.

MORTON (NATHANIEL). New England's Memorial; or, a Brief Relation of the Most Memorable and Remarkable Passages of the Providence of God, manifested to the Planters of New England. Cambridge, 1669. Small 4to, calf, the marginal notes of many leaves cut into. $125.00.

This was the first historical book printed in New England, everything issued previously having been religious. Morton was a nephew of Governor William Bradford, and had access to and used his journal, the famous "log-book" in compiling his history. Had this copy been in better condition, it would have brought a higher price. Previous records: Brinley sale, 1879, $150.00;; Murphy sale, 1884, $175.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $280.00; Ives sale, 1891, $205.00; Simon sale, 1893, £47; Sotheby's, 1896, £50.

MORTON (THOMAS). New English Canaan, containing an Abstract of New England. Amsterdam, 1637. Small 4to, half calf, a few headlines touched and last three leaves mended in the margin. $110.00.

This curious account of Thomas Morton of Merry Mount's experiences in New England and his adventures with the Indians and his neighbouring colonists, the Puritans, was, if the title-page may be relied upon, printed in Amsterdam, the author at the time being in trouble with the English authorities. Nevertheless, in 1643, he was fined and imprisoned a year on account of his "scandalous book." Previous records: Menzies sale, 1875, $160.00; Brinley sale, 1879, $180.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $100.00; Ives sale, 1891, $180.00.

MOURT (GEORGE). A Relation or Journal of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimoth in New England. London, 1622. Small 4to, title and some other leaves remargined. $320.00.

This account of the Plymouth colony was written by Bradford, Winslow and others, and edited in England by G. Mourt, but nothing further is known regarding him, and the name may be even a fictitious one. The book is rare, and but few fine copies are known to exist. Previous records: Menzies sale, 1875, $170.00; Brinley sale, 1879, $195.00; Murphy sale, 1884, $135.00; Barlow sale, 1890, title

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soiled, $360.00; Ives sale, 1891, first letter cut from title, $410.00.

NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST FRUITS; in respect, first of the (conversion of some, conviction of divers, preparation of sundry) of the Indians. London, 1643, Small 4to, calf. $190.00.

The first of these reports (there are eleven all together) sent over by John Eliot and his co-workers and known as "The Progress of the Gospel Series." The second part treats of "the progresse of learning in the colledge at Cambridge," and gives an account of the first Commencement. It is the earliest printed account of Harvard College, and is a precious book. Such a book is not dear even when this price is compared with that of the Brinley sale, where Cotton Mather's own copy sold for $21.00. Other sales since have been: Cooke sale, 1883, $48.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $180.00; Ives sale, 1891, $120.00.

ROWLANDSON (MARY). A True History of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, a minister's wife in New England. London, 1682. Small 4to, calf. $80.00.

This is one of the earliest "Captivities" and relates to Mrs. Rowlandson's experiences during eleven weeks among the Indians at the time of King Phillip's War. Though the title-pages say "First printed at New England and Re-printed at London," no copy of the original Cambridge edition seems to be known. This is by far the highest auction record, copies of the tract having sold during the last twenty-five years as follows: Field sale, 1875, $12.00; Brinley sale, 1879, $11.50; Cooke sale, 1883, $6.50; Bangs's, 1895, $9.50.

SHAKESPEARE. Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. The first folio. London, 1623. Folio, morocco five preliminary leaves and last two leaves in facsimile, and some others inlaid and mended. $510.00.

The value of a "First Folio" depends upon its condition. The highest price ever paid for a copy at auction was at the Ives sale in 1891, $4,200.00. That was one of Cooke's folios, and had sold, with the three others in his sale, for $2,900.00 in 1883. The highest price was realised in England was £716 2s., at the Daniel sale in 1864. The record price of the Ives copy has, however, been exceeded more than once at private sale.

A TRUE DECLARATION OF THE ESTATE OF THE COLONIE IN VIRGINIA, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. London, 1610. Small 4to, half morocco. $230.00.

This tract, published by the Virginia Company to encourage adventurers, is extremely rare. It was a poor copy, cut into at both top and bottom. Barlow's copy, with headlines cut into, sold in 1890 for $210.00, and the same copy sold again in the Ives sale in 1891 for $150.00. A copy sold at the Whitchurch sale, in 1894, with two headlines cut, for £48. Quaritch priced it in 1888 at £120.

SHAKESPEARE. Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. London, 1663. First issue of the third folio. Folio, morocco. $135.00.

This earliest issue, dated 1663, and without the seven plays which were added to the second issue printed the next year, is very rare. Some copies have a portrait on the title-page, and others have the space, where the portrait should be, blank. This copy seems to have been one of the latter sort, but some idiotic former owner had had a portrait from the fourth folio inlaid, and so "queered" the entire book. A copy, with the 1663 title, with portrait, verses on leaf facing and with 1664 title, but no portrait, sold in the Langham sale, 1894, for £435.

TENNYSON (ALFRED, LORD). A Welcome (to Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh). London, 1874. Four pages, 4to. $170.00.

This "Welcome" is not to be confounded with another "Welcome" to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, printed in 1863. Only a very few copies were printed separately, hence the extremely high price. The verses were printed in *The Times* on the morning of the royal marriage. No copy has been sold at auction before.

THACKERAY (WILLIAM MAKEPEACE). Vanity Fair. London, 1848. First issue of the first edition. 8vo, morocco, uncut, bound from the parts, with the covers and advertisements preserved, $125.00.

Vanity Fair, like several other of Thackeray's novels, was issued in monthly parts in yellow paper covers, and with various advertisements at back and front. First editions, to please the collector, must be in their original condition, as first published. It is, however, permissible to bind such a book as *Vanity Fair*, providing all the covers and advertisements are bound in. The earliest issue of *Vanity Fair* differs from the later numbers of the first edition, in having a woodcut of the Marquis of Steyne on page 336, which was afterward suppressed. Then, too, the heading of the first chapter is in open type, which was afterward changed to a black-faced type. Copies of the book in the original parts have sold: Turner sale, 1888, £23 5s: Sinclair sale, 1890, £18 5s; Williams sale, 1893, £24 15s; Sotheby's, 1895, £24 15s; Sotheby's, 1897, £19.

UNDERHILL (CAPT. JOHN). Newes from America; or, a new and experimentall discoverie of New England. London, 1638. Small 4to, half morocco, the plan in pen and ink facsimile. $180.00.

Captain Underhill was commander of the Massachusetts forces in the Pequot war, and led the storming of the fort. The engraving of the palisaded Indian fort is usually lacking. The book is very rare, and the only sale at auction in recent years that we can trace was in the Barlow sale, where a copy, with the plate in facsimile, sold for $70.00.

VINCENT (P.). A True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Pequot Salvages. London, 1637. Small 4to, half calf. $240.00.

This is perhaps the rarest of the three important contemporary accounts of the Pequot War. This copy was the first edition, another having been issued the next year, 1638. We know of no previous sale at auction of this first edition, but copies of the edition of 1638 have sold: Field sale, 1875, $30.00; Murphy sale, 1884, $110.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $110.00.

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WALTON (IZAAK). The Compleat Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation. London, 1653. Small 8vo, morocco, title rebacked, dedication and 8 other leaves mended, margins of music trimmed close. $240 00.

This first edition of *The Compleat Angler* is a book which has shown a very marked increase in price during the last few years. Copies have sold: Puttick's, 1889, £180; Wood sale, 1891, £310; Sotheby's, 1892, some leaves cut into, £210; Alexander sale, 1895, $1,325.00; Young sale, 1896, £415; Sotheby's, 1897, a few leaves cut into, £176. The poor condition was responsible for the low price at which this copy was sold.

WASHINGTON (GEORGE). The Military Guide for Young Officers. By Thomas Simes, Esqr. Philadelphia, n. d. 8vo, half bound. $225.00.

This volume was from Washington's library, and was a presentation copy from the publisher, Robert Aitken. It lacked the printed title, but had a manuscript title as follows: "The Military Guide for Young Officers, by Thos. Simes, Esqr. Now in the press, the following is as much as the publishers have got done. For His Excellency General Washington, from his Devoted humble, Servt Robt Aitken, one of the Publishers." As the book was not finished at the time this copy was bound, it lacks some leaves at the end. The same book sold for $310.00 in the Baker sale, in 1891.

WILLIAMS (ROGER). A Key into the Language of America: or, An Help to the Language of the Natives in that Part of America called New England. London, 1643. 18mo, calf, some margins extended. $85.00.

This is Roger Williams's first book, and is besides of great interest to the American collector, being after Wood's New England Prospect, the first effort at a dictionary of English and Indian. He says, in the Preface: "I drew the materialls in a rude lumpe at sea, as a private helpe to my owne memory, that I might not by my present absence lightly lose what I had so dearly bought in some few yeares hardship and charges among the barbarians." The copy was slightly cut into, or it would have brought a higher price. Other copies have sold: Field sale, 1875, $79.00; Brinley sale, 1879, $105.00; Brinley sale, 1881, $55.00; Murphy sale, 1884, $77.00; Barlow sale, 1890, $160.00.

WINSLOW (EDWARD). Good Newes from New England: or, a true relation of things very remarkable at the plantation of Plimoth in New England. London, 1624. Small 4to, half morocco. $800.00.

One of the most important contemporary accounts of the New England Colonies. There were two issues during the year 1624. This was the earliest, and it contained a facsimile of the additional leaf which occurs in the later issue. The Murphy copy sold in 1884 for $40.00, with no imperfections noted in the catalogue, but the Barlow copy was bought by the Lenox Library, in 1890, for $350.00.

WOOD (WILLIAM). New England's Prospects. A true, lively and experimental description of that part of America, commonly called New England. London, 1634. Small 4to, calf. $300.00.

This is the first edition of Wood's description of New England, and contains at the end a "nomenclator" of five pages of Indian words, being the first printed vocabulary of English and Indian. There is a folding map of the south part of New England, dated 1634. In the edition of the next year the date on this map is changed to 1635. This first edition is very rare, and this price is the highest record at auction. Barlow's, with a copy of the second edition bound in, sold for $320.00.

EASTERN LETTER

NEW YORK, October 1, 1898.

The most interesting feature of the September business has been the output of new books in all departments of literature, exceeding in number that of any previous year. Fiction, illustrated works, juveniles almost innumerable, and miscellaneous subjects of all kinds being liberally represented. Many of these new books are of the best in their respective classes, and will command large sales during the coming season. In fiction are notably *The Day's Work*, by Rudyard Kipling; *A Great Love*, by Clara A. Burnham, and *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, by Jerome K. Jerome. In juveniles the same preponderance of boys' books referred to in last month's letter is again noticeable; also the large number of titles suggestive of the recent war or of army and navy subjects generally is pronounced. Books for the young by the following well-known authors are among the month's publications: G. A. Henty, James Otis, E. T. Tomlinson, Gordon Stables, W. O. Stoddard, H. Butterworth, and last but not least, Amanda Douglas, whose *A Little Girl in Boston* is most attractive.

A very considerable number of works of travel, such as Peary's *Northward*, Nansen's *Farthest North*, and *Alaska*, by A. P. Swineford, are likely to be much called for as the season advances, but already a decided preference is shown for books relating to the Eastern countries, now so prominent before the public; and of recent timely publications in the field may be mentioned *An American Cruiser in the East*, by John D. Ford; *The Control of the Tropics*, by Benjamin Kidd; *China in Transformation*, by A. R. Colquhoun, and *Through Armenia on Horseback*, by G. H. Hepworth.

Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History, by Moritz Busch; *A Constitutional History of the American People*, by F. N. Thorp, and the Cambridge edition of Tennyson's *Poems* are among the substantial publications of recent date.

The foregoing matters have been very interesting to the bookseller generally, but as yet, owing to their newness, have not resulted in much that is profitable. Turning, however, to the actual sales, we find that text books in all branches are at their height. There is perhaps no remarkable feature of the present sales, other than a noticeable general increase and a continuance of the demand of the last few years for standard works, to be used as supplementary reading. Library trade is steadily increasing, the orders being for all kinds of books. The sale of fiction is, of course, very prominent, and *Rupert of*

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Hentzau, *Penelope's Progress* and *The Pride of Jennico* continue to lead, with *The Forest Lovers*, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Gadfly* following close after.

The outlook for the season, to judge from the number and character of books already published and announced, is unusually good; favourable reports are also made by the salesmen returning from their trips, and the buyers from out of town now in the city are speaking of improved trade and are buying freely. Below will be found a list of the best selling books for the month:

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.
The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. $2.00.
In the Sargasso Sea. By Thomas A. Janvier. $1.25.
Hope, the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. $1.50.
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.
Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
The Students' Standard Dictionary. $2.50.
The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER

CHICAGO, Oct. 1, 1898.

It is pleasant to be able to state that a distinct improvement marked the commencement of the autumn season last month, and it is scarcely too much to add that at present trade is in a healthier condition than it has been for a long time. There is also every reason to expect further improvement as the season advances, and altogether the outlook for holiday trade is most promising. Country trade is better than it has been for several months, and even the smaller dealers are inclined to be liberal in their preparations for holiday business. This is in itself a good sign, for the country dealer is as a rule even more inclined to conservatism and caution than his urban brother. Public libraries are also calling for a great many books of miscellaneous character, to replace worn-out stock, and are also ordering freely of the new ones.

Perhaps the most important book published last month was Busch's *Memoir of Bismarck*, which is selling very well for so expensive a work, and this fact, together with the interest it is creating, should establish it as the leading book of its class during the holiday season.

Sales of war literature are much lighter now, having declined to almost normal conditions, but interest is still strong in histories of the Navy, of Spain, and anything descriptive of the Philippines or Cuba.

The first of what will undoubtedly be a tremendous crop of war juveniles came to hand last month in the shape of *Under Dewey at Manila*. It is easy to perceive that books of this kind will be the favourite "boys' books" during the holidays.

Last month's books make a long list, and from now until Christmas it will be no easy matter for the bookseller to keep himself informed in regard to all the books that will be published.

Much interest is being manifested in the books by well-known authors which are advertised for publication this month, and such works as *Afterwards*, by Ian Maclaren, *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, by Jerome K. Jerome, *Tattle Tales of Cupid*, by Paul L. Ford, *Roden's Corner*, by H. S. Merriman, *Red Rock*, by Thomas Nelson Page, *The Battle of the Strong*, by Gilbert Parker, *Gloria Mundi*, by Harold Frederic, *The Adventures of François*, by S. Weir Mitchell, *The Day's Work*, by Rudyard Kipling, *My Scrap Book of the French Revolution*, by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, and *A Yankee Volunteer*, by M. Imlay Taylor, will undoubtedly run into many and large editions.

A feature of the publishing season will be the appearance of a number of books (most of them new editions of standard works) with illustrations in colour. Heretofore few books, except juveniles, and those only when well done, even much more costly than those with plain plates, have been treated in this way, but with the new and cheaper methods which are coming into vogue, the coloured print is likely to be very popular in the near future.

The demand, so far, for fall stock is remarkable for its uniformity, and nearly all classes of books are selling in a satisfactory manner. The series of twelvemos and sixteenmos have lost none of the popularity that has been awarded them of late years, and advance orders for new books are in most cases fairly liberal. Standard sets of popular authors are not now bought as freely as they used to be, the tendency among buyers being to possess the best works of a number of authors, rather than the complete writings of a few. Illustrated gift books of the expensive type have not met with much call so far, but it is hardly the season for them yet.

Among the books selling especially well at present are *Rupert of Hentzau*, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, *The Law of Psychic Phœnomena*, *The King's Jackal*, *The Gadfly*, *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* and *Penelope's Progress*, although all of the books mentioned in the following list are in good demand:

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00.
Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

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The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
A Great Love. By Clara L. Burnham. $1.25.
The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul L. Ford. $1.25.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00.
The Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50.
Yesterdays in the Philippines. By J. E. Stevens. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Aug. 22d to Sept. 17th, 1898.

The autumn revival of business is now general, having commenced about a week or so later than is customary. Apparently the schools did not settle down to work quite so promptly as usual. There is every prospect of a good season, and publishers are already putting large numbers of books on the market. The trade with the colonies and abroad generally continues satisfactory, and the majority of Christmas stock is shipped. *Rupert of Hentzau*, by Anthony Hope, is the leading book of the hour. Next in order are *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and *Roden's Corner*, by H. S. Merriman. The six-shilling novel still reigns supreme; and there is a revival in the issue of volumes of short stories at the same price.

Books dealing with the Soudan are attracting much notice; for example, *Sirdar and Khalifa*, by B. Burleigh, and *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, by Slatin Pasha.

There has again been a good trade in school books. Meiklejohn's *Grammar*, *Geography* and *History* have been selling by hundreds. Dr. William Smith's *Classical Grammars* and *Students' Manuals* continue to be in favour with the higher class schools. A curious feature in the sale of educational books is noticed in the fact that South Africa uses many of the older books which have been superseded at home.

Theological and religious works are in the background. The nearest approach to a demand for anything of the kind is found in the sales of *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement* and *Life in a Modern Monastery*.

The cheaper edition of Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* is following in the track of the two-volume edition and selling freely.

Books on physical culture are popular. Sandow's book on *Strength* is in continued demand.

Very little business is being done in poetry; perhaps the weather has been too hot to admit of it.

Among magazines the striking feature is the wonderful sale of the *Harmsworth Magazine* and the *Wide World Magazine*. The *Strand Magazine* is very popular, also *Pearson's*, the *Pall Mall* and *English Illustrated*. The *Woman at Home* still leads in its class.

Reprints of copyright popular novels at sixpence are in great demand. Many new ones are announced. New books and new editions are already appearing in large number, as mentioned above. If publishers can see their way to lessen the number, without allowing the quality to suffer, the trade will be truly grateful. With the present state of things, cataloguing is a tremendous task, and if indexing be added, the time occupied is a serious incursion into the limits of a day.

The list appended is taken on the usual lines, and it will be noticed that the six-shilling novel is the principal item. There is certainly an element of permanence in some of the books now selling freely, as they have already figured in this column.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith-Elder.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Romance of the First Consul. By M. Malling. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The House of the Hidden Treasure. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Richards.)
To Arms. By A. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Town Traveller. By G. Gissing. 6s. (Methuen.)
Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Dicky Monteith. By T. Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)
Bam Wildfire. By H. Mathers. 6s. (Burleigh.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin).
God's Outcast. By S. K. Hocking. 3s. 6s. (Warne.)
Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
R. N. Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Macmillan.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between September 1, 1898, and October 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Evelyn Innes. By Moore. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Red and Black. By Stendhal. $1.25. (Brentano's.)
5. Collections and Recollections. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Bismarck. By Busch. $10.00. (Macmillan.)

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NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Collections and Recollections. By Russell. $2.50. (Harper.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. A Great Love. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. House of the Hidden Treasure. M. Gray. $1.25. (Appleton.)
3. Moral Imbeciles. By Mrs. Greene. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Phases of an Inferior Planet. Ellen Glasgow. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Duenna of a Genius. By Francis. $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. American Wives and English Husbands. By Atherton. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
3. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Silence. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Collections and Recollections. $2.50. (Harper.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Letters of George W. Curtis. By Cook. $1.50. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Silence. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Collections and Recollections. By Russell. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Rose à Charlette. By Saunders. $1.50. (L. C. Page & Co.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Cornell Stories. By Sanderson. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Laws of Psychic Phenomena. By Hudson. $1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Great Love. By Clara L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Silence and other Stories. By Miss Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Elecampane and other Poems. By Thos. J. Moore. $1.00. (The Robt. Clarke Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen & Merrill.)

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2. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Rose à Charlette. By Saunders. $1.50. (Page & Co.)
4. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. In the Sargossa Sea. By Janvier. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. To Arms. By Balfour. $1.50. (Page & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
5. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
6. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
6. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Lady of Castell March. By Rhoscomyl. $1.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. A Continental Dragoon. By Stephens. $1.50. (L. C. Page & Co.)
3. House of the Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Caleb West. By Smith. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Bismarck. By Busch. $10.00. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50.,(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Silence. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Oregon Boyhood. By Banks. $1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
6. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Silence. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Evelyn Innes. By Moore. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Moriah's Mourning. By Stuart. $1.25. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Barrack Room Ballads. By Kipling. 25, 50, 75 cents. (Doxey: No. 2. Lark Classics.)

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Gladfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Folks From Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Mrs. Falchion. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Ye Lyttle Salem Maide. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The King's Jackal. By Davis. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. John Marmaduke. By Church. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
4. The Tragedy of the Korosko. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. The Trespasser. By Parker. Paper 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
6. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Heinemann.)
3. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Hutchinson.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. John Burnet of Barns. By Buchan. $1.50. (John Lane.)

WACO, TEX.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. A Romance of Summer Seas. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Story of a Play. By Howells. $1.25 (Harper.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Evelyn Innes. By Moore. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. People of Our Neighborhood. By Wilkins. $.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are—

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Mrs. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Caleb West. By Smith. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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"AND THE CHILD GREW, AND WAXED STRONG IN SPIRIT, FILLED WITH WISDOM: AND THE GRACE OF GOD WAS UPON HIM."—ST. LUKE II. : 40.

See "An Artist's Conception of Christ." Page 352.

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